LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION

Modern Screen

36

MAY
10
CENTS



Earl Christy

Who is the GENIUS behind SHIRLEY TEMPLE?

See Page 34

SPARKLING EYES . . .



PHIL REGAN and EVALYN KNAPP in "LAUGHING IRISH EYES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

. . . It's New

WINX CREAMY MASCARA
COMPLETE WITH BRUSH
REQUIRES NO WATER

Try this new WINX Creamy Mascara today. Always ready for use—requires no water—simply spread a small amount on a dry brush and apply to lashes . . . You'll like it.



. . an invitation to ROMANCE

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of the new WINX Creamy Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Try this new WINX Creamy Mascara today. It comes in a dainty, convenient tube, complete with brush for applying. Always ready for use anytime, anywhere—no water—no bother—no fuss. You'll like, too, the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times. In four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and of course each is harmless, non-smarting, smudge-proof and water-proof.

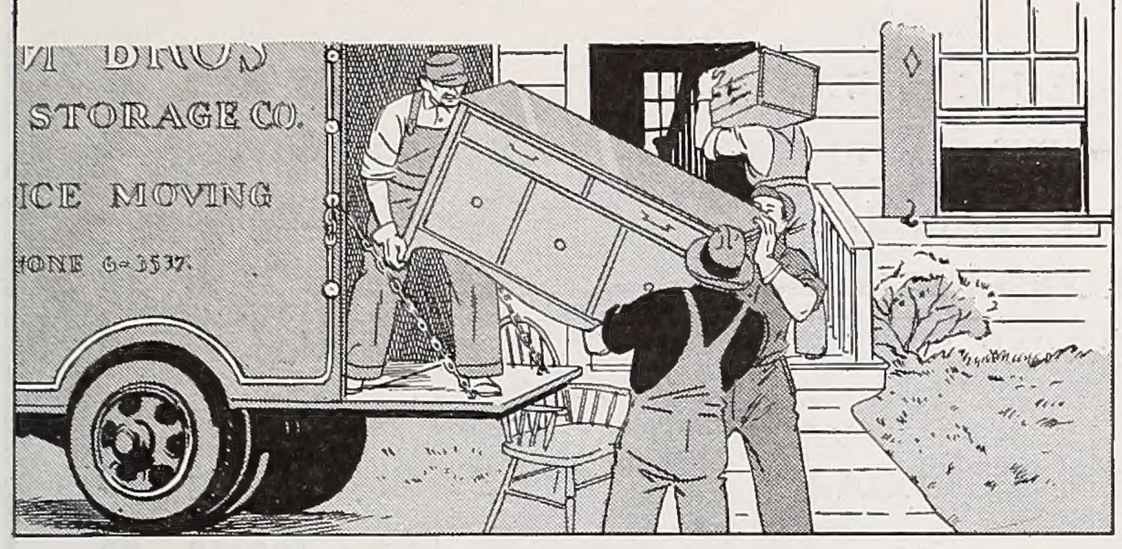
Your local drug and department stores carry WINX in the economical large size. You can also obtain the new WINX Creamy Mascara, as well as the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers, in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

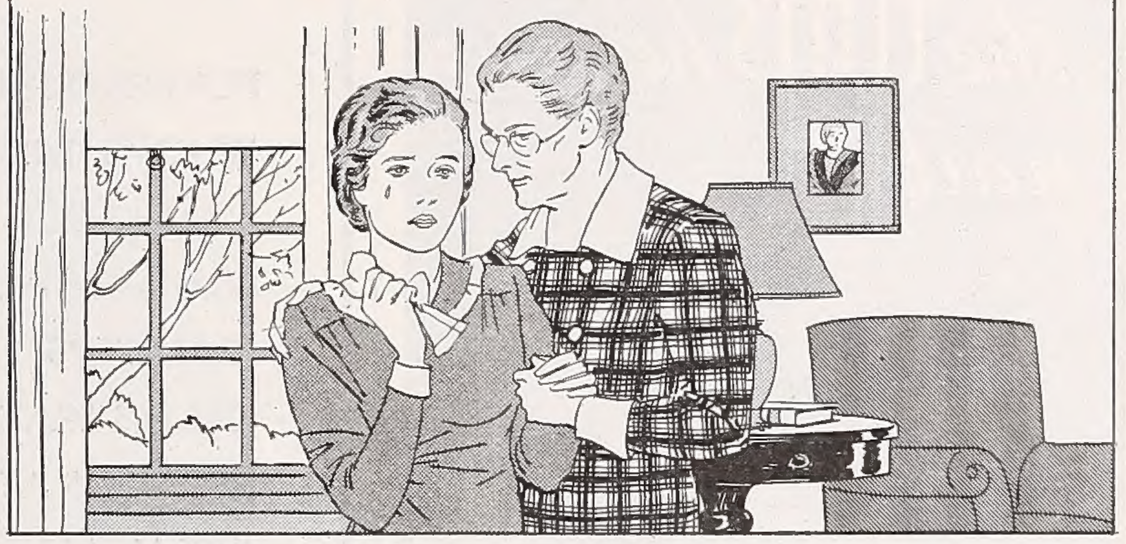


I BROUGHT HER HUSBAND BACK (A TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE)

A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE MOVED INTO THE SECOND FLOOR OF OUR HOUSE. ALTHOUGH THE YOUNG WOMAN IS LIVELY AND ATTRACTIVE, SHE HAD FEW FRIENDS. ALSO HER HUSBAND WAS HOME AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.



ONE DAY SHE ASKED MY ADVICE. I TOLD HER I'D NOTICED HER FAULT, "B.O.", LONG BEFORE, BUT FELT I WAS TOO MUCH A STRANGER TO MENTION IT



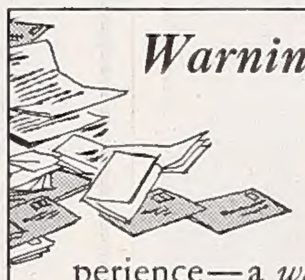
SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN USING LIFEBUOY AND IT HAS CHANGED HER WHOLE LIFE



NOW HER HUSBAND TAKES HER OUT EVERY TIME HE GOES AND THEY HAVE HEAPS MORE COMPANY. SHE OFTEN THANKS ME FOR BRINGING HER HUSBAND BACK

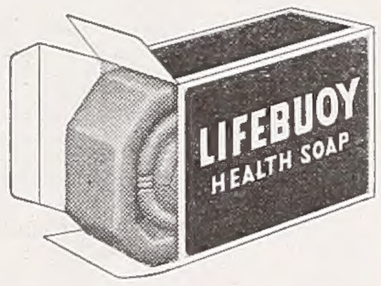


Warnings by the thousands



FROM all parts of the country, from all sorts of people, letters *pour* in. Like the one illustrated, every one is a *true* experience—a *warning* to *beware of "B. O." (body odor)!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant lather purifies, stops "B. O."

For lovelier skin...
Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply, gently*. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

WANT GREASELESS DISHWASHING?







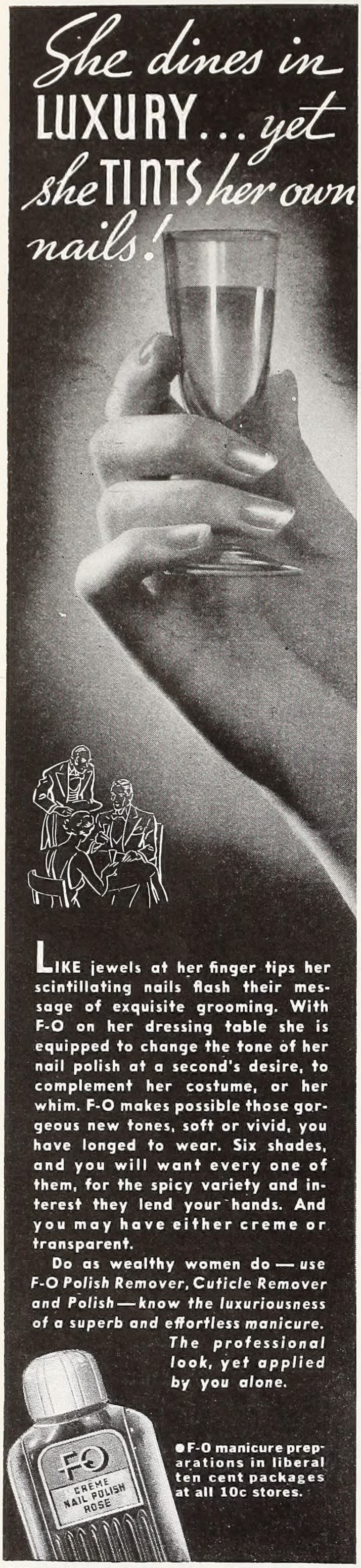
Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't "settle back" because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me—it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

MAR 31 1936

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MODERN SCREEN

NOW SHOWING

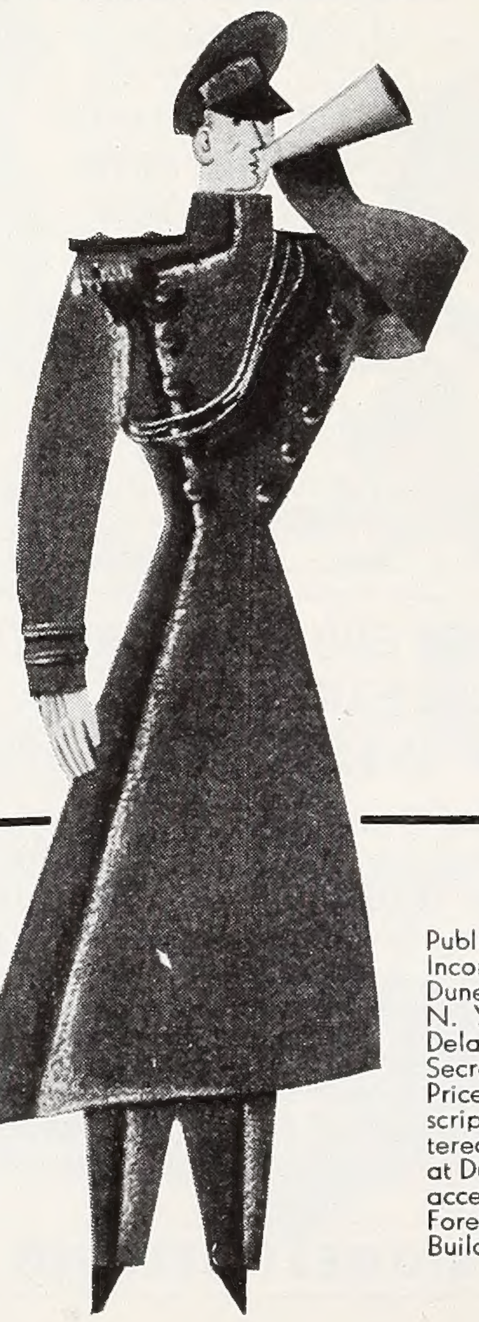
PLAYGROUND OF THE EAST Martha Kerr 20
WHO IS THE GENIUS BEHIND SHIRLEY TEMPLE?. Kay Osborn 34
"'TAIN'T SO!" CRIES GINGER Dorothy Donnell 36
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REGINA CANNON, EDITOR

ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LEO TOWNSEND, Hollywood Editor



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THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS
EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER



Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard *in*

Romeo *and* Juliet

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER · VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE · CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY · RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH · HENRY KOLKER · ANDY DEVINE

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.

MODERN SCREEN MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Accent on Youth (Paramount)	3★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M)	4★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB)	2★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal)	2★
Alibi Ike (Warners)	3★
Alice Adams (RKO)	4★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M)	4★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount)	2½★
Annie Oakley (RKO)	4★
Anything Goes (Paramount)	3★
The Arizonian (RKO)	3★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Barbary Coast (United Artists)	3★
Becky Sharp (RKO)	3★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)	3★
Black Fury (First National)	4★
Black Sheep (Fox)	2★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M)	2½★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★
Brewster's Millions (United Artists)	2★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)	3★
Bright Lights (First National)	3★
Broadway Hostess (First National)	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M)	4★
Call of the Wild (20th Century)	3★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia)	1★
Captain Blood (Warners) ..	4★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National)	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners)	4★
Charlie Chan in Egypt (Fox)	3★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Chatterbox (RKO)	2★
China Seas (M-G-M)	4★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★
Collegiate (Paramount)	2½★
Coronado (Paramount)	1★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia)	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer)	2★
The Crusades (Paramount)	4★
Curly Top (Fox)	3★
Dangerous (Warners)	3½★
Dangerous Waters (Universal)	2★
Dante's Inferno (Fox)	2★
The Dark Angel (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
The Daring Young Man (Fox)	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★
Diamond Jim (Universal)	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners)	2★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia)	1½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal)	1★
Doubting Thomas (Fox)	3★
Dr. Socrates (Warners)	2★
East of Java (Universal)	2★
Escapade (M-G-M)	3★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount)	2★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M)	2½★
Fang and Claw (RKO)	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox)	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia)	2★
First a Girl (GB)	2½★
The Flame Within (M-G-M)	2★
Follow the Fleet (RKO)	4★
Freshman Love (Warners)	2★
Frisco Kid (Warners)	3★
Front Page Woman (Warners)	3★
The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M)	2½★
The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Ghost Goes West (United Artists)	4★
Ginger (Fox)	3★
The Girl Friend (Columbia)	1★
The Girl from 10th Ave. (First National)	2★
The Glass Key (Paramount)	3★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	3★
Goose and the Gander (First National)	2★
Grand Exit (Columbia)	1★
The Great Impersonation (Universal)	2★
Hands Across the Table (Paramount)	3★
Harmony Lane (Mascot)	2★
Here Comes Cookie (Paramount)	3★
Here Comes the Band (M-G-M)	1★
Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★
Hooray for Love (RKO)	2★
I Dream Too Much (RKO)	3★
I Found Stella Parish (Warners)	2★
If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)	4★
I Live for Love (Warners)	2★
I Live My Life (M-G-M)	2★
The Informer (RKO)	4★
In Old Kentucky (20th Century-Fox)	3★
In Person (RKO)	2★
The Invisible Ray (Universal)	1½★
The Irish in Us (First National)	3★
It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)	2★
It Happened in New York (Universal)	3★
It's in the Air (M-G-M)	2★
Jalna (RKO)	3★
Java Head (First Division)	2★
King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
King of the Damned (GB)	1½★
King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)	1★
Laddie (RKO)	3★
The Lady Consents (RKO)	2★
Lady of Secrets (Columbia)	1★
Lady Tubbs (Universal)	2★
The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)	4★
Last of the Pagans (M-G-M)	2★
The Last Outpost (Paramount)	2★
The Leavenworth Case (Republic)	2★
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	4★
Little Big Shot (Warners)	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★
The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)	3★
The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia)	2★
Love Me Forever (Columbia)	4★
Loves of a Dictator (GB)	3★
Mad Love (M-G-M)	2★
Manhattan Moon (Universal)	1★
Man Hunt (Warners)	2★
Man of Iron (Warners)	1★
The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)	3★
Magnificent Obsession (Universal)	2½★
The Melody Lingers On (United Artists)	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	1★
Men Without Names (Paramount)	3★
Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)	4★
A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners)	5★
Millions in the Air (Paramount)	1★
Mississippi (Paramount)	3★
Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners)	1½★
Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk (Warners)	2½★
Mister Hobo (GB)	2★
Modern Times (United Artists)	4★
The Morals of Marcus (GB)	1★
Murder in the Fleet (M-G-M)	2★
Murder Man (M-G-M)	2★
The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National)	2★
The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)	2★
Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Muss 'Em Up (RKO)	2★
Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)	4★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★
Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)	2★
New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic)	1★
Next Time We Love (Universal)	3★
A Night at the Opera (M-G-M)	4★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★
No More Ladies (M-G-M)	3★
Oil for the Lamps of China (First National)	4★
Old Curiosity Shop (BIP)	2½★
$1000 a Minute (Republic)	2★
One Way Ticket (Columbia)	2½★
Orchids to You (Fox)	2★
Our Little Girl (Fox)	2★
Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Page Miss Glory (Warners)	3★
Paris in Spring (Paramount)	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★
People Will Talk (Paramount)	2★
The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)	2★
Personal Maid's Secret (Warners)	2★
Peter Ibbetson (Paramount)	3★
The Petrified Forest (Warners)	4★
Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Public Hero No. 1 (M-G-M)	3★
The Public Menace (Columbia)	1★
The Rainmakers (RKO)	1★
The Raven (Universal)	2★
Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists)	2★
Remember Last Night? (Universal)	2★
Rendezvous (M-G-M)	3★
The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO)	3★
Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB)	3★
Riffraff (M-G-M)	2½★
Road Gang (Warners)	2½★
Roberta (RKO)	5★
Rose Marie (M-G-M)	4★
Rose of the Rancho (Paramount)	2★
Scrooge (Hagen-Twickenham)	2½★
Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO)	2★
Shanghai (Paramount)	2★
She (RKO)	2★
She Couldn't Take It (Columbia)	2½★
She Married Her Boss (Columbia)	4★
Shipmates Forever (First National)	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	2★
Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Silk Hat Kid (Fox)	1★
Smart Girl (Paramount)	2★
Soak the Rich (Paramount)	2½★
So Red the Rose (Paramount)	3★
Special Agent (Warners)	2★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)	2★
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★
Stars Over Broadway (Warners)	3★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox)	3★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners)	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)	3★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
The 39 Steps (GB)	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO)	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox)	2★
To Beat the Band (RKO)	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia)	1★
Top Hat (RKO)	4★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)	2½★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB)	3★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (GB)	2★
Two in the Dark (RKO)	2½★
Two for Tonight (Paramount)	1★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners)	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox)	2★
We're in the Money (Warners)	2★
We're Only Human (RKO)	2★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M)	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners)	2★
Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M)	3★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor.

"They love to sing-a"



So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd Have Joined Forces and Voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show That Recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."

"THE SINGING KID"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.



The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.





'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.



Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

•

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.









The Trocadero rocked with merriment one evening recently about two in the morning, for a bicycle party was in progress. All the guests arrived in their best bibs but were asked to enter a bicycle race—the big catch was that the gals couldn't cycle in their evening raiment and so things sorta quieted down.

Some of the star guests that are shown above, left to right: Doug Fairbanks, Jr., gives the old home town the once-over and sits out a dance with Virginia Bruce. Cary Grant and Randolph Scott escort the veddy social Dorothy Fell to the shindig. And Roger Pryor with Ann Sothern deserts the two-wheelers for the more rhythmic and less hectic dancing. These two are still romantically inclined.

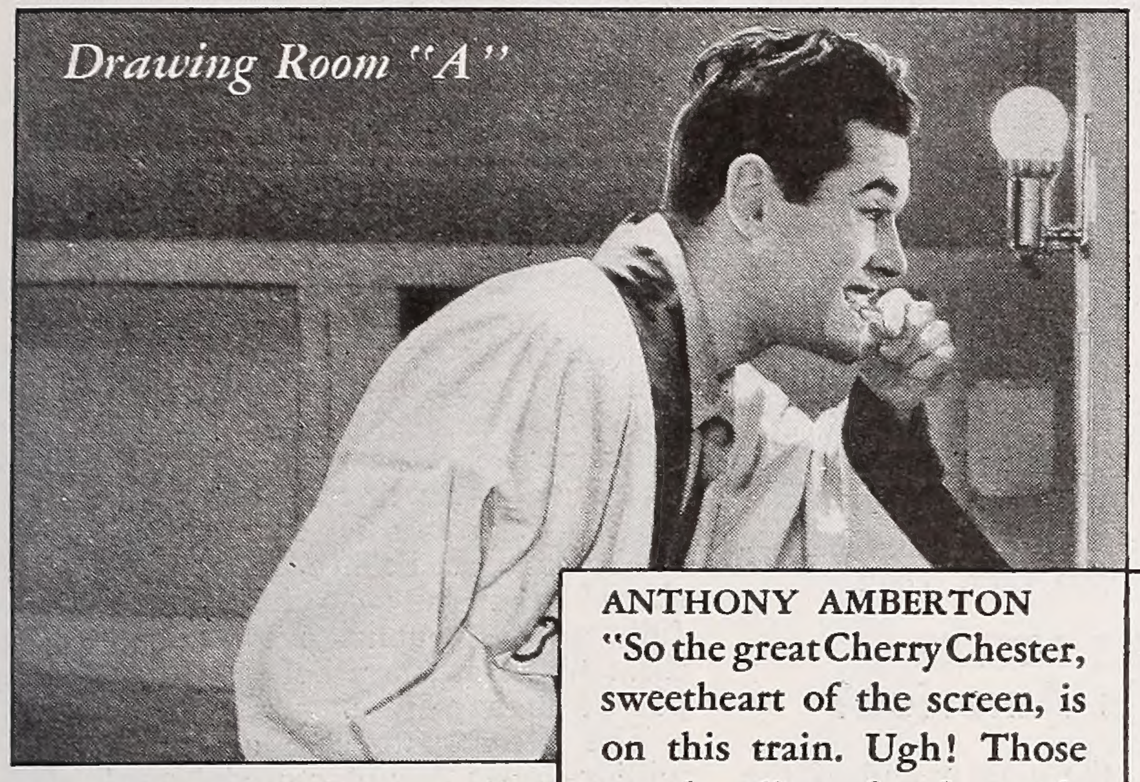
Left, Scott catches three interested previewers of "These Three." Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and wife, Frances Dee. Frances is certainly masked with those dark cheaters on!

SCOTT SHOTS

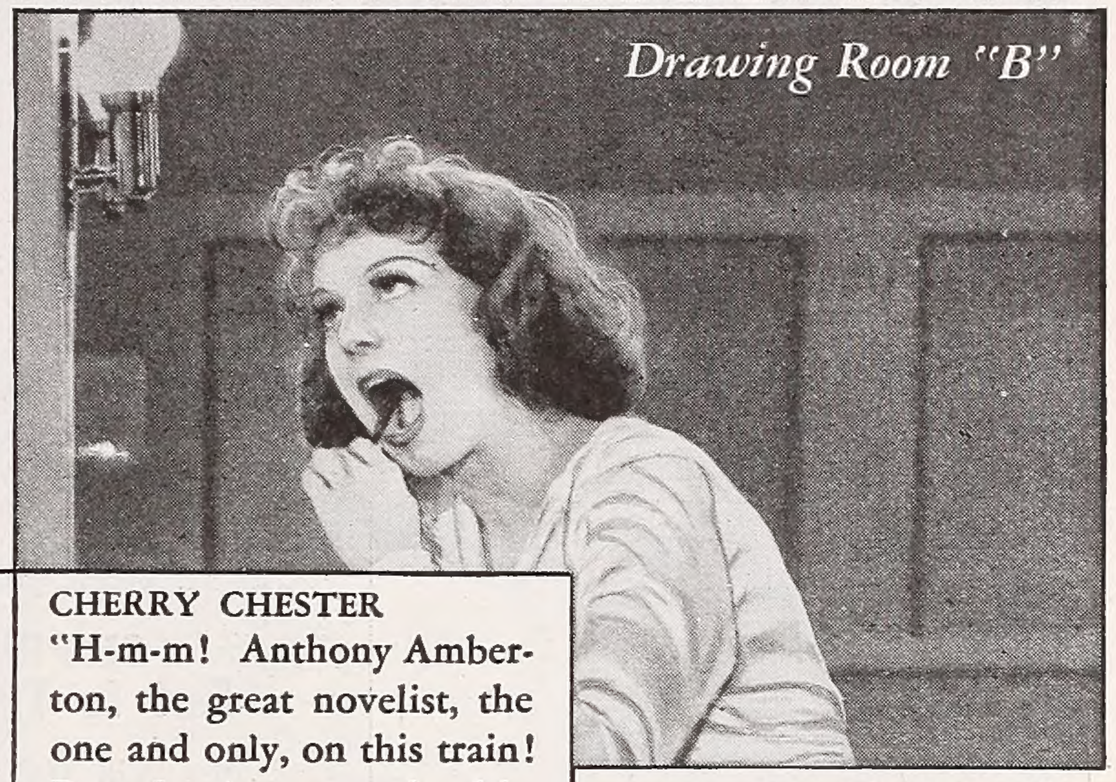
Our camera-clicker has a busy night about Hollywood town!

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

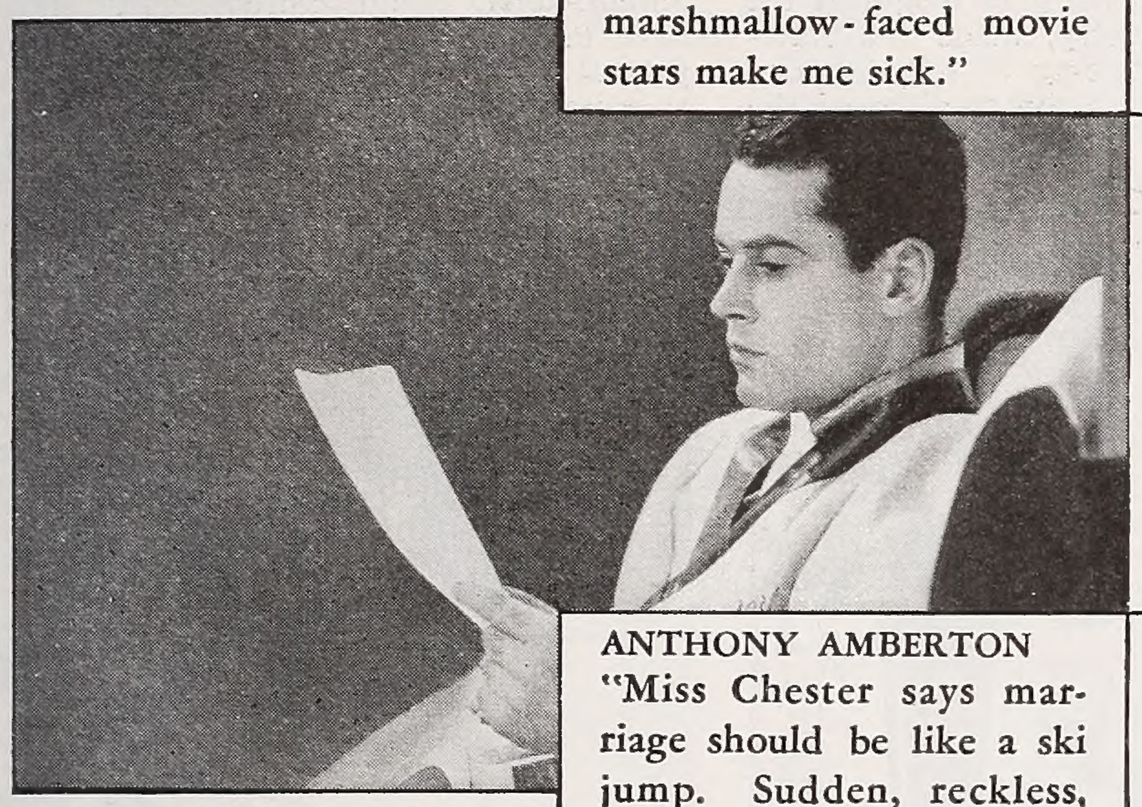
Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York



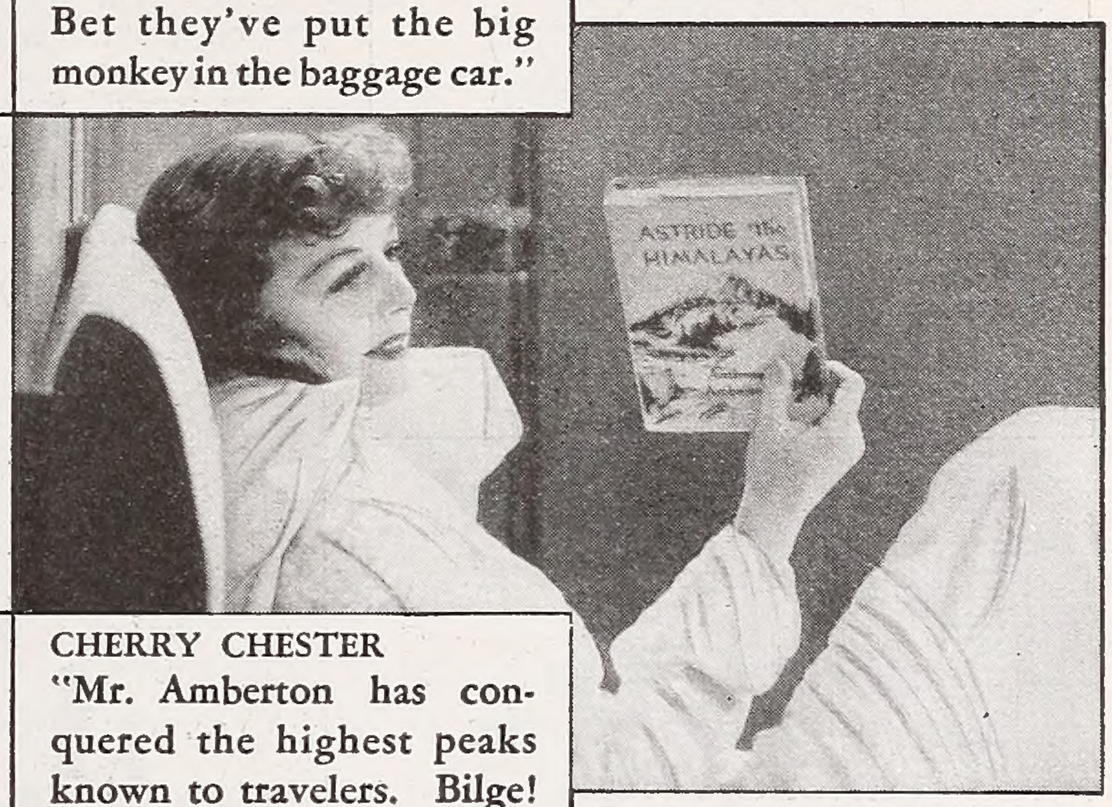
ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."



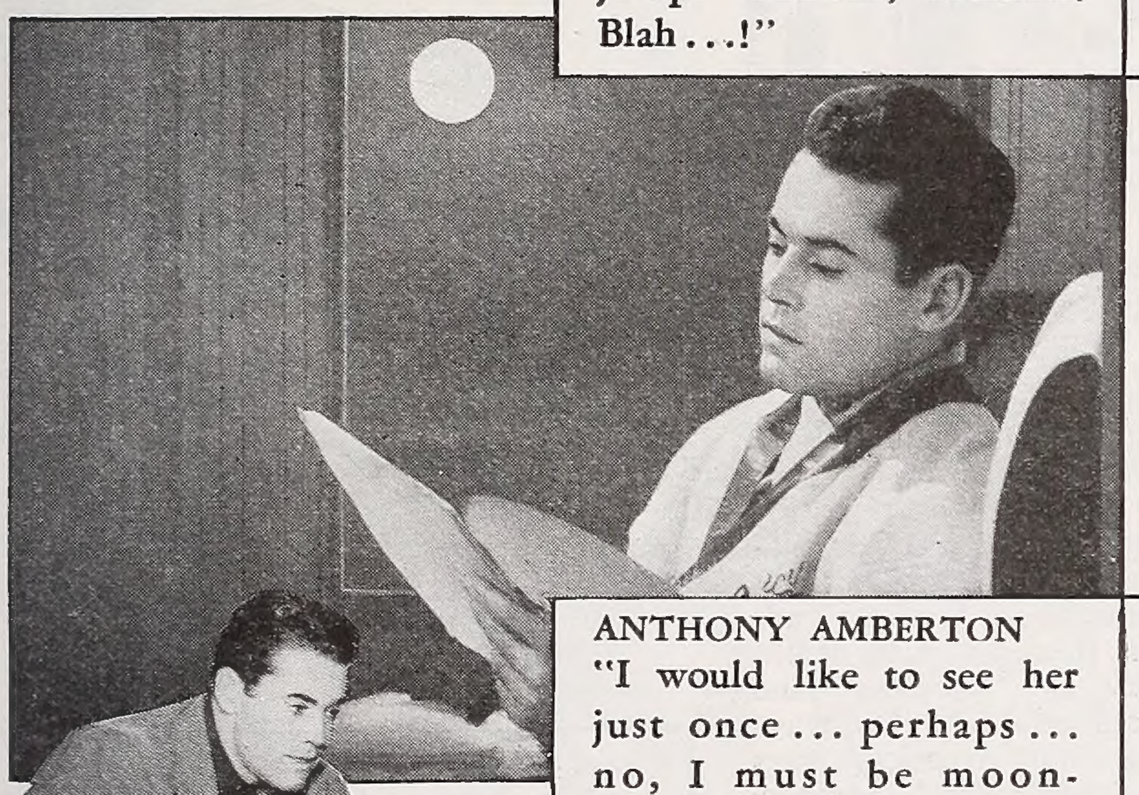
CHERRY CHESTER
"H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."



ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless. Blah . . .!"



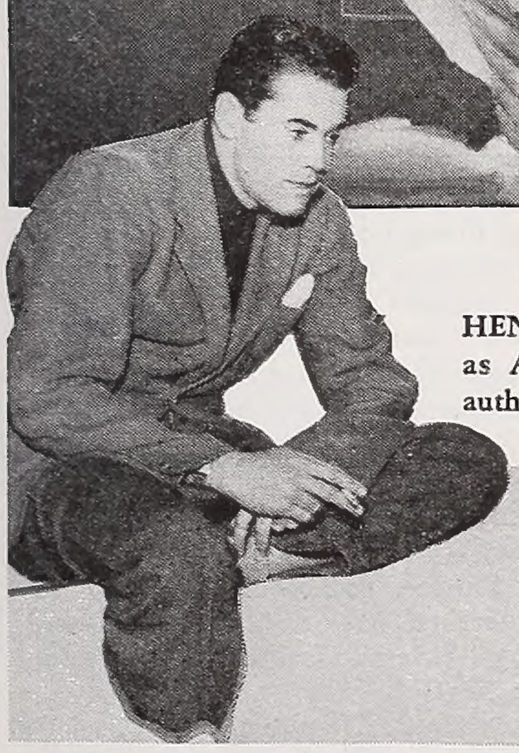
CHERRY CHESTER
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"



ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once . . . perhaps . . . no, I must be moonstruck."



CHERRY CHESTER
"I wonder what he really does look like . . . maybe . . . but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."



HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberton . . . explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.



MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester . . . sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount's "THE MOON'S OUR HOME" starring MARGARET SULLAVAN, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman . . . Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial . . . A Walter Wanger Production . . . Directed by William A. Seiter

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME—

Want to earn some pin money? Good! Here's your chance



Opera has no place in pictures, says one reader.

$5 PRIZE LETTER
Leave Opera to the Intelligentsia

Recently someone suggested in your columns that Nelson Eddy play opposite Swarthout in "Carmen." Perish the thought! Can we who have seen "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie" conceive of anyone but Jeanette MacDonald as Nelson's singing partner? Of course not!

Being an average college student, who is neither a musical moron nor a musical fanatic, I can only say that opera, even "Carmen," bores me to tears and hurts my ears, except the familiar arias. Of course, we all love selections like the "Toreador Song" because of its melody; because, speaking plainly, it has a tune. But the rest, leave it right where it is, in the opera houses where those few who really enjoy it may hear it. We uncultured people happen to love that "trashy" "Indian Love Call" and we'd rather listen to "Rose Marie" than all of Bizet's operas. Let the poor intelligentsia have Wagner and his fellow composers, but let us remain in our happy, blissful ignorance and satisfy our moronic appetities with Victor Herbert and Rudolph Friml.—Shirley Schottland, New York, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Is Screen Drinking Essential?

I find it extremely difficult to criticize a person as delightfully charming and universally loved as William Powell, but I often wonder just how anyone could drink as much liquor as Bill Powell drinks in some of his pictures and still retain his balance, physically and mentally, to the extent of unravelling the most complicated murder cases. Don't you think it a bit far-fetched, to say the least, just a little bit insulting to adult intelligence? Too, the influence is not so good on his young "would-be-sleuth" admirers and, I dare say, he is the idol of as many boys' hearts as of girls'. Don't you think his influence could be just a little more elevating, morally?

Believe me, I am a one hundred per cent Powell fan and consider him second to none when it comes to individual charm and manner of getting that very individual personality of his over to his audience.—Alba M. Wahl, Johnson City, Tenn.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
But Is This America?

When Will Hays, the high mogul of the motion picture industry, made the statement that he was "going to sell America to the world" through the medium of the screen, he evidently did not realize the full



Bill Powell's screen drinking is incredible to one fan.

import of his words.

Recently, comments such as these have come to me from the far-flung corners of the earth:

Johannesburg, South Africa: "Our bioscopes (cinemas to you) are always crowded when American pictures are shown, but tell me, is there as much drinking in your country as "Reckless" and other society pictures reveal? I always feel groggy after watching American stars go through their cocktail paces." London, England: "Is it true that most Americans have little respect for law and order, and are the gangster pictures authentic?" Delhi, India: "Is America really a 'land of milk and honey' and are such pictures as 'Forsaking All Others' and 'No More Ladies' typical of American wealth and luxury?" Palestine, Syria: "Why is it that American stenographers dress like heiresses? Are they paid exorbitant salaries, or do they share in common a checking account with the 'big boss'?" Hong Kong, China: "I like your American movie magazines, but it makes me very sad when I read of the instability of the Hollywood homes—too many divorces and trial marriages. I hope it is only publicity."

What a pity, Mr. Hays, that more films showing the lives of the great rank and file of the people are not made!—Corinne Childress, Charlotte, N. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
When a Star Is Not a Star

Isn't it about time that studio press agents stopped calling every new player "star?" In company with a few million other people, I share the belief that the movie audiences select their favorites and glorify them themselves.

Although I believe that new players should be presented to their public by carefully planned publicity, I don't like to see them billed as stars before they have appeared in a picture.

The unfortunate case of Anna Sten, a million-dollar manufactured "star," should have taught the studios a lesson but apparently it hasn't. The public expressed resentment toward the undeniably talented Miss Sten by almost complete indifference.—E. F. King, Glendale, New York.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Hepburn—Misunderstood

Katharine Hepburn is probably the most misunderstood star on the screen. Shallow criticism that breathes of jealousy and lack of appreciation of true artistry are frequently thrust at her and yet, in a coura-

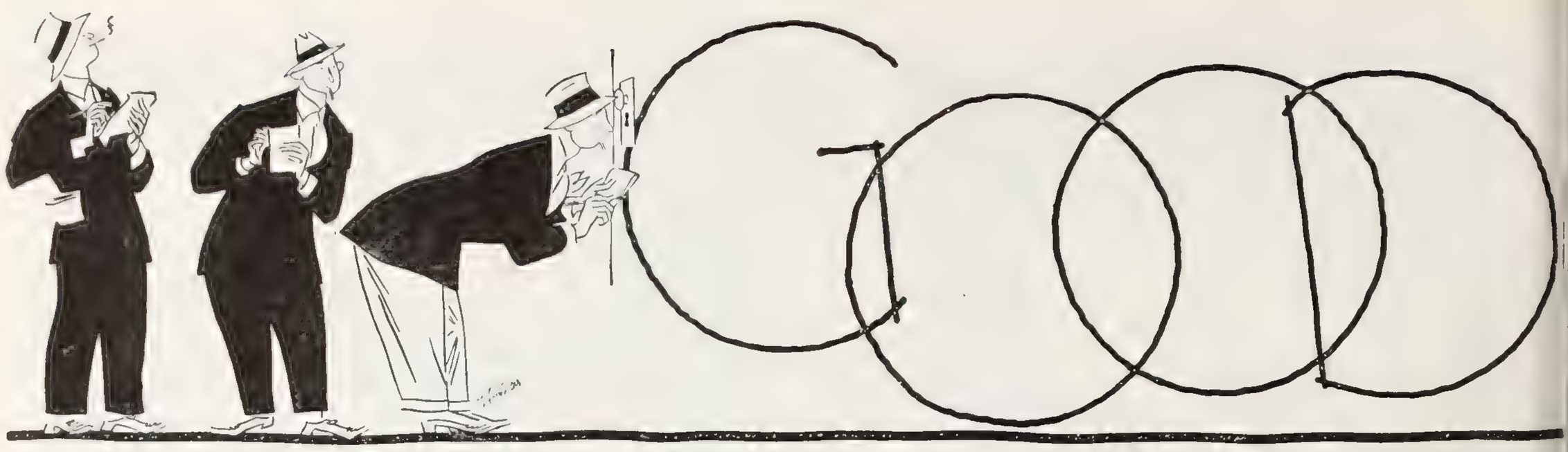
(*Continued on page 106*)



Why call every new player "star"? asks a movie-goer.

We welcome letters about anything and everything concerning motion pictures—new players, old players, censorship, current trends in pictures, double features, shorts, books you'd like to see filmed, and so forth. Ten dollars in prizes will be awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, $5; five 2nd prizes of $1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.


CARL LAEMMLE presents
EDNA FERBER'S
"SHOW BOAT"
(Version of 1936)
starring
IRENE DUNNE
ALLAN JONES
with
Charles Winninger · Paul Robeson
Helen Morgan · Helen Westley
BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES
THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR — FASCINATING ROMANCE — BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate it s multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.
A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!





Left, Lillian Lamont (Fred MacMurray's best girl), Leslie Fenton, Fred Mac M. himself, and Ann Dvorak have fun. Doesn't Ann look swell after her recent rest cure? And below, another foursome with a large joke—Charles Boyer, Merle Oberon, Pat Paterson and David Niven.



Nothing could be sweeter than to start this month's proceedings off with a touching little item about friendship. It's the friendship of a man for a little boy. The man is Victor McLaglen, and the little boy is Freddie Bartholomew. During the shooting of "Professional Soldier" Vic became so attached to young Freddie that he wanted to send him a gift as a token of his admiration. Learning that Freddie had just been given a brand new car, Vic, true pal that he is, had the thing equipped with the very latest in automobile accessories—an automatic tear gas gun!

■ ■ ■

Flash! Here's a Hollywood divorced couple who actually are not friendly! Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, defying the Hollywood tradition, aren't speaking. It all came about because of a gal named Rita Grey. Rita was once Ralph Forbes' secretary, until Ruthie married him and became the young lady's boss, a title which she held through the Forbes and the Brent regimes and until a while ago, when George hired her. Now no one speaks to anyone.

■ ■ ■

It was a great moment for the sightseers at Glendale Airport when Doug Fairbanks, Junior, stepped off the plane for his first visit in two years. Seems that Fairbanks, père, was on hand to meet his expatriate son, and Fairbanks, père, was attired in the last word in hats, a green chapeau of Tyrolean descent. You can picture his astonishment when the younger Fairbanks appeared at the door of the plane wearing a hat just as green and just as Tyrolean. All of which took a bit of warmth out of their greetings.

■ ■ ■

Hearts and Flowers: Carole Lombard seems to have given up Bob Riskin temporarily for Cesar Romero, who divides his time between Carole, Betty Furnace, Virginia Bruce and the skating rink in Culver City. . . . Loretta Young spending lots of her spare time with director Eddie Sutherland, whose fourth wife recently returned from Reno . . . and Margaret Sullavan (separated from William Wyler) and Henry Fonda are an occasional twosome.

■ ■ ■

Autograph hounds and signature collectors can discard anything they may have on hand from the pen of Bob Montgomery, for our Robert has a brand new title. A couple of months ago a little stranger arrived at the Montgomery menage, and he was promptly tagged Robert Montgomery, Jr. So now Bob writes letters to people he doesn't even care about, just so he can sign them "Robert Montgomery, Sr."

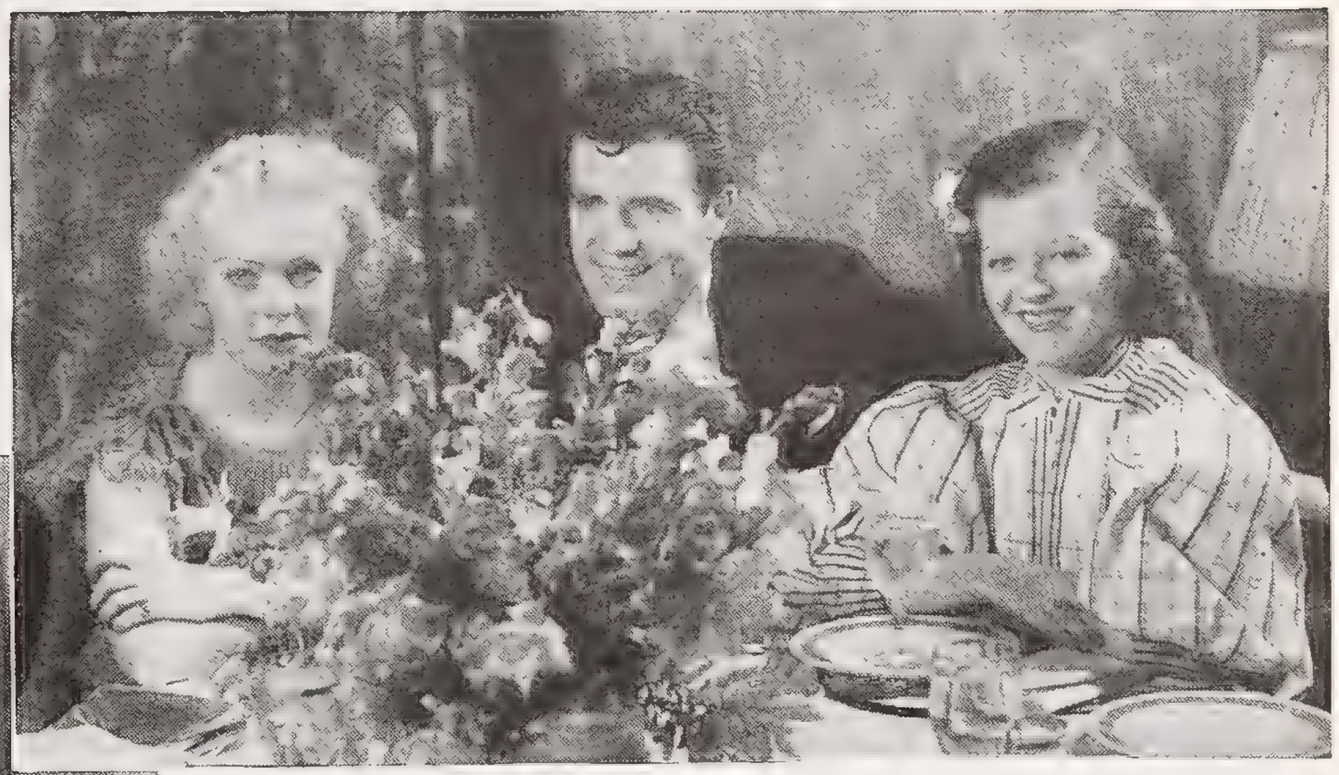
■ ■ ■

Not so long ago it was considered the thing out here to be seen at one of Marion Davies' numerous and elaborate soirees. Nowadays, you're practically nobody until you've attended a Joan Crawford music lesson. Joan takes two lessons daily—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—and at the afternoon session tea is served and the elect gather to sip and listen. Some fun, eh?

Your gossip scribbler finds Hollywood party mad and social

NEWS BY LEO TOWNSEND

Below, Virginia Bruce steps out with two of cinematown's most eligible beaux. On the left, James Stewart and on the right, Henry Fonda. And another threesome is shie on gents! Alice Faye and Dixie Dunbar cheerfully share John McGuire's attentions at the Screen Guild Ball.





■ ■ ■

There's a certain young actor around town who's noted for his alcoholic as well as his histrionic accomplishments. A couple of months ago he announced he was about to cast off the Demon Rum and dust off once more the mantle of Booth. Ever since his pronouncement a writer has been trying to see him to interview him on his new-found sobriety. But so far the guy hasn't stopped drinking long enough to talk.

■ ■ ■

The top hats, the white ties and the tails were out in profusion at the "Modern Times" premiere. A Chaplin opening is always something of an event, and the streets for several blocks were lined with people peering into the arriving cars, hoping each would contain a Garbo, a Gable, or a Colbert. A startling note was introduced during the unreeling of one of the short subjects which preceded the feature when a shot of the late John Gilbert was flashed on the screen. A shocked audience applauded timorously, and we noticed that during this short subject both Marlene Dietrich and Virginia Bruce left their seats and stood outside in the lobby.

■ ■ ■

Not to be outdone by Chaplin, Jean Muir staged a fancy opening at her Workshop Theatre when she premiered her production, "Green Grow the Lilacs," before an audience which paid $5.50 apiece for the privilege. The gathering of notables included even the astute Mr. Percy Hammond, dean of New York's drama critics. Mr. H. flew all the way from New York to see Jean's production, although it is rumored about that he got in on a pass.

■ ■ ■

Local Girl Makes Good: Talking to Isabel Jewell recently, we complimented her on the critis' raves she received for her dramatic bit as the little seamstress in "A Tale of Two Cities." We learned that while Isabel appreciated the acclaim from the reviewers, what pleased her most was a number of letters from old acquaintances in Faribault, Minnesota, where she attended St. Mary's Hall ten years ago. "And just to show you what fame will do," said Isabel, "when a picture I'm in plays the local theatre, St. Mary's has a half holiday."

■ ■ ■

Perhaps the strangest affair of the current social season was Donald Ogden Stewart's Nervous Breakdown Party for his wife, who is suffering from same. Mrs. S., under doctor's orders, must retire early each evening, so the party began at noon, with the male guests arriving in top hats and tails, and the ladies bedecked in evening splendor. Along about one o'clock the affair was at its height, with a band blaring away and the guests dancing the afternoon away. Along about two o'clock Carole Lombard made her entrance, made up as a nervous breakdown. And

minded as out of town celebrities are feted night and day!



Everybody turned out for the Screen Guild Ball at the Biltmore. Here are some of the faces that delighted the autograph hounds, lurking in the potted palms! Above, left to right: June Collyer, Norman Foster and wife, Sally Blane. Next, Gene Markey gallantly shares a cocktail with Mrs. Markey, alias Joan Bennett. And Doug Fairbanks, Jr., poses with Marlene Dietrich—at her request!



Two other arrivals who baffle the news snoops —Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

rumor is rife that most of the party hung around until the crack of dusk.

■ ■ ■

And Barbara Stanwyck recently stepped out on her first unchaperoned date since the split-up with Frank Fay. We saw her at the Trocadero with that handsome young man about town, Bob Taylor.

■ ■ ■

The mystery of the month concerns Jeanette MacDonald's new bracelet. It's a golden gadget from which dangle a number of little golden tags, on each of which is inscribed the name of a night club or a theatre, and a date. Jeanette says it was given to her by an admirer to commemorate evenings he had spent with her. But she won't divulge the gent's name, so you can take your choice.

■ ■ ■

Ida Lupino has a brand new idea in party throwing. If you can't come to one of Ida's parties, Ida brings the party right to your doorstep. Seems she has just purchased a streamlined silver auto trailer equipped with a cocktail bar, which enables her to pick up her guests at their homes, and carry on in all directions. Another advantage for the hostess is that a guest can't very well walk out on her party. He may be miles from home.

■ ■ ■

Dr. Joel Pressman is still winning his battle with the Hollywood cameramen. Recently he and Claudette Colbert attended the preview of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." As they were about to enter the theatre the camera boys stepped forward, and at the same moment a crowd of fans surged around Claudette. The doctor and the photographers retreated, they to protect their cameras and he to keep his haberdashery intact. A few moments later Claudette emerged, slightly battered and more than slightly pulled apart. That gal should have married a couple of football players, don't you agree? (*Continued on page 78*)

How Pretty Peggy Won Harry's Heart

BY John Held Jr.



But Peggy was unhappy. Listen to her confide to a friend. "Oh, Helen, why is it I seem to attract every boy but your brother Harry? He just doesn't pay any attention to me."



At every party Peggy was the center of attention. She was always so smartly—so colorfully dressed. Men's eyes followed her . . . romantically . . .



"Harry is a very serious young man," answered Helen. "I know he really likes you, but he thinks you are too extravagant. He says you have on a new dress every time he sees you."



"Well, Helen," said Peggy, "Tintex is the secret of my 'large' wardrobe. What Harry thinks are new dresses are old dresses made new with Tintex. See . . . you just tint as you rinse and get the most gorgeous new colors."



Next day! "Hello, Peggy! This is Harry. I have just been talking to Helen. She says you gave her a marvelous tip. She gave me one, too. How about the movies tonight? Please say 'yes'!"

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A FEW CENTS for Tintex will save you *dollars* on your Spring wardrobe. And so easy to use—so perfect in results. No wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are the largest selling in the world! 41 colors from which to choose—at all drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.

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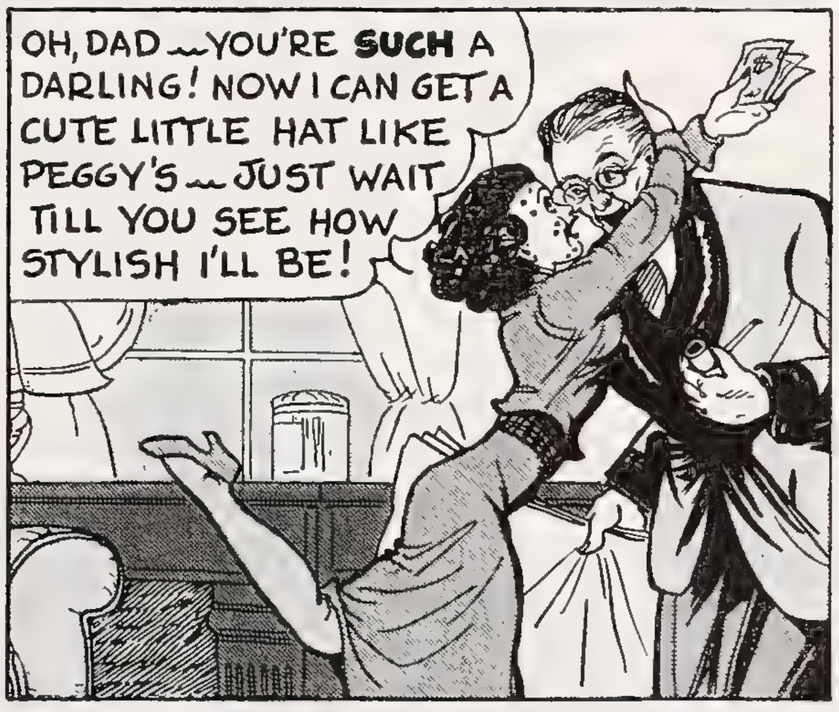
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BUT NO HAT LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!













—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!

CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION

Texas' Centennial inspires John Boles to praise his state's famous foods

By Marjorie Deen

IT WAS John Boles, handsome and debonair star and honorary Texas Ranger, who was directly responsible for a sudden and very genuine interest on my part in Texas history, traditions and foods. This interest is one that I feel sure you will share with me when you hear the many fascinating things John had to tell about the dramatic past and the interesting present of his native state.

"There will be 'big doings' this summer in Texas," John informed me recently. "For, this year the Lone Star State is having its Centennial Celebrations with appropriate ceremonies throughout the entire year and an Exposition in Dallas during the summer months when people on their vacations can come down and enjoy it."

The interest and enthusiasm with which Mr. Boles imparted this information made me realize the high regard in which a native of Texas holds his home state. In fact, according to John Boles, every single living Texan is a natural, dyed-in-the-wool, unblushing booster for everything that concerns Texas.

And why not? Certainly everything about that state could be described in Hollywood terms as "simply colossal." First, of course, there is its size! Did you ever stop to realize that Texas has an area larger than the combined New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and North Carolina thrown in for good measure? That this single state which joined the Union just one hundred years ago added to our already vast country a territory larger than the original thirteen colonies? No wonder that it contains within its borders so many different points of interest and a population as diversified as its landscape.

THEN THERE is its fascinating history . . . a combination of glamor (in the historical rather than in the Hollywood sense) and of hardship; of deeds of bravery and daring; of revolution, border skirmishes and battles, in most of which, incidentally, the Texas Rangers figured prominently.

And last, but by no means least, since it concerns us directly here, there is the reputation Texas has justly earned for the excellence and variety of its meals.

Of course, you realize that the recipes of a particular state are typical of it because of the home-grown products which are prominently featured in its cookery. So, within the



John Boles, Texas Ranger, star and gourmet, tells about some Texas food delights. (Insert—courtesy Gebhardt's) Tempting platter of Chile Con Carne.

borders of Texas, you would find the beef from the Panhandle district in the western section of the state; the tropical fruits such as bananas, oranges and Japanese persimmons grown in the southern portion; the products of farms and orchards throughout the state, as well as native tomatoes, rice, hickory, pecans and walnuts, all featured in native dishes.

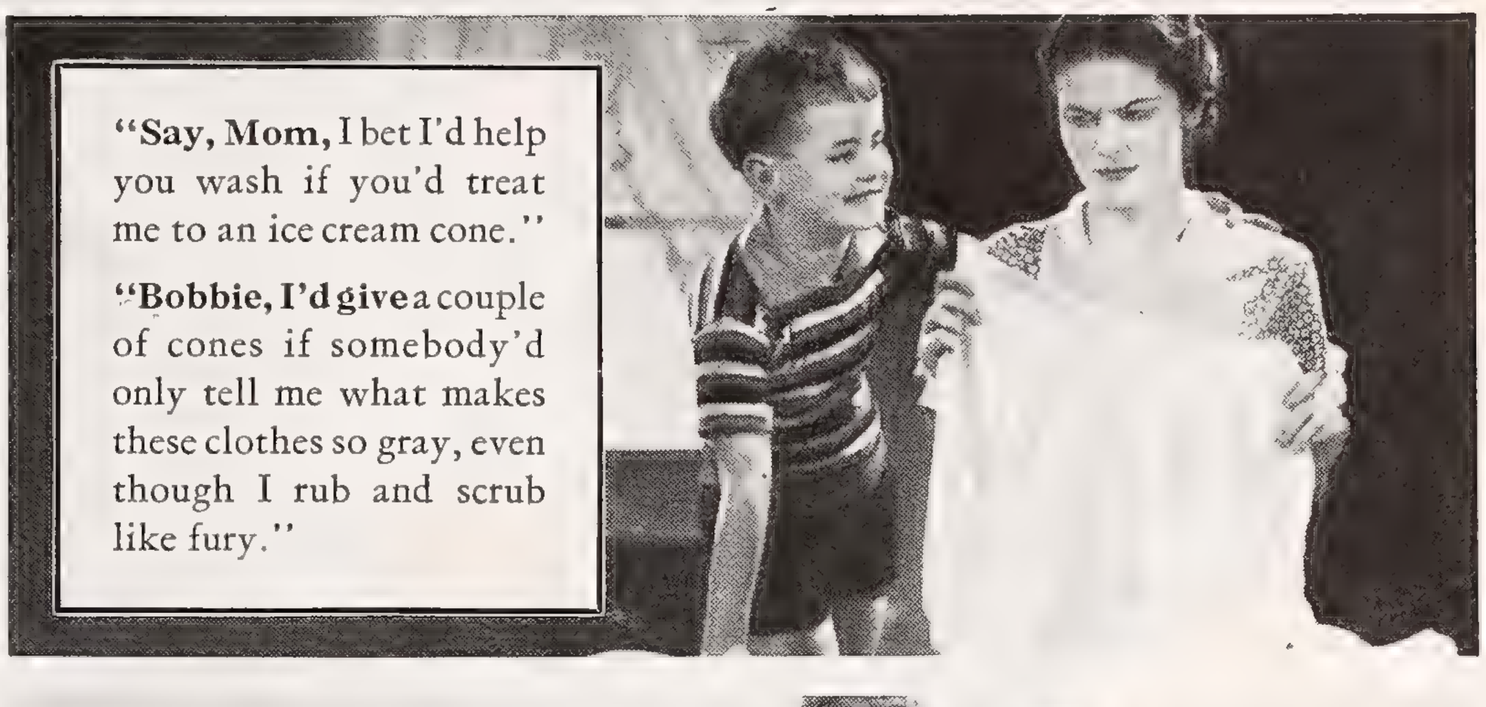
Then, too, the cookery of a state is influenced by the foreign countries whose representatives settled in that region. So you can readily imagine that Texas, which has lived under six flags, would show in the variety of its dishes the interesting effects of many outside influences.

But let's leave the Lone Star State for the present and take a flying trip out to Hollywood, where we will let John Boles tell us in his own words about the interesting banquet that took place there recently, given by the Texas Society in honor of visiting and resident Texas celebrities.

"I WAS greatly flattered when they asked me to be master of ceremonies at the Texas banquet," said John, modestly, as he settled back comfortably in an easy chair before the fireplace of the Boles' attractive Colonial style Hollywood home. "My job was to introduce the speakers," he went on. "The list read like a page in 'Who's Who.' There was Governor Allred of Texas, in whose honor the dinner was given, and Governor Merriam of California. Jesse Jones, of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, was there, and Mayor Shaw of Los Angeles, while Texas was outstandingly represented by the presence of President Selecman of Southern Methodist University, Mayor Sargent of Dallas, Ginger Rogers, herself, from Texas, Captain Black of the Texas Society and Frank Watson and Don Sterling of the Texas Centennial committee.

"Besides these celebrities and others, there were about six hundred persons present, before whom I had the doubtful pleasure of appearing in a stubbly black beard! The beard was one I had to wear in my role in 'A Message to Garcia.' It wasn't so bad going around in whiskers when I wore sport clothes and soft shirts, but in full evening attire, with a stiff-bosomed shirt and stiff collar, I was a pretty amusing sight. However, I soon forgot about it and entered completely into the spirit of the occasion. And what a fine spirit that was! For, with so many Texans present, you may be sure (*Continued on page 74*)

"I made a bet with Mom..."



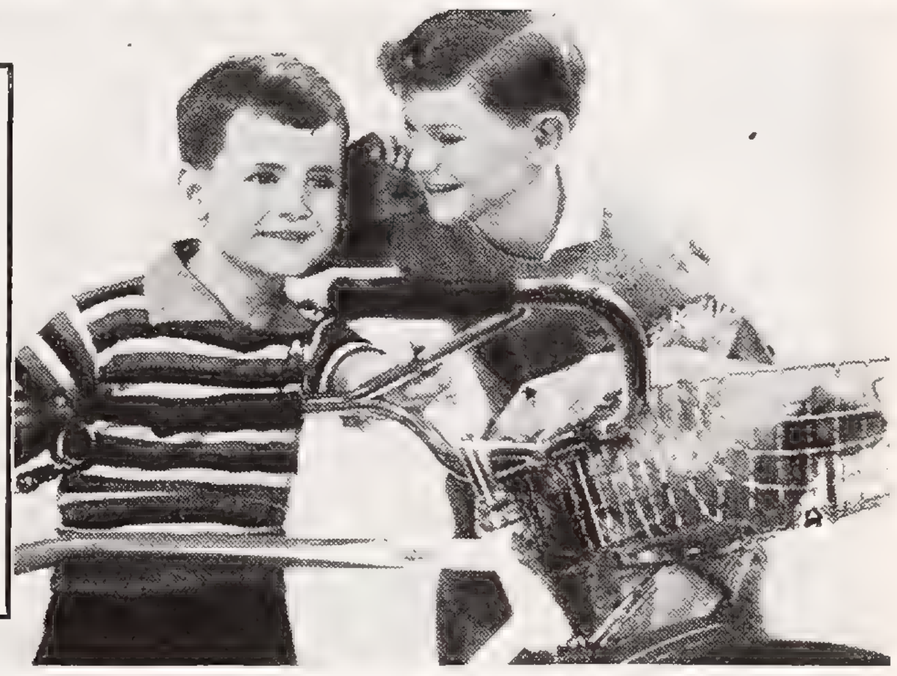
"**Say, Mom,** I bet I'd help you wash if you'd treat me to an ice cream cone."

"**Bobbie, I'd give** a couple of cones if somebody'd only tell me what makes these clothes so gray, even though I rub and scrub like fury."



"**I wish you'd ask** your sister, Bill, and see if she knows what's wrong with my mother's washes."

"**I bet I don't** have to ask. I hear women discussing things in the grocery store where I work and I *know* plenty about washing."



"**Your mother's clothes** have probably got tattle-tale gray—'cause her soap doesn't wash clean. Why doesn't she get wise and change to Fels-Naptha Soap? Everybody raves about the snappy way it gets out ALL the dirt!"



©1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" *with* FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

PLAYGROUND OF THE EAST

By Martha Kerr





All in all, the Big City is a veritable merry-go-round of fun for the stars, three thousand miles away from sound tracks, cameras and directors. There's an amusing incident concerning Errol Flynn and Lili Damita (above) and their stop-over in New York. (Left) Roz Russell can always be found at the swankier night clubs.

NEW YORK is the movie stars' playground in the East. It is three thousand miles away from cameras and sound tracks, "unusual" weather and picture producers. It's as stimulating as hot coffee and a cold shower and much more fun. It's the place where anyone who has visited once, longs to return, and which Robert Taylor swears he'll see—or else! (Bob, you see, has never been east of Beatrice, Nebraska, so quite naturally, he's rarin' to go—to New York.)

There is plenty to be done and much to be seen in the town which no other spot in this land seems to offer. The tourists—and movie stars are the most avid of 'em—love to take a peek at Pell Street, the city's Chinatown. Whether or not the disappearing doors, sliding panels, long stem pipes or fat Buddhas are authentic or merely a colorful set-up for travelers, makes little difference to its visitors. ZaSu Pitts, for one, is a lady who would no more think of visiting the Big City without hopping a sight-seeing bus and taking a group of friends to Chinatown than say, playing a scene with her famous fluttery hands parked firmly at her sides.

Although ZaSu invariably takes in Chinatown, she's invariably as excited about it all as a kid on a roller coaster. When she visited its dim streets recently, she took in everything from a game of fan-tan to a plate of chop suey. Her New York friends are not movie people and she herself is not easily recognized, so Miss Pitts may have a veritable field day in whatever part of the city she chooses to see without fear of being mobbed, which, you'll admit, has its finer points.

Most of the picture players go on a shopping spree, for nowhere else is there such a variety of places in which to spend one's hard-earned shekels so lavishly as in this town. Joan Crawford bought twenty-seven hats at a single showing of the latest in ladies' bonnets. Are you gasping? I am, too. But Joan's seemingly extraordinary purchase didn't faze the chapeau-purveyor one single bit. He has become used to the treasured trade of society women and actresses.

AN OPENING night on Broadway draws cinema celebrities as the well-known honey pot attracts flies. Visiting movie players would no more think of missing a play's premiere than of failing to sign an autograph album. When Elissa Landi and Melvyn Douglas opened in "Tapestry in Gray," on Broadway, Errol Flynn, Lili Damita, Henry Fonda, Una Merkel, Sylvia Sidney and Helen

Big city lights!

Dancing nights!

Dazzling sights!

Lotsa fun—yes,

it's New York!

Gahagan were just a handful of the numbers who turned out. Each lady wore the approved array of diamond bracelets, ermine coats and orchids. Yep, it may have been pea-in-the-pod exactness, but who wouldn't be among them—the peas, of course—when it comes to being surrounded by furs and flowers? You're right. None of us!

Most celebrities smoke in the theatre's foyer and lobby between acts. That insures seeing everything and being seen by everybody. The Franchot Tones, however, never leave their seats, although they do make it a point to arrive just before the lights are dimmed before the first curtain rises, thus insuring as spectacular an entrance as the star who is playing.

After the theatre, there is always a night club—or several of them. El Morocco and the Stork Club get the biggest play, although the celebrities are unpredictable in their patronage and loyalty to a certain place. If suddenly someone of importance shifts to the Versailles or the House of Morgan, where the sloe-eyed, piano-sitting Helen tosses off torch tunes nightly, all the others do likewise.

No matter how crowded a cafe may be, its manager will always see to it that a prominent person is parked in an advantageous spot. Therefore, when nobody could land a seat at the famous Tony's, the Franchot Tones rated a table, without so much as bothering to make a reservation. Such is success—and nothing succeeds like it in New York.

It was amusing to see Errol Flynn and his wife appear at the Stork Club the evening before the premiere (*Continued on page 109*)



THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference, all laxatives are alike!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet lots of people make it. She said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where she was wrong!

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary. . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective...and who doesn't every now and then? . . . don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not!

You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing . . . Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take, not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

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Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time





Patricia Ellis, oval-faced and smooth of brow, can wear the off-the-face hat superbly. And right, above, you see a marvelous new acne cream, being applied, which you must read about.

BEAUTY HEADLINERS FOR

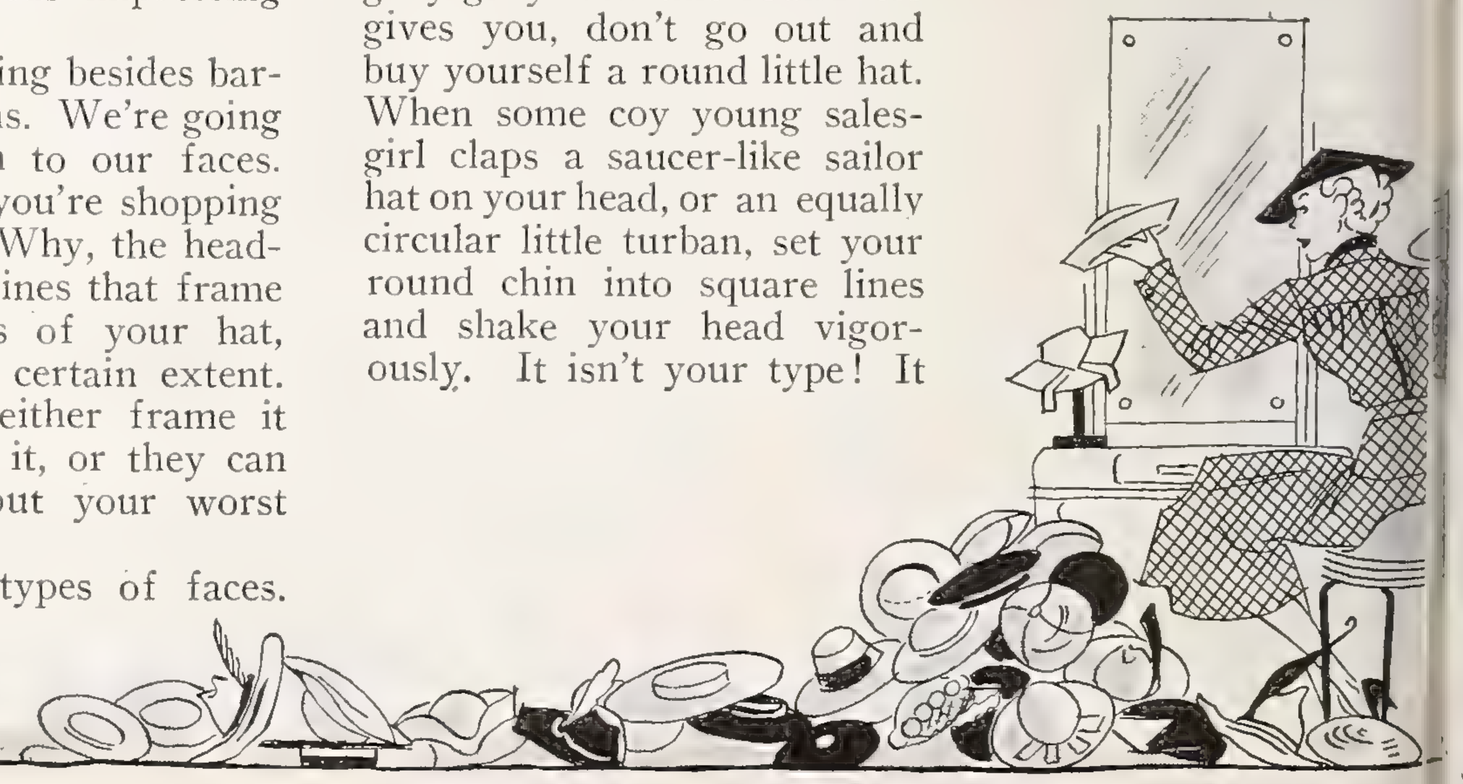
Round or oval, square or long, choose flattering lines to frame your face this season

IT TAKES all kinds of beauty tonics to make up a woman's world—a different hair-do, a new hat, a facial, a compliment—all these things are tonic lifts to the everyday routine of living. Even a spring fever patient shows a slight gleam of interest when you mention shopping to her. So let's go shopping for a hairdress and a hat and a make-up that will "do things" to you. And will "do things" to him as well—that unromantic male who needs impressing with your new glamor.

We're going to think about something besides bargain headlines in making our selections. We're going to think about headlines in relation to our faces. What is the thing to consider when you're shopping for a new hairdress or a new hat? Why, the headlines, of course . . . those important lines that frame your face. They include the lines of your hat, your hair and your neck, too, to a certain extent. These lines around your face can either frame it correctly, and bring out the best in it, or they can hide your best points and bring out your worst ones.

There are at least four general types of faces. I put them into four general classifications for the sake of simplicity, although there are, of course, different mixtures and variations of these types. Anyhow, here they are round, square, oval, long-and-thin.

IF YOU have a full-moon sort of face, like Grace Bradley's or Mary Carlisle's, and the bane of your life is the sweet girly-girly look this roundness gives you, don't go out and buy yourself a round little hat. When some coy young salesgirl claps a saucer-like sailor hat on your head, or an equally circular little turban, set your round chin into square lines and shake your head vigorously. It isn't your type! It



BY MARY BIDDLE

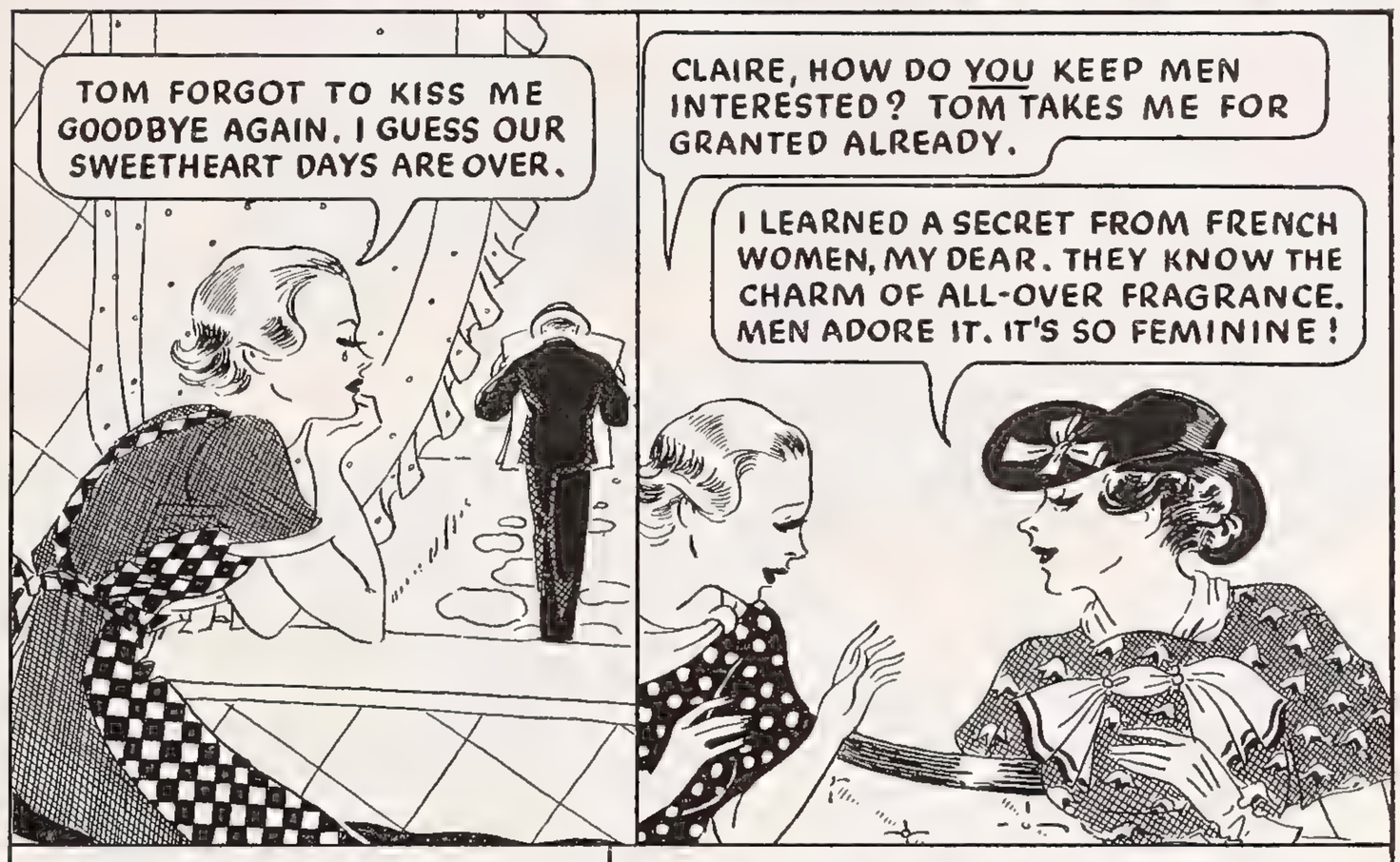
SPRING



makes you more moon-faced than ever. Demand a hat that boasts of angles and points, rather than curves. Go in for the peaked Tyrolean sort of thing, or the high-crowned coachman's topper, with an irregularly rolled brim that almost covers one eye. One eye is just as good as two for the purposes of glamor.

If you're wearing too fussy a coiffure, my chubby-faced cherubs-who-want-to-look-sophisticated, you will look all wrong with your new hat. But then that sort of hairdress is all wrong for you, anyway. A nice sleek, ear-tip-length coiffure is best for you, cut in close contour fashion, with swirled waves, perhaps, but not too many ringlets. You don't need the latter. The sleeker your hairdress, the less ingenue you'll look. And don't (*Continued on page 110*)

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—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

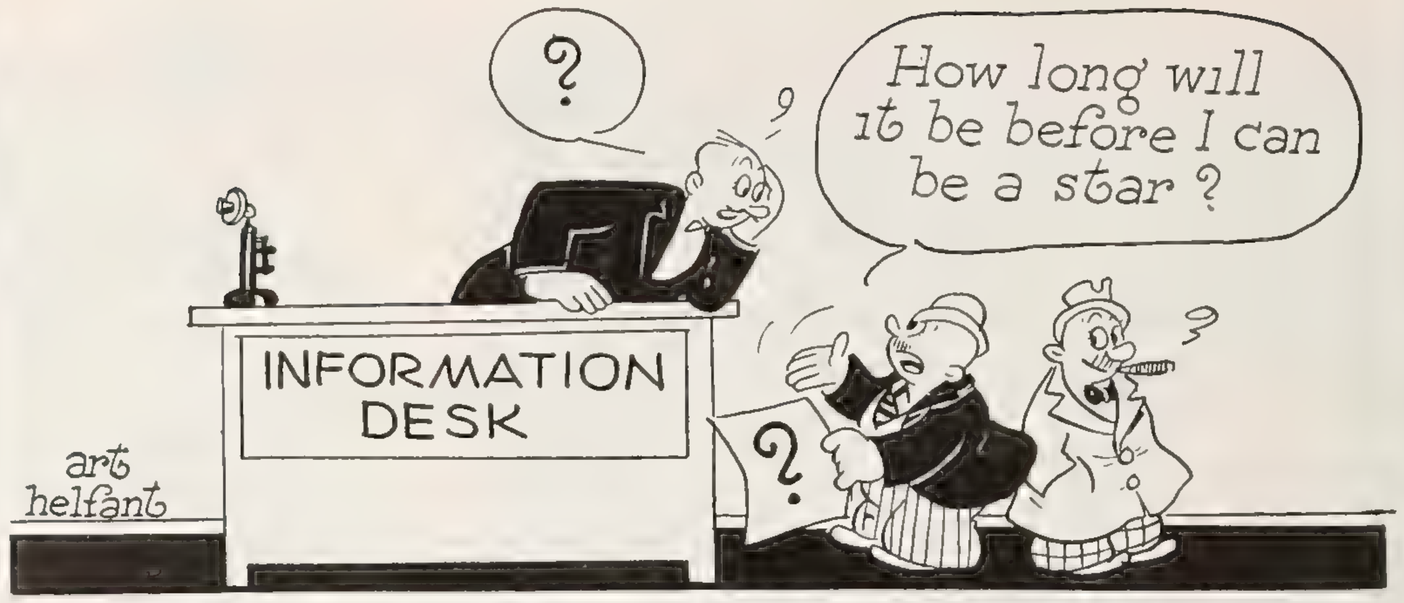
Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

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Join the throng of question-askers

NOTE: Since there have been so many requests for brief life stories of the following players, it will again be impossible to print the names of our readers. Please consider yourself automatically included.

ERROL FLYNN—Doubtless everyone who saw "Captain Blood" has been wondering just who this dashing, handsome newcomer is. So here you are! He was born in the north of Ireland on June 20, 1909, and received his education at the Lycee Louis le Grand, in Paris, and at St. Paul's School in London—during which time he indulged in the usual college sports; boxing, swimming, rowing and Rugby. Errol Flynn's (that's his real name) father was a professor of biology in Belfast and also at Cambridge. Now, here's an interesting item. Errol is a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, leader of the real mutiny on the Bounty. And Flynn's first picture work was done in the South Seas, while he was there pearl fishing, for a small English film company making "Mutiny on the Bounty." The role he played, logically enough, was that of his ancestor—the same role played by Clark Gable in the American version of the same picture. Then Errol went back to pearling, but shortly turned to prospecting for gold in the "bush" country of New Guinea. With the money earned in the latter expedition, he bought a coast-wise schooner, but a wreck on a hidden coral reef ended that. Six months of miscellaneous activity and Errol returned to England, carrying with him "the acting bug" caught in his first dramatic experiment. He played on the London stage in several productions, and in stock through the provinces. Finally Warner Brothers signed him to come to America, and on the way over he met Lili Damita, but it wasn't until their paths crossed again in Hollywood that the romance ripened and resulted in marriage. After playing in "The Case of the Curious Bride" and "Don't Bet on Blondes," he finally got a break in the title role of "Captain Blood." Now for a little about his personality. Errol has ambitious literary tendencies and is now completing a book covering his adventures in the "bush" and pearl fishing. Has also written short stories and verse. Does not sketch, paint or play a musical instrument. Dislikes spiders and alarm clocks, but likes thunder storms and the sound of wind and rain. Errol is very athletic. He's a champion boxer and also swims, rides and plays tennis. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. And here's some really good news—Errol Flynn is slated to make "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Isn't that sumpin'? Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

A. W. S., Austin, Tex.—I'm glad you asked for a list of the biggest money making stars of 1934-35, according to box office receipts. Doubtless, others will be interested, too. Here are the first twenty: 1. Shirley Temple; 2. Will Rogers; 3. Clark Gable; 4. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; 5. Joan Crawford; 6. Claudette Colbert; 7. Dick Powell; 8. Wallace Beery; 9. Joe E. Brown; 10. James Cagney; 11. Mae West; 12. Bing Crosby; 13. William Powell; 14. Janet Gaynor; 15. Jean Harlow; 16. Norma Shearer; 17. W. C. Fields; 18. Ruby Keeler; 19. Warner Baxter; 20. Grace Moore.

ANITA LOUISE—That is her real name, except that there used to be a Fremalt on the end of it, and she was born in New York City on January 9, 1915, of mingled French, German and English ancestry. Anita was educated at the Professional Children's School in New York, and the Greenwood School for Girls in Hollywood. Her first ambitions were to be an actress and to write music. She is an accomplished musician, excelling at the piano and the harp, has a fine singing voice, and is a talented dancer. She can speak several foreign languages. At the age of 7, Anita began her theatrical career, playing in "Peter Ibbetson" and others. In 1927 she made her first picture—"The Music Master." Anita is fond of all outdoor sports, and especially likes tennis, riding, swimming and fencing. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 106 pounds and has light blue eyes and light blonde hair. She is not married. "Brides Are Like That" is Anita's most recent production, and she is also in "Anthony Adverse." She is scheduled to join Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in "Stage Struck," in which she will dance. Write her at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

JEANETTE PETCH, Gananoque, Ont., Canada—ZaSu Pitts is very much alive and has only recently finished work in "13 Hours by Air." Extra players are divided into several different groups. There are the "class A extras" who are people of good appearance with fine wardrobes. They may earn as much as $15.00 per day. The "class B extras" must also look well and be able to deport themselves in a professional manner. They earn about $10.00 a day in scenes where many people appear. "Class C extras" are used for mob scenes and large gatherings, and are paid $7.50 a day. Appearance is not so important. The average extra is considered very fortunate if he is able to obtain work two days out of the week.

RANDOLPH SCOTT—Born in Orange County, Va., on January 23, 1903, Randy was the son of non-professional parents. In fact, no one in his family had ever been on the stage. He received his education in private school, the Woodberry Forest School, Georgia Tech and the University of Virginia. After finishing college, Randy took off for Europe where he spent a year, then returned home to join his father's engineering firm. Two years of this, and young Mr. Scott decided to take a vacation in Hollywood. There he became interested in dramatics and joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse group, with which he remained for 8 months. His work earned him parts in legitimate productions on the West Coast for two years, until he was signed by Paramount in December, 1931. "The Sky Parade" was Randy's first picture. Followed four years of Westerns, until he finally made good in a straight acting role in "Roberta." Mr. Scott is not married. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds and has hazel eyes and light hair. He names swimming, golf and riding as his favorite sports. "Follow the Fleet" is Randy's latest screen effort. Write him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

JANE WEBSTER, Englewood, N. J.—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, as was correctly stated in Modern Screen—not near Vienna, Austria. Her most recent picture, by the way, is "Amateur Gentleman" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

FRANKIE DARRO—Born in Chicago, Ill., on December 22, 1918, Frankie Johnson was what is known as a "stage child." His parents were vaudeville artists and their young son made his stage debut at an early date. When Frankie was two, he accompanied his family to Hollywood and appeared in Anna Q. Nilsson's "Judgment of the Storm," which film started him on his "picture-stealing" career. Frankie was educated at the Lawlor's School in Chicago. His favorite sports are football, baseball, hockey and tennis, and he was a Boy Scout patrol leader. His screen career began in earnest in 1929, when he appeared in "The Rainbow Man." Most of his earlier work was done in Westerns, but lately he has been getting a lot of well-deserved breaks. Frankie has dark brown hair and eyes, and has been doing a lot of growing lately—he's probably about 5 feet 6 inches tall now. His most recent pictures are "Born to Fight" and "Phantom of Death Valley." Write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

LUCILLE LOW, San Antonio, Tex.—Ward Bond is a feature player, not an extra. He was born in Denver, Colo., on April 9, 1905, and was educated in Denver schools, then the University of Southern California. Between college semesters he played roles in pictures. Weighing 200 pounds, he stands 6 feet 2 inches. His most recent productions are "The Cattle Thief" and "United States Smith." His address is Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Felix Knight has only appeared in one "short subject" since "Babes in Toyland."

FRANCHOT TONE—Franchot's life has been almost as varied as the numerous and sundry roles he has portrayed on the screen. Born in Niagara Falls on February 27, he is the son of Frank J. Tone, an industrial executive. He has one brother four years older than himself, Frankie Jerome Tone, Jr. Franchot attended small private schools and then entered the Hill School in Pottsdam, Pa., to prepare for Harvard. His brother, then attending Cornell, arranged for him to enter that University. He finished the course in three years, attended a summer session at the University of Ronnes in France, was president of the Cornell Dramatic Club while there, and served as an assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department, specializing in French. After graduation he joined a stock company in Buffalo and later appeared in a number of New York productions. When he was appearing in the Group Theatre production of "Success Story," which was a sensational hit, he was signed by M-G-M to a long term contract. His first film role was in "Today We Live" with Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper. His favorite sports are golf and swimming. He sees all the movies he can and enjoys dancing for recreation. He plays an excellent game of bridge and likes mystery stories. Franchot married Joan Crawford on October 11, 1935. This is his first marriage. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has light brown hair

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 25. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

and hazel eyes. His next picture is "The King Steps Out" with Grace Moore. This will be followed by "The Unguarded Hour" with Loretta Young. Write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

GENE AUTRY—Born in Tioga, Texas, on September 29, 1907, Gene started his vocal career early by singing in his grandfather's church. As a lad he "rode herd" and at 12 entered his first rodeo. At 14, Gene joined a travelling medicine show for a season, acquired a saxophone and traded it for a guitar. While attending school in Ravia, Okla., he learned telegraphy at the railroad station where he worked after school, and at 18 became a full-fledged telegrapher on a lonely division of the Frisco Railroad. There, to pass the time away, he perfected his guitar technique and composed cowboy songs, later making good with them in radio at Tulsa, New York and Chicago as the "Cowboy Idol of the Air." His first picture was "The Phantom Empire." Gene is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and is a natural athlete. He has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Write him at Republic Studios, 9336 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, Cal., where he recently completed "Red River Valley," with Frances Grant, and "Galloping Minstrel." He is soon to start on "Comin' 'Round the Mountain."

KAY FRANCIS—Kay was born Katharine Gibbs in Oklahoma City, on Friday the 13th, 1899. Before she was 4 she had lived in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denver and finally New York, and her education was received in almost as many different places—convents in Fort Lee, N. J., Roxbury, Mass., and New York City; Miss Fuller's School in Ossining, N. Y., and the Cathedral School, Garden City, N. Y. During this time she was very proficient in athletics, especially sprinting, and tennis which she still enjoys. After graduation Kay went to secretarial school and then to Europe, later taking secretarial jobs with several prominent people. Eventually she decided to take a fling at the stage and was successful in several New York hits. Then Hollywood, her first picture being "Gentlemen of the Press" in 1929. She has been married three times, most recently to Kenneth MacKenna, and her current swain is Delmar Daves. Kay's hobby is sailing. Miss Francis has black hair and blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 6½ inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her next picture will be "Angel of Mercy" with Ian Hunter and Donald Woods. Write her at Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.

TOM BROWN—Whether it sounds like a fake or not, Tom Brown is his real name and he is the son of Harry Brown, stage producer, and Marie Francis, musical comedy star. He is of Irish descent and his birthday is January 13. He is 23 years old. At the age of 6 months Tom first appeared before the footlights in the arms of his mother. The New York Professional Children's School is proud to number him among its alumni, and he almost went to Brown University except that the stage beckoned too strongly. He was a well known child actor in the days of silent films and was prominently cast in more than 50 stage plays both on Broadway and on the road, to say nothing of appearing on three different radio programs. In 1929 he appeared in "A Lady Lies," his first picture—and has been concentrating on screen work ever since. Tom is modest and unassuming about his success, likes to tinker with automobiles and play practical jokes, is an ardent devotee of all outdoor sports but is especially enthusiastic about swimming and hiking. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and medium brown hair. His most recent picture is "Gentle Julia" which will be followed by "Border Flight." Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

RICHARD CROMWELL—Starting from the very beginning of this young man's life, he was born Roy Radabaugh on January 8, 1910, in Los Angeles, Cal. He is of Dutch-American descent and has three sisters—Ann, Dorothy and Lillian—and one brother, Hudson. When Richard was 8 his father died, and after having attended Long Beach public and high schools (where he devoted himself to amateur dramatics and art), Dick won a scholarship to the Chouinard Art School in Los Angeles. To support himself he worked as a soda jerker, but eventually opened an art studio which was patronized by many of the stars. He happened to learn that a player was needed for the title role in "Tol'able David." He applied for the job and, what's more, landed it, to his everlasting success. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has blue-green eyes and blonde hair. For recreation Dick plays tennis and swims, and his hobby is painting and making portrait masks. He is scheduled to play in W. C. Field's next picture, "Poppy," opposite Rochelle Hudson. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

JEANETTE MacDONALD—She is one of the three talented daughters of Daniel and Anna MacDonald, and was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 18, 1907, of Scotch-American descent. There she attended grammar school, but completed her education in New York City where her family moved. As a child Jeanette studied dancing and singing and later appeared in a revue on the stage. Then followed an engagement with "The Night Boat" company as a chorus girl and understudy for the feminine principals in the cast. The next season she had a small part in "Irene" and then a better one in "Tangerine." Her first real success came when she was cast in "Fantastic Fricassee." Then came a contract and a series of leading roles in musical comedies. Her first picture was "The Love Parade" with Maurice Chevalier in 1930. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has red-gold hair and green eyes. She likes to meet new people, see new places, is fond of swimming, dancing, riding and the theatre. She plays the piano, reads mystery novels, and collects tiny figures playing musical instruments. Her next picture is "San Francisco" with Clark Gable. Of course, you've already seen "Rose Marie" with Jeanette and Nelson Eddy. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

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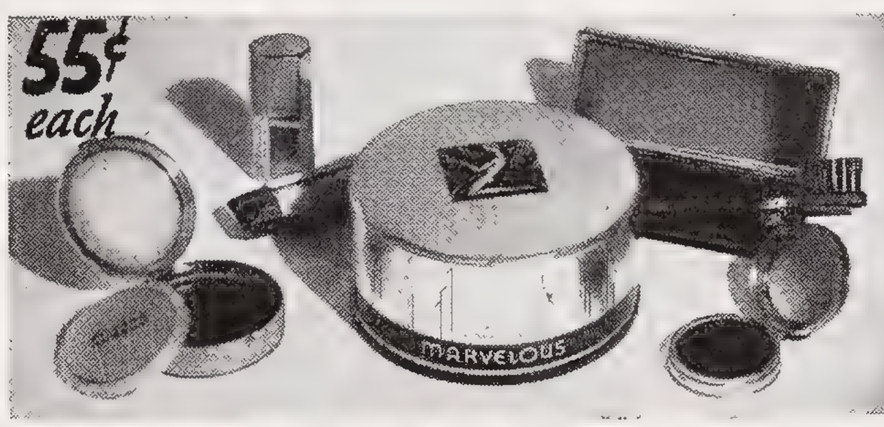
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Wallace **BEERY** · *Barbara* **STANWYCK**

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Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay
and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan

Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith • Directed by George Marshall

20th CENTURY FOX



Lovely, isn't she? But don't think for a moment that Anita Louise is content to rest merely on her beauty laurels. She's one of the most intelligent and talented youngsters in Hollywood, not the least of her accomplishments being a mastery of the harp. She does things quietly but firmly, like walking off with a role in "Anthony Adverse" and then into "Brides Are Like That."

Anita Louise

Ronald Colman

It's rare that any picture falls heir to such an important trio of brunettes as does "Under Two Flags." Ronald Colman is the lucky chap who has both Claudette Colbert and Rosalind Russell with him in the film version of this famous old tale. Ronald is a perfect choice for the hero, as you can see by this picture of him in his legionaire's uniform. And Roz Russell never looked more charming than she does in the costumes of the period. Just look for yourself at the right!




Rosalind Russell



Gene Raymond

Gene likes to talk to you seriously about acting, but just try to get him to commit himself on love! The funny part is that Gene is one of the most popular beaux in town with Jeanette MacDonald and Janet Gaynor on his list. He's in "Love on a Bet" next.



Kay Francis

Kay is portraying Florence Nightingale in her new picture, "Angel of Mercy," and from this pensive pose, it looks as if the soothing influence of the great war nurse has had its effect already on the usually vivacious Kay. Ian Hunter is her new lead.



James C. isn't Irish for nothing, as his studio discovered recently when he staged a one-man revolt. However, when and if things are patched up, this versatile actor will do "Over the Wall."



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WHO IS THE GENIUS

THEY WERE waiting for Shirley on the set. In the dressing-room, Mrs. Temple was trying to put the finishing touches on Shirley's curls, but Shirley wouldn't stand still. She was giggling and dimpling and making faces at herself in the mirror. You or I might have thought it was just pep. But Mrs. Temple, a veritable seismograph for every Shirley mood, recognized a tiny trace of suspense, and fear. She waited, however, until she had slipped the last golden-taffy curl off her finger. Then she put her two strong hands on Shirley's shoulders, steadied them firmly, and spoke to her, as her calm dark eyes met Shirley's bright blue ones in the mirror.

"Now, precious, I want you to forget that this scene is any more important or any more difficult than the rest. There's nothing for you to worry about, no reason for you to be frightened or afraid. It's going to be easy for you. As you dance up those stairs, just remember that mother is loving you, and when so much love goes with you, nothing bad can happen."

"I'll remember," said Shirley, suddenly solemn and sober and still.

When they reached the set, Shirley left her mother's side, and skipped off toward the high circular iron staircase, up which she was to tap dance. And as she skipped, she was singing softly under her breath. I didn't recognize the tune—it was all her own—but the words were familiar. I had heard them just a moment or two before. They were, "Mother is loving you, nothing bad can happen."

At the bottom of the steps, she saluted her director and called out gayly, "Okay! Let's go!"

The scene was the one with Guy Kibbee on the circular staircase, in "Captain January." Shirley went through that long, difficult scene without a mistake—four pages of dialogue and more than forty steps! But anyway, that was not the important thing to me. I was held spellbound by quite another miracle—the miracle of faith. As we watched, all of us with hearts beating a little faster, Shirley tapped up those high, narrow, slippery, iron steps without the least fear of falling! There was not even a forced expression of bravery on her face on the way up. Not even one sigh of relief when she reached the top. Yet a mountain goat would have feared for his safety on those steps.

THE ANSWER? Mrs. Temple's words flashed through my mind again. And Shirley's belief in the protection of love had dismissed all nervousness from her mind.

Suddenly I began to understand a lot of things about Shirley that I had never understood before. Why she wasn't spoiled, when all the world was spoiling her. Why she wasn't conceited when all the world was praising her. Why she wasn't a nervous wreck, when all the world was clamoring for her! *Mrs. Temple was the reason why!*

I have known a lot of child actors and I have known a lot of stage mothers. There are few of them who have ever won my approval. I have always been prejudiced against them ever since the time a fire broke out on a set which I happened to be visiting. There were forty children on that set. And forty mothers on the sideline. The mothers beat a hasty retreat toward the doors, and the children, believe it or not, were left to get out the best way they could! Is there any wonder that I'm prejudiced against the mothers of talented tots?

This small star gets her encouragement and



BEHIND SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SMILE

By Kay Osborn

But about Mrs. Temple I feel differently. I have met her often and watched her with Shirley on many occasions, and since that day on the "Captain January" set, I have talked to many people who know her well. I had a grand chat about her with Irving Cummings, just the other day—one which bears repeating. Mr. Cummings directed Shirley in one of her most successful pictures, "Curly Top," and now he's making "Poor Little Rich Girl" with her.

When I asked him, "How much do you think Mrs. Temple has had to do with Shirley's success?" he answered quickly and enthusiastically, "Everything! Why, Mrs. Temple is much more Shirley's director than I am. She teaches her her lines, coaches her on how to say them, suggests Shirley's expressions, shows her how to stand and sit and walk and talk and run! There's really very little left for a director to do when Shirley arrives on the scene.

BUT MOST important of all are the things she does, and the things she doesn't do, to keep Shirley from becoming spoiled. For everyone knows that on the day when Shirley becomes conscious of her great charm, then, on that day, will her charm disappear. That's what makes Mrs. Temple's job one of the most difficult tasks that there are in all Hollywood.

She must keep a constant eye on her famous daughter—her health, her habits, her whereabouts—yet she mustn't let Shirley know that she is being watched any more than an ordinary child would be watched. When they are driving to and from the studio, Mrs. Temple usually closes the windows in the car, but she doesn't tell Shirley she does that to keep a draft off her, or to prevent soot from blowing in her eyes. Nor does she tell her that the man driving the car is a G-man as well as a chauffeur. Never, in any way, does she let on to Shirley that she is the important little person she is.

WHEN SHIRLEY is asked to sign autographs, she thinks it's just part of the game of acting that she loves so much. She never dreams it's a personal compliment. Mrs. Temple, too, is responsible for that healthy thought. Even when Shirley says she's tired of signing autographs and wants to stop, Mrs. Temple says, "All right, stop!" That happened recently at a big luncheon for Shirley. All the guests were sending up their menus to have them autographed. Shirley autographed a few, but then the food took her fancy and she said she'd rather eat—and eat she did!

Mrs. Temple might have said, "Look, Shirley dear, all those people will be disappointed, you'd better finish (*Continued on page 80*)

guidance from an inspiring source



Ginger and husband, Lew Ayres, share many enthusiasms, one of them being tennis.

"'TAIN'T SO!" CRIES Ginger

By Dorothy Donnell



THE POLICE held hands and made a ring around us, but they couldn't keep the crowd from trampling us," said Ginger Rogers' mother. "I saw their faces. Neither admiration nor affection nor even curiosity was registered on them, but something quite dreadful. Do you suppose that the depression has made the public envious of movie people? It needn't have! In the old days when investments were safe a few players might become rich, but not now. I said to Mary Pickford recently, 'You were the last. There will never be another wealthy movie star!' We of this generation have disinherited our children even in Hollywood. But that crowd—it was like a French Revolutionary mob scene! I saw their hands clutching at my daughter's hair. She'll never be able to wear that dress again. And it wasn't hero worship. It was almost hate!"

Is this the explanation—I thought—of people's eagerness to listen to Hollywood divorce rumors? Is it a sop to their own miseries to believe that their movie idols are unhappy in spite of their limousines and race horses and bank accounts? Is there compensation for every day, garden variety humans, like you and me, in the thought that hair like a red gold glory doesn't bring happiness and that beautiful eyes may shed tears? Is it the fans themselves who refuse to allow their film favorites to be happy? For love in Hollywood does not die of some exotic blight or unnatural disease, but simply—forgive the pun—of rumortism!"

Just now, all the forces of nature and science seem combined to break up one movie marriage that threatens to be successful.

For centuries scholars have worn their eyes out over midnight manuscripts, inventors have given their lifetimes to perfecting miracle working machines, in order to enable a radio announcer to send out into the ether the report of another broken screen romance.

And all over our great country, by simply turning a knob, we fortunate heirs of the ages, the privileged possessors of modern civilization, were able to receive the news.

"What did we tell you? Another Hollywood star is in Reno tonight to have her marriage melted."

All movie households do not have marble swimming pools and ermine bedspreads. The rented home of one young film couple, for example, has seven rooms, partially occupied by a high-powered telescope, a complete toy railway system which the master and mistress of the house run perching on their hands and knees, and a nice collection of first editions of Kipling and the Victorian poets. It's monthly rental leaves change from a hundred dollar bill.

"But we do have a good radio," young Mrs. Lew Ayres—Ginger Rogers to you—told me a trifle grimly. "And after dessert that evening we moved into the living-room and turned it on. We'd had Margaret Sullavan and her husband and the Andy Devines to dinner and, as we sat 'round the fire drinking our coffee, somebody said, 'Let's tune in and listen to the lowdown.' So Lew turned the knob—just in time to hear, 'Another Hollywood star is in Reno tonight. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres have come to the parting of the ways.'

WAS I BURNED?" exclaimed Ginger. I reached for the telephone and got Long Distance. I guess the operator could tell from my voice something was awfully wrong. At any rate she got me the broadcasting station in New York in a hurry. 'I want to speak to that movie columnist,' I shrieked. The voice at the other end was shocked. 'He is



Ginger is doing "I Won't Dance" with Fred Astaire next.

Why won't we allow the Rogers - Ayres marriage a fighting chance at happiness?

on the air at this moment, I couldn't possibly interrupt a broadcast,' I was told. 'Can't you give me the message?' 'Tell him that this is Ginger Rogers, and I'm calling from Hollywood, not Reno. I'm sitting here in my own home with my husband and some friends and if he doesn't deny the statement he's just made about me before he goes off the air, I'll call my lawyer.' The man tried to soothe me. 'If there's been any mistake, I am sure it will be rectified in the next broadcast.'

"I fairly screamed at him clear across the continent. 'Tonight! Now! I want the same people who heard it just now to hear the denial!' I guess I frightened him. He turned away and said something to someone. In a minute he was back. 'Listen to the radio,' he said. There was an advertising announcement on the air, and then the voice again. 'I've just had Ginger Rogers on the wire. She denies that she's in Reno or getting a divorce. Sorry, Ginger!' "

"Just before we came East on this trip," Ginger's mother added, "a newspaper editor in Reno called to tell me that he had just met Ginger on the street. (*Continued on page 98*)

SENTIMENTAL ROUGHNECK

By Franc Dillon

George Raft is no ladies' man, but he has some ideas about women and love that you couldn't possibly have suspected

ONE DAY recently, at the Paramount Studio, the monotony of the morning's work was interrupted when the director looked up to speak to George Raft, who had been standing at his elbow a moment before. George was not there. The director called but there was no answer. Assistants began to scurry around. They looked all over the huge sound stage. They looked outside; he might have stepped outside for a breath of air. They questioned Mack Grey, his friend who is like a shadow, but he, like the others, could only say: "He was here a minute ago."

When telephone calls to various other places in the studio failed to produce any sign of George, a systematic search began because, during his five years as a star, George had never before held up a scene. Twenty minutes passed and, as the situation began to take on an air of seriousness, in walked George with an elderly lady on each arm. He placed each one tenderly in a chair where they could see everything and, realizing he had been holding up the scene, rushed to the director and whispered his apology:

"I found these ladies wandering around outside. They were lost and they want to see how movies are made. Don't tell them who I am."

That incident is hardly consistent with the George Raft you know on the screen, is it? It isn't consistent with your emotions as you sit in a theatre and watch him, as you alternately thrill with admiration at his superb portrayals of wicked characters and shiver with apprehension at the terrifying possibility of meeting him in the dark.

On the screen his cold, steel-blue eyes have much the same effect on you that looking into the business end of a loaded gun would have, but out of the picture there is hardly anything about this charming, soft-spoken chap which would establish him as a villain. He is decidedly not a tough guy and the fact that his admirers believe the real George Raft to be like his screen characters is just another tribute to his competence as an actor.

Off the screen he is an amiable, quiet, considerate person—just the opposite from his screen self—and, like many another portrayer of hard-boiled roles, George is just an old softie where women are concerned. Any woman, he likes, can wind him around her little finger and the sight of tears from feminine eyes reduces him to a state of helplessness.

AT THE moment, there is a young lady who has George literally standing on his head, doing handsprings and spending his spare shopping moments buying her pretty presents. She returns his affection but, being a smart girl, knows his weak points and never fails to press an advantage. Ordinarily, she calls him "Uncle George" but when other wiles fail, the little flirt looks up at him archly and lisps: "Daddy."

And George, being no stronger than other weak men where a lady is concerned, immediately capitulates.

"I'm just nuts about her," he confessed to me. "She can have anything I've got."

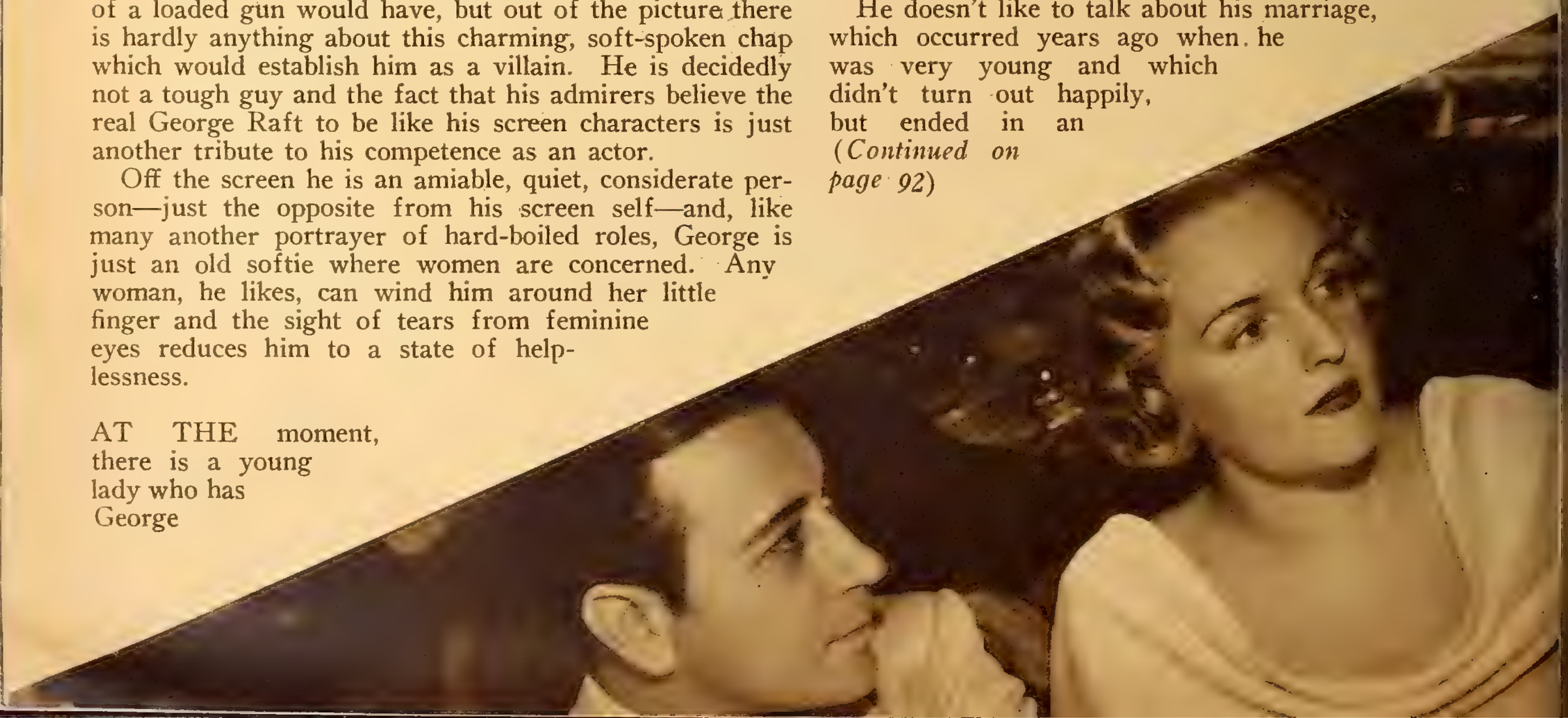
It may be her blue eyes that attract George, or her blonde curls or maybe the fact that she measures thirty-six inches from stem to stern and is just five years old. At any rate, one of George's fondest dreams is that some day he will be in reality her daddy, for she is the small daughter of George's best girl, Virginia Pine. He buys toys for the child by the truck load, keeping the most fascinating ones at his own apartment in the hope that she will call on him frequently.

George isn't a ladies' man in the popular sense of the word. He likes women and they like him, but he isn't a flirt. He confines his attentions to one girl at a time, and since he has been in Hollywood his name has been closely linked with but one girl—and *only* one. She is Virginia Pine who, in George's words is "the sweetest and the prettiest girl in the world."

George doesn't like to talk about girls and hesitates to be seen too frequently with the same girl because he's not free to marry. "It subjects a girl to gossip," he explains gallantly. "What can a girl think my intentions are when I ask to take her out?" he demanded. "I'm a married man."

He doesn't like to talk about his marriage, which occurred years ago when he was very young and which didn't turn out happily, but ended in an

(*Continued on page 92*)



Below left, Virginia Pine is George's off-screen romance, while right, Rosalind Russell is his heart interest in "It Had to Happen."

(Right) With her successful co-partner, Nelson Eddy, in "Rose Marie." (Below) Beaux may come and beaux may go but Bob Ritchie is always in the background of Jeanette's life.



Would you guess that the dignified MacDonald adores to be goofy and impulsive?

Jeanette's MAD CAP MOMENTS

EVERY TIME I read about Jeanette MacDonald's wholesale sagacity I become annoyed. People are so persistent in plugging her as a cool and calculating creature. She's always the level-headed lovely who never makes a move without first pausing to think it over. Her Hollywood life is apparently a cut-and-dried affair, time-clocked to such a degree that she's in tempo only with her career.

The girl evidently does everything with a reflecting weather eye warily out. When I see write-ups, purporting to be the complete lowdown on Miss MacDonald, I can't help sighing at the crime they're committing!

For, in reality, Jeanette isn't a stuffy soul at all. She's a radiant redhead who may be a prim princess to her press agents, but who's often a riot to her friends. Have you ever heard of how she went whooping it up at the beach concessions in Ocean Park and ended up by falling off the merry-go-round? Or of the time she went berserk with the pearls? I like the episode when she "borrowed" a costume from the show she was doing, because she was sick of her one and only evening dress. And, mentioning clothes, do you know she chooses her wardrobe in a positively nutty way?

Her last-minute scrambles to be sewed into her party duds before sweeping into a formal Hollywood gathering are minor mad moments in the exciting existence this prima donna actually leads. You ought to be fully in-



By Ben Maddox

formed of that occasion when she lit into a big New York theatrical producer. And why she once impetuously forsook Hollywood and all its monetary rewards. But snatch yourself a cigarette and relax. I've merely begun.

It's a fact, yes, that Jeanette MacDonald is one star who is exceptionally sensible where her job is concerned. She has worked hard to acquire her present fan following. She's too intelligent to spoil her set-up by playing the fool, and certainly she's too well-bred to indulge in those gaudy gestures.

I do believe, however, that it's my duty to the MacDonald admirers to tell the rest of the truth. Jeanette's human streak will endear her (*Continued on page 81*)

Though she's mighty serious about her work, Jeanette MacDonald's private life isn't the cut-and-dried affair some people think it is.

ON HIS WAY

By Carolyn S. Hoyt



Kathleen Lockhart, Ross and Anita Louise in "Brides Are Like That."

Stardom is his goal and Ross Alexander, with that Gable "ummph," is very near it

ROSS ALEXANDER, six-footer plus, has what it takes for movie idolhood. The Gable "ummph." A voice, deep, throaty, controlled, that sends little shivers undulating up and down the feminine spines. A realistic grip on life that shows in his faintly cynical blue-eyed gaze. It's the quizzical look in those eyes that's going to round up the ladies. It already has.

What attracts them, too, is the excessive masculinity he radiates. He likes dogs and prize fights (none of your sissy featherweight matches, either . . . they have to be heavyweight, with blood spurting and teeth raining onto the canvas) and ice hockey (the more banged shins the better) and horse races. Stacked up against some of our better delineators of he-manhood, Alexander (born Alexander Ross Smith, Junior, and a real New Yorker) makes them look like a bunch of posey pickers.

"It's a funny thing about that," said Alexander between bites of roast duck, absorbed in the rarefied air of Warner Brothers' exclusive "Green Room" studio cafe ". . . . I had a wardrobe woman at a Long Island house party comment on it. She was something of a fortune teller, went around predicting peoples' futures at the party.

"I really don't know how I happened to be there because it was made up of a university theatrical group, and I hadn't been to college. I was 'kicked out' of school at sixteen, as a matter of fact. I met this woman earlier in the evening. 'And at what school did you matriculate?' she asked me, putting on a big act. 'Experience,' I answered. And she didn't say another word to me until later, when she started to read my palm.

"At the party were a lot of fellows and girls, one chap was so womanish, you'd wonder if he had brought his knitting. Well, the wardrobe (*Continued on page 87*)

It's that amused twinkle in the eye that's so beguiling. He's a happy-go-lucky fellow.







Would you risk your career as did these stars?

THE DECISIONS of actors, standing at the crossroads of their careers, are the cause back of their success or failure. Those who take a stand, decide, and go on are those who in the going-on meet up with "good luck." But good luck is the smile of a right decision while facing the crossroads of left or right.

Many a decision made by a player has become the most famous story associated with him. When Greta Garbo decided that five o'clock was late enough for her to work for any motion picture company, she put her decision into execution with the now famous line: "I tank I go home now."

Arline Judge is a youngster who had a decision thrust upon her. It was a ticklish decision to make inasmuch as it was love against a career. At least, it was put up to her that way by those who thrust the decision upon her. They were merely business names to her, but names who had the say-so in the studio that had brought her from New York to give her a picture career. This career began as one of the leads in Wesley Ruggles' picture "Are These Our Children?" Mr. Ruggles' interest in Arline became more than professional. He invited her to have dinner with him. She did. The first date led to others. Ruggles' interest warmed. Likewise, Arline's. They were becoming very serious and matrimony loomed around a near corner.

The studio, however, wanted no such corner for Miss Judge. It was one thing to romanticize in celluloid. It was another to romanticize away from celluloid. Arline received a request to make a prompt appearance in the head office. She appeared. Very tactfully, the executive, behind the flat-topped desk, intimated that the studio had big things in store for Arline (*Continued on page* 95)

Top to bottom, three who changed their lives by decisions difficult to make: Arline Judge, Robert Young and Gloria Stuart.

By Dorothy Herzog

DECISIONS AT THE CROSSROADS

JUST HOME Folks



The Lloyds—Peggy, Harold, Gloria, Mildred and Harold, Jr.

PLEASE DON'T call us Hollywood's happiest couple," begged Mildred Davis Lloyd. "We aren't the happiest couple in Hollywood, I am sure. I wouldn't want to be. Harold and I are just two normal, healthy people who married because we loved each other and we are raising a normal, healthy family and are enjoying it.

"We have disagreements. They are never very serious, but we frequently have a difference in opinion and we don't hesitate to tell each other about it. When we get peeved about anything we talk it out and arrive at an understanding that is agreeable to both of us. Then we kiss and 'make up' like other folks do.

"I think it is absurd for anyone to say that two people can live without occasional quarrels. Harold and I don't. We are really just plain home folks. Harold is an ordinary business man at heart whose business happens to be located in Hollywood. There isn't anything of the actor about him after he leaves the studio. Luckily we like the same things and get a lot of happiness out of the children, so we never have a dull or wasted moment."

That, in a nutshell, is the story of Harold and Mildred Lloyd and how they have managed to make a success of matrimony in a place known the world over for its menaces to marital happiness. When Junior gains a pound or learns to chin himself, that item is just as important in the Lloyd menage as is Harold's selection of his newest leading lady.

Mildred suffers for Harold's art occasionally. In his latest picture, "The Milky Way," he plays the part of a milkman. Mildred says that for a solid month he got up at dawn and slipped around to the front door, to practise the art of delivering milk. It seems that one of the fine points in a milkman's technique is to be able to put down the bottles in the wee small hours of the morning without making any noise.

It was several weeks before Harold accomplished the art, but now he is so good that if anything should ever go amiss with his movie career, he could get a job in any dairy.

Mildred says she goes through an ordeal every time he starts a picture. When he made "The Catspaw" he would greet her in Chinese every morning and he would eat with chop-sticks at the table and say good-bye like a Chinaman. She says she felt like a half-caste herself before the picture was finished.

It is easy to understand why Harold has found his greatest success since marriage. Mildred is an optimistic person and has a canny understanding of audience appreciation. She catches all the "sneak previews" of Harold's pictures with him and whenever she says that a scene should be cut or lengthened, Harold accepts her advice without question.

It is surprising to find that Mildred's domestic problems are like so many other wives. Gloria and Peggy Lloyd are going through the same experiences and phases that all normal children do. They have bands on their teeth and they have become ardent movie fans.

Mildred says that taking them to the movies is quite an ordeal. The whole family goes to the neighborhood theatre every Saturday night, but the children never get enough. They always want to see the show over again. Every time they go Harold says, very sternly, "Now remember, we are going home the minute the picture is over and I don't want anybody to say a word or we won't go again." But they usually come home around midnight

Found at last! The happiest family in all Hollywood—

with both Harold and Mildred vowing that they never will go again. However, next Saturday always finds them back in their old seats.

The girls have a little club in the neighborhood which they call "The Jolly Eggers." They were deep in initiation plans a few weeks ago. They were planning a portable club house so they could move it about and were trying to decide upon the insignia for their membership pins.

The Lloyd home consists of eighteen acres, beautifully landscaped. There is no need for them to go any place to seek relaxation or enjoyment, for everything is there within those high stone walls.

On account of numerous kidnapping threats, an armed guard patrols the estate and nobody is ever admitted inside the barred gate until they establish their identity. Every part of the house is connected by means of a private telephone exchange. The Lloyds have a private telephone book listing all of the various connections.

Although they are surrounded with every conceivable form of luxury, they maintain a sane method of living. They are all interested in the Dionne quintuplets. Each one has picked a baby as his special pet and each one watches all the news items and photos concerning "his" infant's progress. Mildred, Gloria and Peggy selected five dainty little bonnets which they sent to the Quintuplets and their proudest possession is the letter of acknowledgment sent them by Dr. Dafoe.

THE Lloyd children are advanced mentally for their years. Travel has undoubtedly helped them. The entire (*Continued on page* 85)

By Mary Sharon



Harold Lloyd, all dressed up for "The Milky Way."

the Harold Lloyds, all five of them



By Gladys Hall

Rarely will you hear a star discuss her true love, her career and her faults so frankly or honestly

I DON'T think I'll ever commit suicide," said Maureen, with a pleasant laugh. "I don't think I'll ever have melancholia or die of a broken heart or be hauled off to a psychopathic ward or go under for the third time. Perhaps I might for love, but for nothing else."

And, as she spoke, Maureen's blue eyes strayed, as they had been straying ever since we sat down to lunch in the studio commissary, to John Farrow where he sat at a table a few feet from ours. And it's not being sentimental to say that never have I seen such a look in the eyes of any girl in love. All of the tenderness, all of that starry first wonder, all of the sweetness and fidelity, pride and humbleness, slavery and sovereignty of love was in her eyes.

"John is all I really care about . . ." whispered Maureen.

"But to go back—I'll never do anything desperate about anything else that may befall me because, when I have most reason to be desperate and depressed, I am the most do-and-darish. When I'm down, I'm up. I'm like my native Ireland in this respect. I parallel the history of my country—I'm at my best when I'm cornered and have to fight.

"On the other hand, any little success I may have simply anesthetizes me. I just sit down and do nothing. I sink into the first comfy chair, with a book, and call it a day.

"I've always been like this. When I was a tiny youngster, at home in Ireland, if I happened to be on the outs with the family and was being ignored and sent to Coventry, my back was up right away. I'd do drastic things to recall attention to myself. I'd work like a demon in school so that my report card would be better than the reports of my sisters and brothers. Or I'd give away all of my clothes to the poor so that I could pose as a poor little martyr, stripped to the skin. Or I'd deliberately fall downstairs, injure myself in some carefully minor way so that I would be in the limelight, entitled to sympathy. It usually worked—and once I was reinstated I promptly lapsed again.

"When I was sent to a convent school in London, I did very well at first; I got good marks, both in my work and in my conduct. There seemed to be nothing to strive for then. So I just did nothing. I muffed

At left you see two views of Miss O'S. when she's in what she terms an "up" mood. But, you should know what goes on with this gay Irish gal when she's in the depths! At right, Maureen with Johnny Weissmuller in a new jungle thriller, "Tarzan Escapes." Also an off-screen view with Maureen and the-object-of-her-affections, John Farrow. They have been repeatedly rumored married, but you'll read the true facts in this self-revelation of Maureen's.

MAUREEN EXPOSES

my studies. I didn't so much disobey rules and regulations as disregard them. I let myself go to such an extent that I was—and I've never told of this blot on my 'scutcheon before—I was expelled.

"My people were sent for to come from Ireland and take me home. I knew that I had a battle on my hands. I knew that I would have to face the music and that the music would be plenty martial. I was down in the slough of despond and defeat but—my spirits soared! I prepared for the fray. I wore my prettiest dress. I decided not to eat too much so that I would lose weight and look pale and interesting. I adopted the martyr pose as the one best suited to my needs. I played my part excellently. I posed as a free soul who could not be subjected to English rule, or something. The result was excellent for me. For I was sent to Fontainbleau to live for several months. And it did me good. I got more out of that experience than I would ever have got out of remaining in school. I learned to speak a very decent French. I met some interesting people. It really did things for me

"I would never have come to Hollywood if it hadn't been for one of those 'down' periods of mine. I hadn't been sitting very pretty with the family. Mother was strict and I'd been going out a lot more than she approved. Came a night when I was invited to dance and dine at a sort of night club in Dublin, a place very similar to our Cocoanut Grove here in Hollywood. Mother told me I couldn't go. Immediately my fighting spirit rose. I was defiant, I'm afraid. I said that I must go. I *would* go —and I did. And that was the night when Frank Borzage saw me and asked me if I would like to make a test for the screen.

NOT THAT this has anything to do with the subject we're talking about," said Maureen, her dark eyes suddenly tender, "but here's something about my coming to Hollywood I've never told anyone before. Dad, you see, didn't want me to come. Frank Borzage knew this and he said he would come and talk to Dad but that, if Dad continued to feel too strongly about it, I'd better abide by his wishes and remain at home. I was pretty certain Dad would say 'no.' And then, the night before Mr. Borzage was to call on us, my baby sister was saying her prayers, when Dad chanced to pass her door and heard her say, 'Dear God, please make Daddy let Maureen go to Hollywood, for thy Son's sake. Amen.'

"It was on the wings of that dear little prayer," said Maureen, with a shaky laugh, "that I really came to Hollywood. . . .

"When I first arrived, everything was wonderful. I made the picture with John McCormick and he was marvellous to me. Everyone was interested; things went beautifully. I took myself a very swank apartment at the Garden of Allah. I was up—oh, 'way up . . .

"After the McCormick picture I was judged a 'success.' That was my undoing. Everyone was only too anxious to be nice to 'the little Irish girl.'

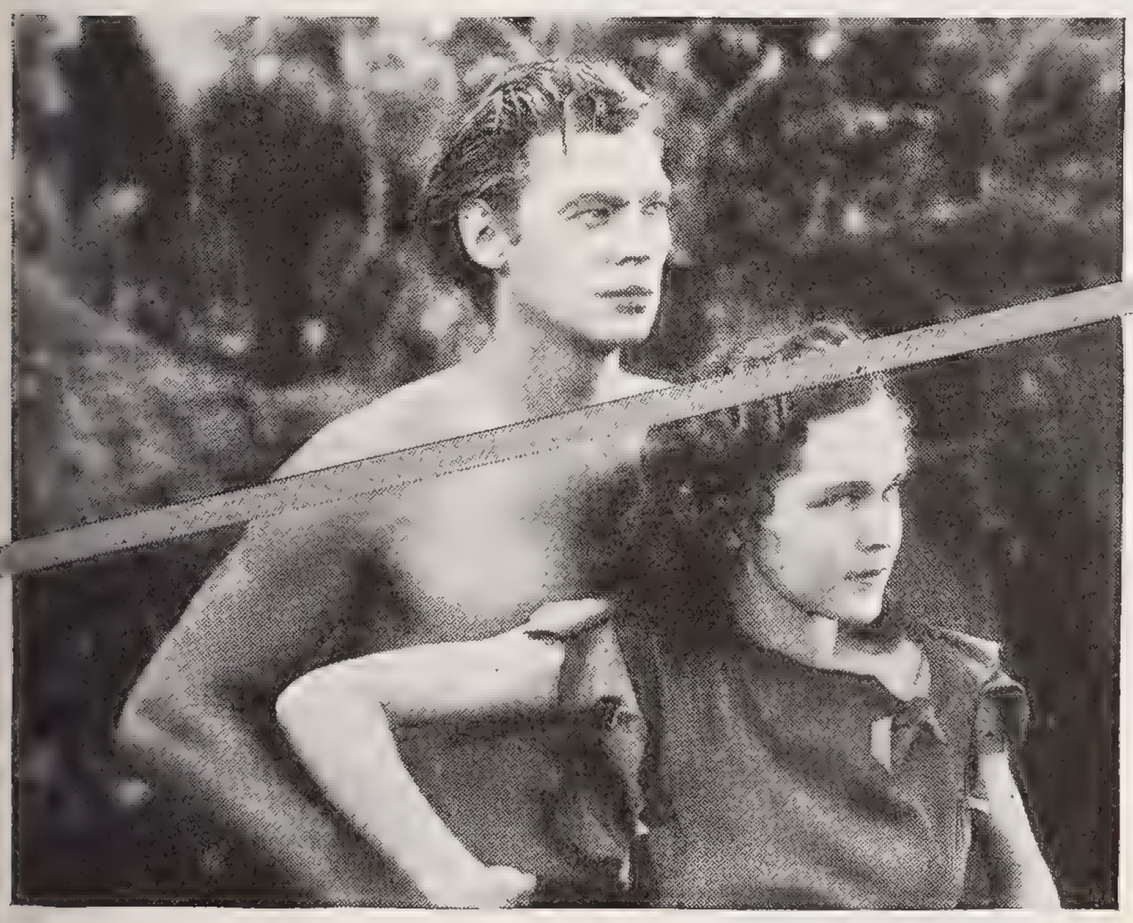
"I just can't *stand* success," laughed Maureen. "And this is what I did. The studio offered to give me singing lessons, drawing lessons, elocution lessons. But, I figured, if one could be successful *without* knowing these things, why bother to learn? I took one elocution lesson, two dancing lessons, *no* singing lessons and then sat back quite pleased with myself!

"Next they told me that I should see pictures and watch other actresses but I, in my ignorance, thought that the reason I was 'successful' was just because I didn't know how to act! (Must have been an acute case of swelled head which ballooned me up into that mirage!)

"The final straw came when they compared me to Janet Gaynor who was my favorite star. From that point I just bent backwards doing nothing. Nothing has ever been done as completely as *I* did nothing—if I make myself clear!

"I didn't bother about my clothes, on the screen or off. I never studied. I stayed out late every night and arrived for work each morning in a state of total exhaustion.

FINALLY came the awakening! What I had considered my 'success' was no such thing at all, merely the mistaken enthusiasm of someone in the front office. I was not attracting people into the theatres. On the contrary, *I was keeping them out.* Yes, I'm going to let you have it all. I had, you see, made enemies of Janet Gaynor's fans, who resented their idol being compared to this upstart young creature playing in pictures Janet should have been in. And (*Continued on page* 100)





MISS O'SULLIVAN

REVIEWS —A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES



The picture parade of laugh hits and musicals marches on

By Leo Townsend

(Left) That top-notch team, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, won't disappoint you in their latest dancing-singing delight, "Follow the Fleet."



See Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 6

(Left) Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart in "The Prisoner of Shark Island." (Above) Yes, they're all in one picture—Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow—in "Wife vs. Secretary."

(Above) "Modern Times" is undoubtedly the most talked about picture in many a moon and acclaimed one of Chaplin's best. Paulette Goddard lends beauty and talent to this silent film.

★★★★ Modern Times (United Artists)

All that actually need be said about "Modern Times" is: Chaplin is back. As it's been nearly five years since "City Lights," the return of Charlie in any sort of picture is an event. His return, it is our happy duty to report, is doubly welcome because this is a better picture than "City Lights." Some will regard it as Chaplin's best film: our own opinion is that it ranks with "The Gold Rush" and "Shoulder Arms." Anyway, it's more than pleasant to see once again the familiar figure of the pathetic little vagabond, still the underdog, still at odds with the world, and still aiding the damsel in distress. "Modern Times" is a satire, the story of the clash between an individual and a system, between man and the machine. It's a silent picture (if you don't know what that is, ask somebody's mother), with musical accompaniment composed by the star, who also wrote and directed the film. Best of all, it's Chaplin with all his tricks. Two of the funniest comedy sequences in recent years are his tussle with an automatic feeding machine and his debut as a singing waiter, in which he chants a strange jargon accompanied by a dance that out-Freds Mr. Astaire. Portraying the waif one expects in all Chaplin pictures is Paulette Goddard, and the young lady has beauty and considerable animation. You'll be seeing "Modern Times" anyway, so why are we telling you all this?

Preview Postscripts

This marks the first time that Chaplin actually "shot" from a completed script. Heretofore he has merely had the skeleton story outlined in his mind, improvising the action on the set. But the comedian spent almost three years writing this story, down to the most minute detail. Contrary to general belief, Chaplin is not averse to the talking picture for screen expression or entertainment. But for his own medium he feels the pantomime method is far superior. Among the most familiar symbols in the world today are the stick, hat, shoes and moustache which have contributed so much to Chaplin's fame. When he arrived in America for the first time in 1910 and made a two-year tour in vaudeville, they were with him. When he made his first appearance in pictures, in the Keystone Comedies, they were with him. And when he formed his own company—the first star to acquire his own studio—the stick, hat, shoes and moustache were listed as his chief assets. It isn't all fun being a celebrity and a legend, though. Hardly a morning passes that the Chaplin mail does not include a request for a few hundred dollars as a suitable prize for a "Chaplin Contest" in some corner of the globe. Last month a nation-wide contest was held in Japan for the best impersonation of the little comedian. A few weeks ago in Hungary, a poll was taken by one of the leading newspapers, asking its readers that if seven world-famous figures were in danger and only one was to be saved, whom would they choose to rescue. Chaplin won by an overwhelming majority. You'll spot many an old familiar face in a Chaplin picture. Whether it's a chance for a "bit" or a larger role, Charlie considers his pals of the old acting days first. Among those present in "Modern Times" you'll find Henry Bergman, who has appeared in every Chaplin film for the past twenty years, Stanley Sandford, Chester Conklin and Hank Mann—all Keystone pals. Then there's Edward Kimball, Wilfred Lucas, Lloyd Ingraham, Johnny Rand and many others. Paulette Goddard is a new face, though. She was discovered by Chaplin while playing minor parts in the Hal Roach studios. Because he believes the public prefers to make its own discoveries, Charlie has refused to have his protégée interviewed or given any publicity.

★★★★ The Milky Way (Paramount)

Since Hollywood's two best-known comedians return to the screen simultaneously, it is a pleasure to report that Harold Lloyd is almost as funny in his way as Charlie Chaplin is in his. The difference between them is, perhaps, that Chaplin's comedy is built entirely around himself, while Lloyd's is fashioned around anyone who happens to be present at the moment the gag explodes. Our hero is a mild-mannered milkman who inadvertently gets mixed up in a fracas in which the middleweight champion of the world is knocked out. The press believes the milk purveyor landed the lethal sock, and since the press is a powerful thing, our meek friend soon finds himself a hero of the ring, completely equipped with a smart manager, Adolphe Menjou, and a set of boxing opponents. Around this situation Mr. Lloyd, his director and his script writers have contrived a series of unending and hilarious gags which leave the audience limp with exhaustion by the time the final bell rings. Notable scenes are: Lloyd demonstrating his ducking prowess, Lloyd punching in waltz time, Lloyd teaching his ducking trick to a dowager, and Lloyd in a cab trying to conceal from the driver the fact that his companion is a horse. The entire cast is superb, with special emphasis on Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, William Gargan and Lionel Stander.

Preview Postscripts

Harold Lloyd's proudest claim to fame is that he never seriously wanted to play "Hamlet." Not seriously. But he does have a hankering to give an audience the chance to roar at his soliloquy and roll in the aisles over his death at Ophelia's bier. Says he's aiming at the funny-bone of his audience, not their brain. Rather make 'em laugh than think, any day . . . One (*Continued on page 112*)

'FURRINER' FROM TIMES SQUARE

By Dorothy Spensley

NEW YORK'S Montmartre Cafe, during the 'twenties was a popular night spot. It's small, columned dance floor was the scene for the gallant act that sent Cesar Romero into films, via the stepladder of the stage.

Since Romero's arrival in Hollywood two years ago, the Manhattan Latin has made fourteen films, his first "The Thin Man," and his latest "Love Before Breakfast," with Carole Lombard. He has appeared with Dietrich, Arliss, Colman, Margaret Sullavan and other noteworthies' pictures, and has a contract with Universal.

But before telling you about his Montmartre days, let us trace Cesar's footsteps through a period when he was employed by the National City Bank. It was too dull for the graceful six-footer. Nights found him dancing, as a guest. Presently he was dancing, as a professional, with Lisbeth Higgins, Brooklyn debutante, who had theatrical aspirations. Cesar quit the bank job.

All of fashionable Brooklyn turned out in 1927 when Higgins and Romero did their turn in the show, "Lady, Do!" They waltzed, did a fast fox-trot, a tango and threw in a bit of the Apache for good measure. For three years, with partners he hated, partners he liked, and a partner he loved, Romero was a New York exhibition dancer . . . Club Richman, Ambassador Roof, St. Regis Roof, the Montmartre.

One night in 1930, with lovely Nitza Vernille in his arms, Romero stepped out under the colored spotlights of the Club Montmartre. They swung out on the floor to the notes of a tango that had acrobatic variations. Suddenly Nitza, slim and tall, like a column, stood still. Ready, Romero! A swirl of silks, and Nitza was horizontally atop his shoulders, arms outstretched, toes pointing like arrows, and Cesar was performing great arcs about the floor with Nitza on his shoulders.

Be careful! For God's sake, be careful. Those columns . . . too near the floor. A swerve too near, a false move, and Nitza would be dashed against their flutings. Night after night they took this risk for the sake of applause. Applause meant money.

Then a sudden, biting pain in Cesar's side. Excruciating, like a knife that tears its way through tissue. I'm going to fall! I can't stand this agony. I can't faint . . . Nitza . . . confident that I won't drop her. If she fell, she might never walk again. One more dip, then she slides from my shoulders. She is down. Applause. We bow off. My hand clutched to my side.

"I fell to the floor in the hallway," says Romero, retelling the story, "in more pain than I have ever suffered. Finally, I was carried to my dressing-room. Someone found an ice bag. A doctor came, hurriedly. Said it was a strain that affected my appendix, that it might necessitate an operation. I couldn't afford to take time off to remain in a hospital for any length of time.

"For two weeks I danced with the same pain griping me, and I'd rush off the floor and slap an ice bag over my appendix. It was agony, but we fulfilled our contract, although I knew it spelled the end of my dancing career. And it did. But it drove me to the stage. And from the stage I went into pictures."

Films were glad to see Romero. They took one look at his six-foot two-inch body, his huge chest expansion, his wavy, black hair, his brown eyes, his easy grace, and yelled, "Here's another Valentino."

He isn't another Valentino. And doesn't want to be. He'd like to know who started that fable. Years ago when he was a youngster, and a rabid movie fan, he admits that he would cover the lower part of his longish face with one hand and mark the resemblance that he bore to the late film idol. But he (*Continued on page* 101)



Cesar Romero danced his way to fame, and here he is stepping with Carole Lombard in "Love Before Breakfast."

Romero is as American as your Uncle Sam and proud of it

MEN ARE OUT . . !

Glenda won't rely on them, but is always in love with 'em

By Ruth Rankin



Glenda Farrell, in person! She's doing "Snowed Under" with George Brent.

MEN HAVE never done me any good! . . . but I can't live without 'em!" Glenda added with a flourish, in case you get any wrong ideas.

In the old Farrell homestead is a little brown-and-beige sitting-room known as the "tell-all" department. Something sort of warm and friendly about it, something conducive to spilling the beans.

My motto is, always trap Glenda in the sitting-room if you really want her to talk. I've heard her in every room in the house on account of being a neighbor who runs in and out at odd times, and here's the way it sizes up: she goes grand in the drawing-room, that green-and-white-and-crystal magnificence with the old-ivory concert-size piano, and who wouldn't? I always want to say, "Come off, Duchess, I just saw you lift that chicken leg from the ice-box." In Tommy's playroom she is all mother, as she patiently demonstrates the wrong way to put an airplane together.

In the dining-room she is busy being a hostess, and even upstairs in the rumpus-room, she doesn't let down her hair. Everyone else does, and *some*body has to keep the pressure down. In her bedroom, with the pink satin slip-covers, she goes to bed with Mr. Tilley—that's the name of her favorite hot water bottle—and before you can say, "nine o'clock on the set, made up," she's sound asleep. Or else she takes a book with her, and many is the love-sick swain who has murmured, "Oh, to be bound in vellum."

Well, now that small digression is over, we can get back to the story which is about how men have never done Glenda any good, remember? Of course, if they weren't around under foot all the time and ringing up on the telephone every twenty minutes, she would probably be saying, "Men are marvellous, so big and strong and wonderful, I owe all my success to men. Hey men, where are you?" But you see, Glenda hasn't reached the grateful age yet, an age which even actresses reach, believe it or not. In fact, Glenda is such a long way this side of it she can still afford to tell the truth—a rare luxury seldom afforded any woman, much less a picture actress.

Let's see, where were we? Wait now, don't tell me. Oh yes. Glenda was sitting over there on that beige Chesterfield thing you sink into a foot and it practically takes a tug-of-war to pull you out of it. Often, I've thought how nice it would be to spend a winter in Glenda's Chesterfield, just thinking about life and hatching ideas like this one (only it happens to be Glenda's idea, this time).

"You know," said Glenda, gradually receding from sight, "in the general direction of our subject, allow me to begin by saying I have never met a man yet who asked me to give up my career for him!

"Maybe it's my fault. It seems to be a mistake to be too capable and self-supporting. These girls, brought up from the cradle to be helpless and dependent, are the ones who get the breaks. They are rotten spoiled, but the basic theory is sound—if they don't *(Continued on page 84)*



Grace Moore has risen from a lonely night club singer to the very peak of picture, radio and operatic fame.

Once Grace Moore bought gumdrops instead of champagne

SHE KNEW HER When—

By Mary Watkins Reeves

WHAT'S she really like?" There's scarcely a week that four or five people don't ask me that question about Grace Moore. And when I answer them I never know whether to start with the Bag of Gumdrops incident or The Case of the Case of Champagne story, since both prove the same rare and delightful thing that Grace Moore has risen from a lonely little night club singer to the very peak of picture, radio and operatic fame, and she hasn't changed a bit!

This time, since the gumdrops are lo! these thirteen years stale, while the champagne is as yet uncorked, I'm going to start this story at the beginning.

It still strikes me as darned odd that I should have met Grace Moore as long ago and in as unusual a way as I did. Except that in Manhattan you can bump into most anybody most anytime. It was in 1922, during an Easter vacation from school. I was spending the holidays in New York when one afternoon I stopped in Washington Square Park for a swallow of water.

A girl was bending over the fountain drinking. When she finished she looked up, noted the bundles in my arms, smiled and said to me, "Go ahayd, I'll hol' it faw yuh," indicating the iron knob that had to be turned to make the water flow.

I drank. And I probably remarked something as definitely non-Yankee as, "That's right nice of you. Thank you mighty much." Because the next moment she was saying, "What part of the South are *you* from?" in the way all Southerners do when they meet each other in alien territory. And a few minutes later we were sitting on a park bench under a ratty little tree eating gumdrops together.

They were her gumdrops. They were what got the conversation started because they were brickbats if I ever gnawed on any.

THAT'S THE way they do you in this town," she said, offering me the bag again. "The shopkeeper vowed these were fresh. Look at them. Things like that make me so mad I could spit! It isn't the dime, it's the principle of the thing. Now down home . . ."

I liked the girl. She had fiery blue eyes, she gesticulated incessantly when she talked and she was friendly. I was sure she was pretty lonely, and when she told me she was a night club singer I almost died of adolescent curiosity.

"I work in the floor show at *"Le Chat Noir,"* a couple blocks over that way." She pointed toward the Sixth Avenue "L" and added, "The Black Cat."

Night club singer! According to my naïve, home-grown brand of ideas, night club singers were razmataz ladies who slunk around in mascara and skin-tight black satin, crusty with rhinestones and broke into the Charleston on the last chorus. They made merry all night and slept all day under ermine coverlets and probably even wore high-heeled bedroom slippers. And this girl wasn't a bit like that.

In the first place—well, she just *was* a nice girl. She looked no more than eighteen. Her hair was a dull but not an unpretty shade of brown. (*Continued on page 90*)

Grace Moore, her husband, Valentin Parera, and Mary Pickford at a recent Hollywood party.



A scene from the long-awaited "The King Steps Out," with Franchot Tone.



and was poor and unknown, not wealthy and famous



Bob and Irene Hervey having fun at Palm Springs.

BOB —big

He's sitting pretty, with stardom ahead—but has it turned his head and heart?

TELL ME, honest and truly, cross-your-heart-hope-to-die, how does it really feel to be the big rave?"

M-G-M's Daily Special, that day, a mushroom smothered filet mignon, was temporarily forgotten as I leaned forward across the lunch table and earnestly directed that question at Robert Taylor. Then, quickly, I laughed at my own folly. "Of course, you won't really tell me the truth. It's one of those hackneyed questions that everybody asks and that nobody ever really answers."

"I'll answer it," Bob said enthusiastically. "I'll tell you the honest-to-goodness, cross-my-heart truth! Only you won't believe me! But anyway I'll tell it to you. Here's exactly how it feels. Maybe I'll be sitting in my house all alone some evening, and maybe I'll pick up a movie column or a fan magazine and, of course, I look to see what they say about me. Somebody says, 'Bob Taylor, the most promising young man on the screen today . . . due to be one of the biggest stars by the end of 1936.'

"I read it twice to make sure I read right, and then I throw the thing across the room and I get up and walk around with a sort of silly expression on my face. I say to myself, 'Well, it would be nice to believe, but I doubt it. They'll catch on to me sooner or later. I *can't* be anything but a flash in the pan!' There, that's how it feels! And it's darned uncomfortable!"

"But the thrill?" I put in lamely. "You don't get a kick out of it?"

"How can I be thrilled about something I don't believe? Oh, I'm glad about having some money in the bank, instead of working in one for $30 a week, which is where I was headed before Metro signed me up. And I'm thrilled about the nice house I just rented for my mother, and about my new car. But thrilled because they say there are big things ahead of me? Now, wouldn't I be a chump to fall for that kind of ballyhoo? I'll be thrilled when I've proved my success, when I've got more than just a couple of good roles under my belt—but not until then.

"I've just had the breaks so far. Anybody would have come through in a great picture like 'Broadway Melody.' 'Magnificent Obsession' was sure fire, too, with a cast that just naturally carried me along! But suppose I had

TAYLOR rave!

By Katharine Hartley

to carry a picture myself? That's what it means to be a star. And I won't believe I'll be a big one, till I am one! Even then I'll probably still be pinching myself, and holding my breath, like I am now.

YOU SEE, if I'd had any theatrical inheritance, or any theatrical experience, or even any great urge to be an actor, I might have felt differently about it. In that case I might have felt that I was entitled to some success as an actor. But I never really acted before in my life—college theatricals can't count for much—and I never took any lessons. So naturally, I was just as surprised as the next fellow when I found myself with a contract."

"But your mother? At least she must be thrilled?"

"If she is, she doesn't say so. We never talk about my pictures. We don't even go to see them together. Once we went together to see 'Society Doctor,' but it made me so nervous to watch her watching me that we don't do that any more. If she had only said, 'That's good,' 'That's bad,' 'That's indifferent,' it would have been something to ease the strain—but she never said anything. Just patted my hand, and let it go at that. I know she saw 'Broadway Melody' six times, because my cousin, my grandmother and my secretary—they all live with mother—told me so. But she never mentioned it.

"Then the other afternoon she went to see 'The Magnificent Obsession' for the first time. Well, about six o'clock I dropped in at the house, hoping to find out what she thought of it. The first thing she said was, 'Oh, Bob, I'm so glad you came over. I want you to tell me what I should do. The salesman at the gas company tells me that if we turn in the old stove we have now, I can get a brand new one, for only $3.25 a month, and they just put it on the gas bill. What do you think? Shall I do it?' So the talk started on stoves and ended on stoves, and I still don't know what she thought of 'The Magnificent Obsession.'

"All the time I have been in pictures, she has had only one criticism to make and that is that she thinks I spend too much money. In spite of the fact that I'm saving more than half of my salary! Like me, she can't believe it will last, I guess."

(Continued on page 88)



Beatrice, Nebraska's home talent who made good!

DOES HOLLYWOOD WANT NEW types?

Studios insist that they do, but see if you think they mean it

By Katherine Albert

The small picture shows Bette Davis before she was remodelled according to the usual Hollywood standards.

Before and after "shots" of Eleanor Powell. Don't you think she had more individuality before her movie days?





HOLLYWOOD needs new types," cry the producers. "We are actually looking for new faces all the time," they tell you.

And just to prove it, almost every big studio has a "scouting" department, consisting of a group of expert men and women whose job it is to cover the country like a Joe E. Brown grin. They look in at all the Little Theatres, ferret around in the highways and byways, spot girls and boys dining in restaurants and say, "Ah-ha, we have a new face. Here is a different type."

When big directors "receive the press" they're always giving out advice to you girls and it always runs something like this, "Don't imitate. Be individual. Create your own personality. Don't arrange your hair in the standardized way. Don't wear the same type of clothes others wear. If you want a chance in Hollywood you must have individuality. You don't need beauty. All you need is individuality. You must not look like the already established stars." And so on *ad infinitum, ad nauseum,* add your own music.

So we believe all this and say, "Isn't it wonderful? Why, I don't look like anybody except myself. I guess I have a chance."

And now suppose you had a chance to go to Hollywood because you were a new type, the one and only of your kind. What would happen? Well, the only thing I can go by is precedent. Let me point out what happens to individuality in Hollywood.

So Hollywood wants new types, eh, new faces? Then why don't they use a few of the new types they already have?

Listen! You can be as individual as a sword fish and when Hollywood gets through with you, you'll find yourself (much to your surprise) one of the four standard Hollywood types—a Garbo, a Gaynor, a Shearer, or a Harlow.

Gladys Swarthout, too, had to conform to Hollywood's idea of glamor, so that now she looks like all the rest.



LET'S LOOK for a minute at what they've done to Gladys Swarthout. The first time I saw her she was rehearsing a radio program. Certainly, *there* was a girl who stood out from the crowd. In all that melée of sound effects, technicians, microphones and singers, Gladys was an outstanding individualist. Not pretty in the conventional sense of the word, she had that thing called personality the already quoted directors rave about.

Well, Hollywood snatched her from the opera and the radio, and the other day I was looking at some photographs of her and I give you my word I didn't know who she was. She might have been Gail Patrick or Rosalind Russell or Eleanor Powell. For she had been through the Hollywood standardization process and had come out with her hair done in the standard fashion, her eyebrows made up in just the same way as the rest, her mouth rouged exactly as the make-up experts rouge every other mouth.

They've had a tough time cutting Eleanor Powell to the pattern. But boy, they've tried. There's a girl with a face that's almost impossible to confuse with any other face. Here's one with no conventional prettiness, but before Hollywood got her, when she was a dancer on Broadway, she had a cuteness enhanced by a Dutch bob and straight bangs that took away some of the length of her face.

A year before Eleanor was given her Hollywood contract they made a test of her and said she was by no means good-looking enough to make the grade in pictures. So she set out to re-make herself. And presently she found herself in Hollywood where they did her over again, just in case.

Everybody had a hand in this process. Even Louis B. Mayer, the head of the studio, gave suggestions and wrote memos about it.

She was sent first to the hairdresser where she had a permanent wave with little curls all around her face. A lightening rinse was applied. Then they plucked her eyebrows into a thinner line, although she has always had a fine natural arch. The make-up man had his day and gave her a new mouth and there were porcelain caps for her teeth. And they taught her how to confine her gestures —she had always spoken with broad, sweeping gestures before—until, at last, with all the high-paid folks in the studio working on her, Eleanor Powell was as nearly standardized as a girl with Eleanor's true

(*Continued on page 72*)

PLAYER2



Above, Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow spend a lazy day sailing on Johnny's beautiful boat. A fellow sailor caught this relaxed pose of Maureen reading and Johnny chawing candy. Below, girls who want to lure Dick Powell better take up fishing! Dick is an expert angler and likes to land 'em big and take pictures of them afterwards!





Even stars like to snap their own off-the-screen pictures

PLAYING HOOKY



Ruby Keeler, above, sneaks away from the set whenever the director isn't looking—and this is what she does! Hubby, Al Jolson, "snapped" this. Below, her Toluca Lake home is Gertrude Michaels' holiday hideaway and ping pong is her strenuous idea of relaxing!





When Dorothy Lee takes off her make-up, she puts on a bathing suit, for swimming's her pet diversion.



Note Joan Bennett's inclination to stoop. Exercise is its most satisfactory cure.

Bette Davis has developed a swaggering, insolent walk, not becoming a girl.

Ann Harding's tendency is toward a weak spine—thus an ungraceful walk.

. . ARE YOU GUILTY OF

Round-shouldered? Conscious of height? Ungraceful walk?

GO AND STAND in front of a full-length mirror. How do you look? Not so bad, perhaps? That is to say, you're not overly fat and you're not skinny. You might not win any prizes, but you'd pass in a crowd. Mm-hmm.

Listen, darlings, I don't want you to pass in a crowd. I want you to stand out in a crowd for beauty and poise and grace.

And remember another thing: while you're standing in front of your mirror, you unconsciously try to look your best. The common garden variety of vanity which you all possess makes you pull your stomach in, throw your shoulders back, hold your head up, when you're looking at yourself in the mirror. Once away from said mirror, you forget—you slump, let the abdomen stick out, duck your head forward. Naturally, you can't go around concentrating all the time on your stomach and shoulders and head. A dandy companion you'd be if you did thataway. No. You must work on these weak spots in your figure and these weaknesses in posture and carriage so that correct habits become as natural as breathing. And how are you going to do that? I'll tell you.

The common figure faults of people who are known as "average"—neither marvelous nor terrible, neither too thin nor too fat—are the following: round shoulders; an ungraceful walk; an awkward sitting posture; bulging abdomens on comparatively slender figures, which look all the worse for the very fact that the figure is slim; and heads that thrust forward, which fault brings with it such consequences as a lump on the back of the neck, sagging chin lines and lines in the flesh of the throat.

Some of our highly paid movie stars are just as guilty



Jean Muir, the too-tall girl, who tries to appear shorter by slouching.

We believe, in addition to the story, direction, photography and the performances of the players, that one of the most vital factors in the success of a motion picture is the physical attractiveness and charm of its stars. We realize that constructive and instructive comment on this subject by a recognized authority will be of interest to our readers as well as to the actors themselves. MODERN SCREEN is, therefore, glad to announce the appointment of Madame Sylvia as its Beauty Critic of Motion Pictures.
—Editor.



THESE SINS?

Here are some star remedies

By Madame Sylvia

of these sins as you are yourself. Pretty little Joan Bennett, for example, was at one time very round-shouldered. She is, as you know, near sighted and though she wears proper glasses off the screen, she has acquired the habit of peering closely at things. Joan, furthermore, is not particularly strong.

You may be round-shouldered for any number of reasons: youngsters who grow too fast get the habit of slouching from fatigue. Tall girls try to make themselves look shorter by hunching their shoulders forward. Lack of energy, starved nerves, lack of circulation—all these things cause one to slump. It becomes natural to slump and it's much harder to overcome a fixed habit than to get rid of twenty pounds of excess weight. Harder—but not impossible. I don't care how long you've had the habit, you can (*Continued on page 76*)

SHE WANTS TO BE A MISSUS



In the old days, Alice and Rudy Vallee planning their picture and radio work together.



A scene from "King of Burlesque," with Warner Baxter.

Alice Faye would gladly trade her big movie contract for a

By Reginald Taviner

YOU'D THINK she'd had her Wonderland already—Alice Faye. March Hares, Mad Hatters, Walruses and all. For Alice lives through the looking-glass now, and hers is everything that Hollywood has to offer.

But this Alice wants something more, something much more. She wants love and—a husband. She wants them so much that even though the husband might be making only enough money for love in a cottage, she'd still gladly trade her big movie contract for him if she had to choose between the two. It's hard to believe, but the fact is Alice would prefer that he could only afford love in a cottage, for this is exactly her idea of real happiness.

Now, don't get Alice Faye wrong. She isn't "fed up" with Hollywood. She isn't dissatisfied with her career. She isn't a bird in a movie-gilded cage, nor a poor little rich girl who wants to throw that swell mink coat, and all that goes with it, into the first convenient ashcan.

Quite the contrary. Alice is thrilled by her good fortune. But she wants a husband whom she can love more than anything she has ever had or known or loved thus far, more than all those other things put together.

"I want someone who will make me forget *me*," said Alice wistfully, "someone who will make *me* jump at the lift of a finger, someone who will lead *me* around, someone who will be so important in my life that even my work will be relatively unimportant."

You know Alice Faye, of course. She's the slim, blonde, blue-eyed streak of vivacity whose feet twinkled so flashingly in "George White's Scandals" both on stage and screen. She's the girl who got her first break when she



Although Alice Faye has almost everything anyone could ask, her happiness isn't quite complete.

good chance to promise to "love, honor and obey"

was a Broadway chorine by becoming a featured radio singer with Rudy Vallee, and then, coming with him to make the picture, stepped into Lilian Harvey's shoes when Lilian walked out of 'em and off the set.

Alice is the girl who came through so nicely in the movie, "Scandals," that the studio gave her that nice, juicy contract, the one that enabled her to bring her mother and her brother out to California from New York and have all the things that every girl longs for and dreams of.

But Alice is fearfully in earnest about that husband.

"You see," says Alice in that quiet little voice of hers, "I have been working ever since I was thirteen. I've been trying to get somewhere, trying to make the grade by myself. Thinking about *me* and the career *I* was trying to carve. Now I'm beginning to think that there's something better than that, thinking about someone else. Thinking about what someone else is trying to do, and helping him to do it."

Alice is still pretty young to have found out that sharing somebody else's dream is the way to happiness, and not being all wrapped up in your own.

"It isn't that I don't love my work," Alice went on, "and it isn't that I haven't a nice home, nice clothes, a nice car. I have all that. It isn't that I don't get a tremendous thrill out of being in front of the camera, seeing my picture and my name on the billboards. I do. But that isn't all there is, is it?"

Alice knows it isn't, and that's why she wants a husband. Sitting among the topmost branches of the tree at twenty, she looks around her and her vision grows surprisingly clear. She's beginning to feel that even a rosy world is only a very sour apple if you've got to eat it entirely by yourself. (*Continued on page 105*)





IF THE SHOE FITS—Wear It!

I'M TAKING special license this month with that moralizing old saying which is the title of this fashion yarn. Costumes and shoes are so closely related in this spring of 1936 that you can't consider one without the other. Don't become so absorbed with your new spring clothes that you skip casually over that very important item, your shoes! In other words, paraphrasing, don't wear a shoe unless it fits your costume!

Those clever people, who design your footwear, have studied important spring costume trends with an eye to making their shoes veritable first cousins to your clothes in every respect. Here are some of the ingenious ways your shoes show that they're close relatives of your new outfits.

Pleats are very big in costume design, so some of your new daytime shoes have pleated details, introduced in many clever ways, some requiring an almost unbelievable shoemaking skill. Then there's the peasant influence which is echoed in footwear—bright colors, embroidery, and a sturdiness of design. Shoes retaliate with bright stitching, color contrast, broad straps and decorated tongues, low heels and the very new development of

Hollywood closely relates the shoe to the costume this



By Adelia Bird

At extreme left, reading to the right: Madge Evans in gray and wine plaided tweed top-coat and jacket with gray flannel skirt. Also smart oxfords of brown alligator and beige suede. Next, Ann Harding in beige and red ensemble with the new shorter type of flared coat. Chamois and brown kid perforated step-in pumps, below. And Lucille Ball's blue and white printed peasant style dress with navy blue ribbed wool coat. Broad strapped, sabot-style shoes in blue kid are pictured with this costume. The new square toe and heel are important details to note.

Julie Haydon's charming black and white printed dress, right. And a very feminine pair of black patent leather strap shoes.



spring, in colors and in decorative details

Above, Lucille Ball makes a delightful spring picture in her floral printed cocktail gown. Lucille designed this herself. The neckline is high in front and low at back.



At left, you see Kay Linaker's clever idea of using a silver armor mesh tie with a tailored white dinner suit. This is a very neat and different accessory trick.

square toes and heels.

Many dressmaker touches, of avowed femininity, such as braid, puffing and smocking are back. Even ribbon and bow trimmings—and each of these fine points of fashioning are repeated in your shoes. You'll find it's twice as much of a kick to pick your shoes with an eye to their relationship to your best spring bib and tucker.

Navy blue, green, brown, black and wine-red shoes with matching accessories are worn to contrast with pastel costumes. And light and dark leathers in contrast with each other are smart. As the season turns into summer, you're going to approve of sports shoes that reverse the usual brown and white theme, that is, the white is used only to trim the brown body of the shoes, instead of the white as the body and the brown as the trim.

One big bit of shoe news that all Hollywood, as well as you gals, will cheer is the return of patent leather to a bright spot in the fashion sun. And such patent leathers! No longer just the staple black but a galaxy of fascinating colors in gem tones ranging from pearly white to a glowing ruby red, even amethyst, in the violet range, which makes a marvelous alliance for evening gowns. You'll be crazy about them.

Ties and oxfords, step-in pumps (and the good old standby, the opera pump) and the very new looking broad strap shoe are much seen—to mention just a few of the important styles.

I could go on for pages discussing details and styles, but rather than do that, I have selected a number of the stars' new spring costumes together with a group of the newest shoes that would make a perfect match for them. In each case, the star is wearing a shoe which is most suitable to her costume—but I've gone them one better and picked out another shoe style that would be just as smart to wear, too!

Before beginning a detailed description of these, however, I want to mention the return of a shoe that has been Hollywood's most beloved style for years. It's the darling of you girls who have to wear short vamps, it's the French cut pump called the D'orsay. Loud have been the wails of many star gals who, *(Continued on page 103)*

The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

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MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.
of Wilmington, Delaware

is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens —one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."



Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels



HILL-BILLY ROMANCE

You lovers of homespun romance will revel in the revival of that old thriller, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It's in color this time and Sylvia Sidney is June Tolliver with Henry Fonda as the object of her affections. This saga of the Virginia mountains, when feuds and moonshine likker kept life virile, still makes good entertainment due greatly to Fred Stone, Sylvia, Henry and others of the able cast. Sylvia will do "Mob Rule" with Spencer Tracy and Henry plays opposite his ex-wife, Maggie Sullavan, in "The Moon's Our Home."

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. E-50, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

EYE MAKE-UP *done in good taste*



MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Choice of Fastidious Women

Of course you want the finest eye cosmetics that money can buy. It is generally accepted that Maybelline mascara has advantages not found in others. This pure and harmless eyelash darkener is preferred by discriminating women the world over, not only because it is positively non-smarting and tear-proof, but because it gives the most *natural* appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes, instantly... eye make-up done in good taste. Maybelline Mascara's pure *oil* base does for your lashes what no ordinary mascara can do... it keeps them soft and silky! Always neat, compact, and easy to use, it comes in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity case, for just 75c, at all leading drug and department stores. Refills for this case are only 35c. Try it *today*... you'll be delighted!



All Maybelline preparations have this approval

Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at leading 10c stores

Maybelline

MASCARA . . . EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL . . . EYELASH TONIC CREAM
AND SPECIAL EYEBROW BRUSH



1A—A spectator sports dress in a nubbly yarn with contrasting short sleeves, collar and belt. Yarns in lovely colors.



2A—Active or spectator two-piece dress. The jumper top has an unusual neckline with smart contrasting color "dicky" scarf.

YOU CAN KNIT THESE

HERE'S a real knitting preview for you! Two styles that Hollywood stars are busily knitting for their summer wardrobes—and you can start yours, too, right while they are working on their knitted dresses.

Hollywood stars are knitting these two charming fashions for summer sportswear

The grand part of both these patterns is that you can use the tops as sweaters when you don't want to wear the skirt in matching combination. They're very simple to knit, the interesting yarns and the color contrast giving the effect of intricately designed and individual costumes.

The instructions come to you free of charge, all you have to do is to fill in the coupon on the right and enclose it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope—be sure your envelope is large enough to hold directions. Send for your instructions at once and you can have your dress finished to wear to the first week-end holiday you go on this summer.

Adelia Bird,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me knitting directions for:

Pattern 1A
Pattern 2A

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Check one or both patterns desired.

At 6_Sally is tired out after a hard office day





At 7_Sally is radiant, gay, her skin fresh and delicately fragrant



This quick Beauty Bath peps you up_leaves you *dainty*...

FOR the girl who wants to win out with men, *daintiness* is all-important. There's a world of fascination in skin that's not only thoroughly clean, but delicately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin. And here's another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. It cleans the pores deeply, carrying away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You're ready for conquests—and you *look* it!



9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a bath soap, too, because they know neck and shoulders need the beautifying care this gentle soap gives.

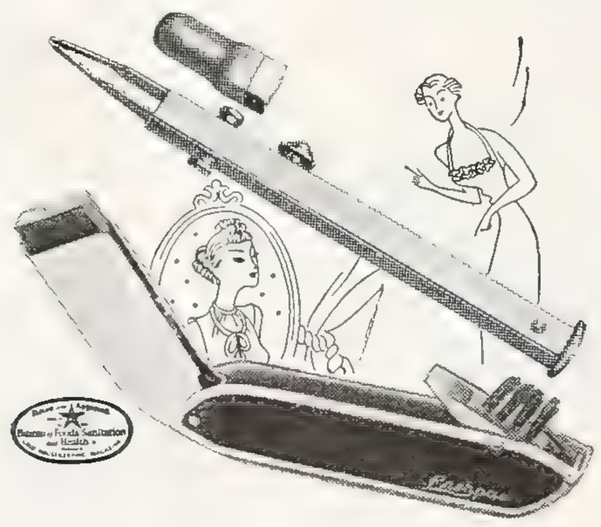


EYE DEAS

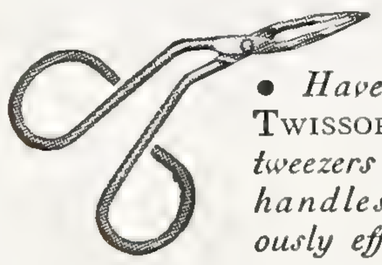
by Jane Heath



DO CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* MM-5.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Does Hollywood Want New Types?

(*Continued from page 57*)

individuality can be.

I HONESTLY think that pretty soon they'll work out a system whereby a face can be made into putty, put into a thoroughly approved Hollywood mould and come out exactly as the executives, directors and cameramen want it to be.

Did I say that there were four Hollywood types? I think I'm giving them a break. Sometimes it seems that there are but two—the blondes and the brunettes.

In fact, I knew a man living in Hollywood who met a blonde. At every party he attended he thought he saw this girl. Naturally, he spoke, thinking it was the one he knew. He got several icy stares and one good resounding smack in the face. So he stopped speaking to blondes. And then a few weeks later he was at another party not speaking to any blondes when a girl came up and said, "Well, getting pretty ritzy, aren't you?" And that was the girl he really knew.

Garbo is definitely a type of her own now. Yet she, too, was run through the Hollywood mill. If you'll look at some of her early stills taken in Sweden and if your eye can ignore the dated clothes, I think you'll see that actually she had much more individuality then than she has now.

Garbo was one gal who fought hard against being standardized. (The rest submit to it docilely and with delight.) But you can't fight very hard when you're a studio newcomer and speak only Swedish.

So they would sit Garbo before a mirror and the make-up people and hairdressers would do their stuff. And when they were finished and would stand back admiring themselves for the reflection they had created, Garbo would look at herself with a jaundiced eye and pronounce, "Garbo does not like!"

It happened over and over again. So they'd get out the book again and try type 4-BX and still Garbo would not like. Finally, she was reported to the front office and the front office sent word that Garbo would like or else. And that's how the Garbo you know was born.

LUISE RAINER has a nice new sort of face, but I'll bet silver dollars to hardtack that it won't be long until it is standardized, Hollywood style. Elisabeth Bergner has a face of her own. Maybe that's why she won't return to Hollywood. In fact, most of the foreign stars look like real people.

Look at Bette Davis. She couldn't get anything to do but weak sister roles. Her trunks were all packed to leave for New York when a call came from George Arliss asking her to appear in his picture because he knew Bette was a swell actress. There followed a big remodeling process—hair blondined, eyebrows plucked, mouth painted on. And presto! chango! abracadabra! Bette was a big success.

Remember Kay Francis in "Gentlemen of the Press"? With that sleek boyish bob and those heavy eyebrows, she looked like nobody else in the world but Kay Francis. But it wasn't long, it wasn't long!

No, sir, you're only allowed to see the stars *au naturelle* for a very short time. Then they must conform, they must be remade or you don't see them any more. They're just shipped back home with a "sorry, brought out by mistake" notice.

Now, the interesting part is that the gals, themselves, get a kick out of it. It is thrilling to sit before a mirror with dozens of efficient hands giving you the works and emerge with a personality utterly different from the one you sat down with. It appeals to the imagination of every woman. I'm sure you, too, have looked at yourself and wished you could trade in that old pan for a new one.

True, the camera makes certain demands. But you can't tell me that it isn't able to photograph girls unless their eyebrows stand up like totem poles and their mouths look as if they've been freshly tattooed. Certain things are necessary, I realize, but why must they all be the same things?

I may be dead wrong, but I thought Joan Blondell was sort of cute the way she was—her hair flying around her face, a little on the plump side, maybe, but at least she was herself and a definitely different type. And, she did have pep and vitality and a certain dynamic quality which is rare enough among the languid lilies of the screen.

And now Joan Blondell has gone and done it, too. Now she is a "new" Joan Blondell with hair thinned out, eyebrows plucked differently, sleekness and chic all over the place.

Just to prove my argument I'm going to pull a small psychology test. Very slowly I'm going to say some names. Rosalind Russell. Rochelle Hudson. Patricia Ellis. Anita Louise. Anne Shirley. Ann Dvorak. Arline Judge. Cecilia Parker. June Knight. Gertrude Michael. Marian Marsh. Betty Grable. Gail Patrick.

I could go on, but that's enough for the test. You've seen these girls, either in the films or in photographs dozens of times. And yet when I mention their names does an instant vision flash into your mind? Does a complete face, an individual face come up clearly in your brain's eye at the mention of each name?

NOW, have someone name ten girls in your class at school or friends of your friends—girls you don't know too well. Betty Jones. Mary Smith. Sally Brown. Okay? Do you see their faces sharp and clear when their names are mentioned? I have a hunch you do.

There, then, the case rests. Your friends haven't been standardized by Hollywood. They haven't been stripped of individuality.

Oh, mind you, there are exceptions. There are stars who survive the process and emerge with clear, sparkling personalities. And I don't know why I should be complaining about those who have been remade to fit the Hollywood pattern. Certainly they're all beautiful. They're all glamorous. The Hollywood type is a lovely type and I'm all for it.

But the only thing that makes me mad is that they're always saying that Hollywood needs and wants new types. That individuality is the thing. And then they don't stand behind their statements.

So don't fall for it any longer. Because if you were picked by one of the "new faces scouts" and brought to Hollywood this is what would happen: if you are little and cute and soft, you'd be moulded into the Janet Gaynor pattern. If you are tall and willowy and sloe-eyed, you'd turn out to be Garbo, no matter what you thought about it. And if you are of medium height and medium coloring and look like a lady, they'd make you into a Norma Shearer. And so on and on and on. Improvement is commendable but standardization is something else again.

The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE *and* FEAR



Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's *fear*, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

IGNORANCE of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional *spreading* quality; it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products *don't work*. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. *So* dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.



Lysol Disinfectant

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MS5
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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CHERAMY
April Showers
TALC



28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance — *the perfume of youth* — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite... but not Expensive

Cause for Celebration

(*Continued from page 19*)

that interest in this year's Centennial Exposition ran high. Then, during the course of the banquet I received from the Governor of Texas my honorary commission as a Texas Ranger."

"Only a Texan familiar with the history of the Rangers can fully appreciate how highly I value that honor. For the memory of the Texas Ranger will live forever in the great Southwest in song and story. Organized in 1836, the Rangers were the guardians of the border, the dashing and ever-ready hunters of the buffalo and the ever-watchful foes of warring Indian tribes.

"Besides receiving my commission I also received a special invitation from Governor Allred to visit the Centennial Exposition at Dallas with the special promise made to my two daughters, Marcelite and Janet, that they would be allowed to sleep in Sam Houston's very own bed. Naturally, I expect to go home this summer, not only because of the inducements I have just mentioned, but also to sample some of the wonderful Texas dishes I've always loved.

"Eating has always been a family tradition," said John, a certain nostalgia creeping into his voice. "At home, in Greenville, near Dallas, Texas, we ate not only well, but plenty! Of course, my parents had been well trained in eating by their parents, for both Grandmother Boles and Grandmother Love always had at least three meats on the table at one meal! I guess it must have made us all grow, for every one of the Boles men were over five feet eleven (John himself, you know, is six feet two), while on my mother's side the Love men had to stoop to pass through doors.

"Although, most folks think only of Chili, Enchilada and other Mexican dishes in connection with Texas foods," went on John Boles, visibly warming to his subject, "in our home we adhered more to Southern traditions, even to the colored mammies who cooked for us. But even if my mother had a million cooks there are certain things she has always made and always will make herself. For no cook could ever make them to suit her! Such things as Pecan Devil's Food Cake and home-made Frozen Fruit Salad are her pride and joy. She'll prepare them for us this summer, or I miss my guess, and by special request she'll be sure to have my special favorite, Fried Chicken with Cream Gravy, served with Rice Croquettes which have a dab of jelly in the hollow of each croquette. I can just taste it now!"

AND I could, too, as John described it. But, fortunately, I did not have to stop with an imaginary meal for through Marcelite Boles, John's delightful Texas-born wife, I secured his mother's recipe for this famous chicken dish — Cream Gravy, Rice Croquettes and all—and was able, therefore, to prove to my own entire satisfaction the truth of John's claims. The combination is completely perfect. But my enthusiasm for that dish is as nothing compared to my liking for the Greenville Pecan Devil's Food Cake or the Frozen Fruit Salad. In fact, I tried out a complete meal à la John Boles! And so vociferous were the praises of those who ate it with me that I now feel more confident that it was the Boles recipes and not merely the Boles charm which sold me so completely on the excellence of Texas cookery. Here's the menu:

A TYPICAL BOLES DINNER
Fried Chicken, Cream Gravy*
Fresh Garden Peas
Rice and Jelly Croquettes*
Frozen Fruit Salad
Greenville Pecan Devil's Food Cake*

Now if that makes you as hungry in imagination as it does John Boles in memory, you'll surely be delighted to know that you can get recipes for all the starred dishes of this popular star by sending in the coupon at the end of the article.

No article on Texas cookery would be complete without some mention of dishes of Mexican inspiration. Nor will we need to omit such mention, for Mexican dishes also came in for enthusiastic praise on the part of this famous son of the Lone Star State.

"Both my wife and I are extremely fond of Tortillas, Enchilada and that perennial favorite, Chili Con Carne," John told me. "We often serve toasted Tortillas with hors d'oeuvres. Tortillas, served with a sauce become Enchilada and a delicious concoction it is, too, one that is as famous here in California as it is in southern Texas. Then of course we often serve Chili as a party dish, or with vegetables as a Boiled Mexican Dinner. Chili Con Carne now comes in cans, put up by Gebhardt's whose Chili Powder has long been famous as a seasoning. Sometimes our colored butler, who does about everything around our place except buy our clothes, concocts a home-made Chili that is marvelous."

I secured an immediate promise from Marcelite Boles that she would let me have her recipes for all those interesting Mexican dishes — Tortillas, Enchilada and Chili Con Carne. And then, in the few minutes that were left of our interview, I tried to gather as much information as possible about Texas and the reason for this year's interesting Centennial plans. Doubtless, you, too, will be interested in some of the things I learned from Mr. and Mrs. Boles about their home state. But before telling you about them, let me remind you that this month's leaflet will bring you not only the Chicken Dinner so glowingly described by John, with its Frozen Salad and yummy cake, but also recipes for those tempting-sounding Mexican treats we were just discussing. That's a lot of recipes for the cost of a single stamp, so send in your coupon, now, before you forget! And while you are clipping the coupon, be sure to cut out the Corn Tamale recipe which is directly above it.

And now back to Texas for a review of its colorful history and a preview of its equally colorful Centennial which many of you, probably, like the Boles family, are planning to attend this summer.

THE Centennial Exposition which opens in Dallas on the 6th of June commemorates the 100th year of Texas independence from Mexican rule.

Other celebrations will be held at different times and in historic places throughout the state—notably in San Antonio, at the Alamo, in whose defense a hundred years ago, 181 Texans died to the last man, giving to the cause of independence their noble example and the stirring watchword of the Revolution, "Remember the Alamo!"

Visitors to the Lone Star State are sure to learn other things about its history, notably the reason for Texas' rightful

claim that it has lived under six flags!

The first Texas settlement, it seems, was made by the French under LaSalle, whose mortal remains to this day repose there in an unmarked grave. But because of previous explorations Spain claimed that territory and eventually settled and ruled there, giving it its name.

In 1810 Mexico revolted from Spain and when they gained their independence, ruled Texas as a province of Mexico. Then in 1836 Texas revolted from Mexico and raised the flag of the Texas Republic with its Lone Star, thus gaining the name of the Lone Star State, a designation which, as you know, has remained to this day. In this revolt countless colorful characters stepped into the pages of history, notably Sam Houston who, with but 800 Texans, defeated the Mexican General, Santa Anna, commanding a force three times as great, in the decisive battle of San Jacinto which won Texas the independence it is celebrating in this year's Centennial.

After ten years of independent statehood Texas was admitted to the Union, later to secede with the other southern states and to serve valiantly during the Civil War under the Confederate flag.

So there you have the six flags of Texas — those of France, Spain and Mexico, the flag of the Texas Republic, the flag of the Southern Confederacy and that of the United States. Small wonder, then, with so much variety, that their history is absorbing, their cooking delicious, and their men as charming as John Boles, whose favorite dishes we feature in this month's leaflet.

TEXAS CORN TAMALE

1 mild onion, sliced thin
¼ cup butter, melted
¾ pound ground beef
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 cup yellow corn meal
1 cup canned yellow bantam corn
1 teaspoon minced parsley
½ cup chopped stuffed olives
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon paprika
A few grains pepper, black
A dash of cayenne
2 eggs, slightly beaten

Fry onion slices in butter until faintly brown. Add meat and cook until meat has lost its pink color, stirring constantly. Add tomatoes, bring to a boil and add corn meal gradually. Cook and stir until thoroughly blended. Remove from heat, add corn, parsley, olives and seasonings, then the beaten eggs. Mix together thoroughly. Turn into well greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour and 15 minutes, or until firm and brown. Serve in slices, hot or cold. Particularly delicious when served hot with a sauce made by adding Worcestershire sauce to undiluted, condensed canned tomato soup. Serves 6.

THE MODERN HOSTESS,
MODERN SCREEN,
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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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and my husband says it's a

"MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

"JOHN'S fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I *ever* serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted!'

Helps me save

"Franco-American not only costs very little itself, but helps me save on other dishes, too. It makes inexpensive cuts of meat so tasty and tempting. It combines wonderfully with left-overs. And I often have it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's the biggest help I know in planning 'economy' meals we really *enjoy* eating!"

Far and wide Franco-American is becoming known as "the spaghetti with the *extra* good sauce." The cheese and tomato are combined in exactly the right proportions. The seasoning is so skilfully done. There's plenty of zest, but no strong over-seasoning; instead, you find a subtle blend of flavors, a delicate piquancy that delights you anew every time you taste it.

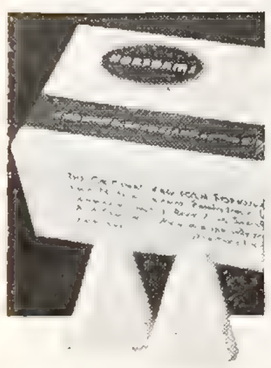
Yet a can all ready to heat and serve is usually no more than ten cents, actually less than 3c a portion. You couldn't prepare spaghetti at home for so little. Think of all the different ingredients you need for the sauce (Franco-American chefs use *eleven!*), the cost of cooking them, the time and trouble it takes. It's decidedly more economical to buy Franco-American. Order several cans today.



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Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

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NORFORMS for modern feminine hygiene

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Are You Guilty of These Sins?

(*Continued from page 61*)

get rid of it. And you must, because a graceful carriage is just as important as correct weight. You may have a basically lovely figure and a pretty face, but if you go drooping through life like limp spaghetti, you'll never look well and the most expensive clothes will look dowdy on your figure.

Here is an exercise I gave Joan, to rouse up the old circulation and so help do away with slumping:

There's a large muscle located just over each shoulder blade. Put your left hand over onto your right shoulder and fish around until you feel it. See? Dig your thumb down under your shoulder blade. Dig hard. Hurt yourself a little—that's the idea. Keep your right hand just above your right hip, elbow bent, the hand a little more toward your back than your middle. There, that keeps the shoulder muscle in the right position for this treatment. Repeat, on the other side. You can do this exercise so easily, any time during the day. At your office desk, take a few minutes for each shoulder. At home, take ten minutes out once a day, five minutes for each shoulder. What does it do? It snaps up your circulation, without putting you through strenuous exercise. After ten minutes of digging, you won't feel like slumping.

Another exercise for round-shouldered souls: put two or three books on your head and walk back and forth. Cross your hands behind your back, the left elbow in the palm of the right hand and the right elbow—but you get the idea, I'm sure. It will strengthen your neck muscles, make you keep your head up and when your head is up, it's practically impossible to be round-shouldered.

Don't do these very easy exercises a few times and then think, "Heck, that's nothing," and stop. As I said in the beginning of this article, you have to work on faults which are the result of bad habits until correct habits become second nature to you.

YOUNG Jean Muir offers a fine example of some youthful figure faults. Jean is taller than the average movie star. She has a well developed bust. Long arms and legs. These attributes, which are really assets, Jean has a tendency to turn into liabilities. She's self-conscious about her height, perhaps, so she tries the old knee-bending stunt to look smaller. Many a tall girl will do this when dancing with a short man. And what's the result? Well, the stagline asks, "Who's the awkward number in blue?" I know—I know. Oftentimes, the boys seem to go for the cute little girls. And you feel left out of things, all because of those few extra inches. But never mind—there are plenty of men in this world who admire tall girls. Stop moaning over your height, which you can't do anything about and concentrate on carrying yourself as a tall girl should—like a queen or a goddess or an Indian maid, or any other poetic simile you can think of.

Since I've brought up the subject of dancing, I might as well include a few tips. Tall girls dancing with short partners, place your hand flat on the man's shoulder. Don't stick your elbow out in any fancy position—keep your arm close to his arm. Look down at your partner—smile as fetchingly as you can. He'll look up, you see, which gives him additional height and keeps the poor chap from feeling unnecessarily self-conscious. Flat-heeled sandals are popular for evening right now. Wear your hair low—no bunches of curls or ornaments. All these tricks help, but it doesn't help to slump.

But to get back to Exhibit B—Miss Muir. Another thing which knee-sagging does to the figure—it's almost impossible to keep the abdomen flat, the muscles of the abdomen firm and strong, if you let your legs bend. Do I need to say more? Straighten up those legs and firm up those tired abdomen muscles by the following exercise:

Lie on the floor, on your back, with your hands under your hips for support. Bring your legs up. Continue the right leg on up toward the chest, and lower the left to about three inches from the floor. Then reverse—left leg up, right leg down. Don't let the down leg touch the floor. Make five shifts and then let your legs down and rest. Sure it's difficult, but I've been easy on you up to this point.

This exercise is also good for slimming the thighs and upper legs, in case you're interested. It's also grand for firming flabby flesh and muscles after a general reducing routine and for restoring the abdomen to self-respecting flatness after having a baby. In the last case you should, of course, consult your doctor and perhaps prepare for this exercise by easier work first. I'm merely making a suggestion.

I spoke of Jean Muir's healthy, well developed bust, which she has a tendency to try to make look small by hunching her shoulders forward. So many self-conscious young things do this. What does it do? It ruins the muscles of the breasts, makes them sagging and unlovely. It ruins the line of your back—dresses look sloppy and ill-fitting. In short, the entire figure suffers. Now, there's some excuse for Jean, for she's in pictures and the general fashion persists for petite movie stars. But there's no excuse for you. Don't do it.

Where slumping is due to general lack of strength and vitality, you should follow an energy-building diet. I can make suggestions for foods you should eat, and plan a diet for you, if you'll write me for such information.

ANN HARDING once had a very ungraceful walk. This was partly due to the fact that Ann cared very little how she looked—she never cared what she had on—any old thing would do. And it was partly due to the fact that Ann had a weak back. Here is an exercise I gave her to strengthen and stimulate the back muscles:

Massage your own spine? Impossible, you say? Not at all. Place your eight fingers firmly at the base of your spine, thumbs pointed out toward the hips. Rotate your fingers. Don't move 'em around *over* the skin—move the flesh itself around firmly. Work up—up—as far as you can. And massage as firmly as you can. Standing or sitting, I don't care how you do this exercise, just so's you do it. Do it at night, before you go to bed. It will make you sleep well, which never hurt anybody.

The German goose step is another way to get grace and spring into your walk. This isn't so easy, it takes a bit of strength. But go at it. Knees stiff. Exaggerate. Kick your feet out as far as you can. It

strengthens the leg muscles.

Of course, in this article I'm talking mostly about average figures, which have been allowed to get into certain bad habits. Naturally, you can't walk gracefully if you're carrying around pounds of excess weight, nor can you walk gracefully if you're so thin that you're apt to fall apart. You've got to get your body's flesh as it should be before you can begin to talk about grace and suppleness. These exercises are okay to do if you're working on weight problems, sure, but don't slack on the real hard work of reducing or building up.

Don't point your toes out when you walk, point them straight ahead. To be a little bit pigeon-toed isn't a bad thing. I said a little! Wear as good shoes as you can possibly afford. Take care of your feet; you've only got one pair to last you a lifetime. Wear a good foundation garment—snug, but not tight—if you're inclined to sag. An uplift bras is a good thing, but don't have the straps too tight.

Avoid mannerisms in walking. Oh, yes, there are such things. That's the reason I included a picture of Bette Davis on the opening spread of this article. Bette's walk—on the screen, that is—illustrates my point a little. Bette has played so many meanies of late that she has developed a swaggering, insolent sort of walk to fit the parts she plays. Let's hope she doesn't adopt the walk in real life. Don't mince. Don't stride like a man. It's quite possible to have a free, vigorous gait without being masculine about it. Don't swing your rear in an exaggerated manner—'tain't refined, nor is it graceful. Joan Crawford has an extremely graceful walk which is at the same time spirited and easy, in the modern manner.

AND now—sitting. I could write reams about sitting, and I haven't the space for even one ream. Do, please, sit on what you were given to sit on and not halfway between that part and your neck. The figure should be lightly poised against the back of your chair. If you haven't the will power to sit properly in a soft, comfortable chair, choose a hard, straight-backed one. I give you my word that, though it may be difficult to sit up straight at first, once you acquire the habit, you'll never get tired. Don't keep your legs crossed all the time. You shouldn't, really, ever cross your legs, for it retards circulation, but I realize it's a modern habit. Put both feet on the floor, one a little in advance of the other—that's the best position. Keep the knees together. And hold your stomach in. Don't think you can conceal a bulging tum by crossing your arms over your front. Oh, yes—I've seen you!

That's all I can take the space for this month. If I've left out *your* pet and particular fault, 'scuse mama, please, and write and ask her about it. One subject I haven't taken up is that of the nervous gals—those who are all in a twitch most of the time, who can't eat and can't sleep and who commit some of the faults mentioned herein, but through causes that are more difficult to remove. I can help you, with diets and easy exercises and relaxing stunts, if you want me to.

Next month I'm going to tackle some really hard problems—like big legs and bad noses and sagging busts and the problem of the exceptionally tall and exceptionally short. This is Sylvia, signing off, and looking forward to hearing from you.

Now, darlings, I want you all to get busy and get all the loveliness and health that belong to you. Are there any questions? Write me your problems, whatever they are. I will help you with your beauty, your figure, general health and other difficulties. It is my work and I love it. And remember this: to me *your* problems are more important than the movie stars' and furthermore I read and answer every one of your letters myself, and everything is strictly confidential. Let's work together. Sit down and WRITE NOW! It doesn't cost a thing. Just a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And here's a surprise for you! I've made up a very Special Consultation And Measurement Chart. It will help you check and control your weight. Would you like to have one? You would? Okay, darlings, just send in the little coupon below.

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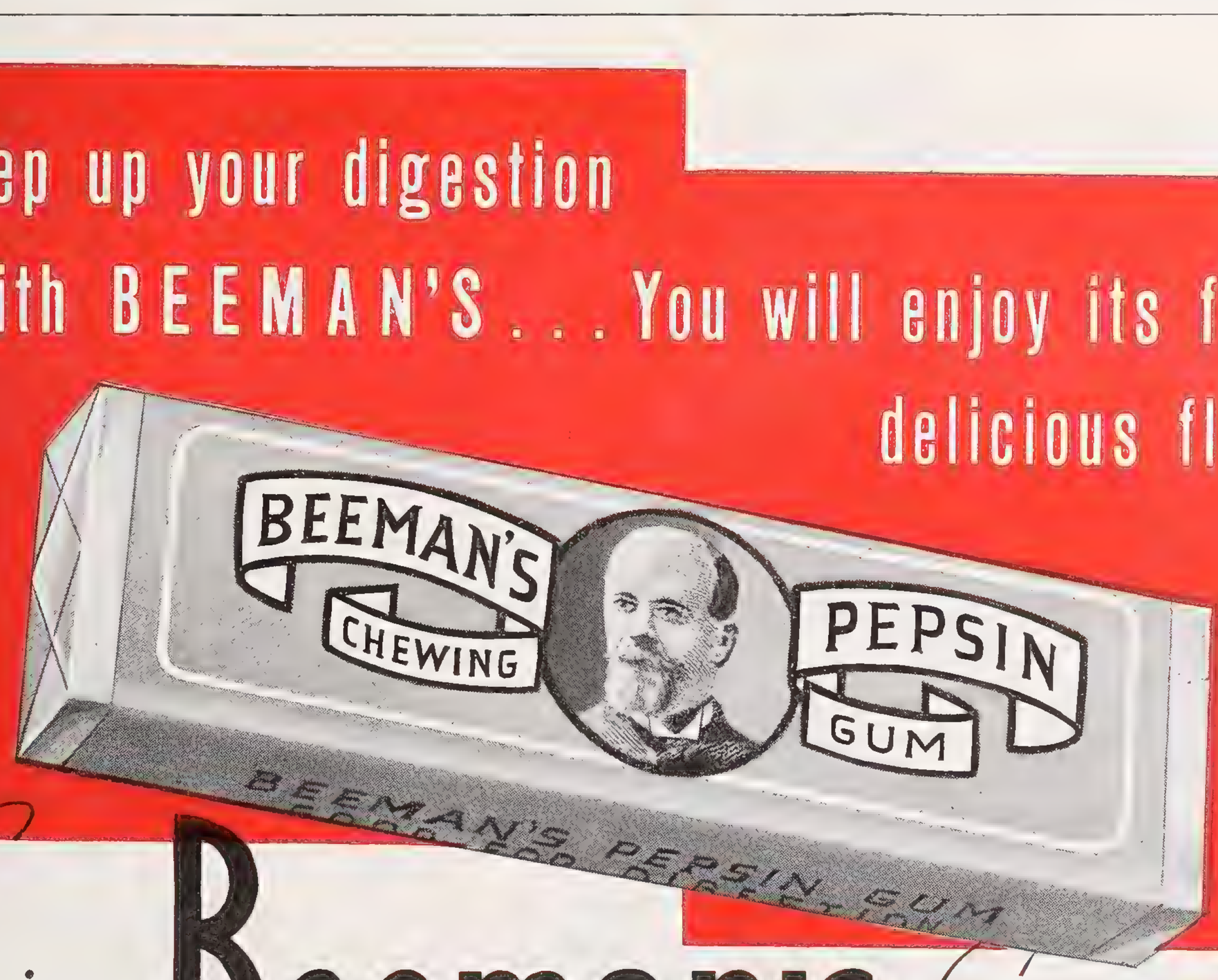
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MORE GOOD NEWS . .



Herbert Marshall, Heather Angel, Gloria Swanson and Ralph Forbes line up for Scotty at the Screen Guild Ball in the Biltmore.

Happy foursome—Cesar Romero, Carole Lombard, Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor.

(*Continued from page 14*)

Paul Kelly thinks he's a difficult guy to live with, but Mrs. K. considers him something of a martyr for living with her as long as he has. Anyway, on their fifth anniversary a couple of months ago, Paul received a medal from Dorothy on which was engraved: "To Paul—for living with me for five years." It's a domestic *croix de guerre*, a tribute to a fighting man and a patient husband.

■ ■ ■

Bob Taylor is getting a reputation around Hollywood. People are regarding him as a "Good Influence." It seems that Bob, who is one of the best-natured boys in these parts, has on occasion stepped out with a few of the town's haughtiest gals. In the Taylor presence the ladies, for some reason or other, clamber down from their high horses and turn out to be as gracious and pleasant as you please. Right now the shining example is Janet Gaynor. The little Gaynor has never been noted for sociability, but ever since her first few dates with Bob she's been practically the friendliest gal in town.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of haughty ladies, how about the actress who made a picture with Gary Cooper some months ago? Walking onto the set the first day of production, she asked the name of a tall young man standing on the sidelines. "That," she was told, "is Mr. Cooper." "And who," inquired the lady, "is Mr. Cooper?" And they say she wasn't kidding.

As you probably know, George Raft walked out of his co-starring role with Carole Lombard in "The Princess Comes Across" when he discovered Carole's favorite cameraman was to photograph it. George's last words, as he exited, were: "Put the names of ten cameramen in a hat and let me draw one." Jack Oakie, announcing he would comply with the Raft request, called for a hat. A prop boy returned with a derby, bits of paper were tossed into it, and Mrs. Oakie's whimsical son reached in, only to withdraw immediately, screaming murder. The prop boy, a bit on the whimsical side himself, had equipped the hat with a mousetrap.

■ ■ ■

Not to be outdone by the Donald Ogden Stewarts, who tossed a formal party at high noon, another gay group sponsored an affair a few evenings later which began at three in the morning. A mad, mad time was had by all, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Betty Furness racing across the dance floor on a tandem bike, pursued by that arch-of-all-villains, Cesar Romero. Also among those present was Marlene Dietrich, but, to the disappointment of all, she didn't ride a single bicycle.

■ ■ ■

Up at Lake Tahoe to make scenes for "Bless Their Hearts," a company headed by Mary Astor and Melvyn Douglas found themselves in a terrific dilemma. "Bless Their Hearts" is a story of a group of snowbound people, and everything went well with the shooting until the company actually became snowbound. Everyone in the company but Douglas contracted the flu, the camera crew announced that you

(*Continued on page 122*)



Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb at the Screen Guild Ball. This is another one of Hollywood's romantic duos.



One of the screen's finest character actors, Edwin Arnold, makes a rare public appearance, with wife in tow.



The Ronald Burlas (Una Merkel) on their way to the ball, which everyone attended.

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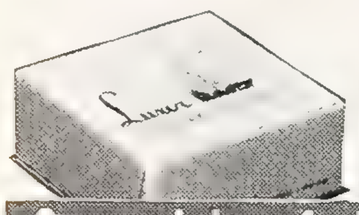
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Then give Luxor the severe test we have mentioned. If it does not satisfy you better than any powder you have ever used, keep the flacon of La Richesse Perfume worth 75c and mail us the partially used box of Luxor face powder. We will send you our check for the 55c you paid, plus the postage.

Thus with the 75c gift of perfume, plus our check for 55c you get 2½ times what you paid for Luxor if you are not satisfied. Act now!



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City

Who Is the Genius Behind Shirley Temple?

(*Continued from page 35*)

the autographs first! She might have, but she didn't. Because she doesn't want Shirley to know that anybody attaches any importance to the autographs she signs.

Mrs. Temple has also helped to keep her natural by never forcing her to say or do anything she doesn't feel like doing, or saying. And that in itself is revolutionary. Stage mothers are always telling their offspring what to say to the director, how to curtsey to the star, how to compliment the cameraman, how to smile so they'll show their teeth to the best advantage, how to grab the best lighting, and so on and on—and such mother-coaching naturally can lead to only one thing. The child becomes unnatural, false, affected, and extremely conscious of his or her looks. Mrs. Temple has never been guilty of such a practice.

"She always allows Shirley to act on her own initiative. And, except on the set, where she is entirely responsible for Shirley's grooming, she never pays particular attention to how she looks. She never fusses with Shirley's hair in public. She doesn't even notice if Shirley's face gets dirty. And even when Shirley decides to take out her teeth, Mrs. Temple doesn't stop her!

"Oh, didn't you know?" Irving Cummings leaned back and laughed genially at the recollection. "Yes, Shirley lost a front baby tooth or two, some time ago, and naturally we had to make a temporary bridge for her, so we could continue with her pictures. But in spite of the fact that Shirley looks ridiculous without the bridge, (just as any child does, without her front teeth), she is always taking it out without the slightest self-consciousness. It seems she can eat better without it, and eating is one thing she likes almost as well as acting. It was at that same big luncheon, the one I mentioned before, that Shirley yanked out the bridge, and tossed it across a space of five or ten feet to her mother, with the loud words, "Keep my teeth till I eat, will you, mother?"

DID Mrs. Temple get flustered and embarrassed in front of so many strangers? Did she scold Shirley for her abandon of the bridge, and of propriety? She did not. She just ignored the entire incident as being unimportant!

"And recently when Shirley got into a rough-and-tumble scrap with her brothers and came out of it a little worse for wear, Mrs. Temple made no comment whatsoever on the bold bad scratch on Shirley's face. Yet such a scratch would have thrown many a movie mother into a tantrum, and would have brought a heap of abuse down on the boys' heads, for endangering their so-beautiful, and so-valuable sister! Perhaps Mrs. Temple did caution the boys later, but it was not in front of Shirley!

"It's been said that Shirley remains unspoiled and unconscious of her importance, because she lives in a world of her own imagination. That's a lot of bunk—it's not true at all. Shirley's imagination is no different from any other kid imagination, and she doesn't live in a world of her own. She lives in an ordinary, everyday world, just the same as other children do—and that's the sole reason why she isn't spoiled. Mrs. Temple, more than Shirley, deserves credit in that respect!"

I asked Mr. Cummings if he thought that Shirley was a "poor little rich girl" herself. In spite of all the worldly treasures she owns—all sorts of animals, dolls from every country, as many clothes as she can wear—isn't there something that she wants, and can't have, because of fame? Friends, perhaps? Isn't it true that she's kept away from other children—because of contagion?

MR. CUMMINGS shook his head. "It's true that she isn't allowed to make friends with everybody she'd like to make friends with—but that isn't for the reason you suggest. It's because of the very thing we have been talking about—the possibility of contracting something worse than



Mrs. Temple reads daughter Shirley a bedtime story before tucking her in bed. And this famous little girl enjoys it as much as any other youngster would.

physical disease. You see most children, having seen Shirley on the screen, stare at her with hero-worship in their eyes. They think Shirley is wonderful. Mrs. Temple doesn't want Shirley to 'catch' that idea from them, so she has to keep Shirley away from non-professional children. Professional children, like her stand-in for example, are a little less in awe of her, and for that reason, Mrs. Temple believes that they make better playmates."

I can see now why Mrs. Temple's is one of the hardest jobs in Hollywood, and why it's a job that is never finished. Even long after she has tucked Shirley in her tiny bed at night, there is still work to do. Sounds to be listened to, fears to be fought, and prayers to be said. Yet through it all Mrs. Temple knows, and Shirley knows, that the most important thought of all is, "Mother is loving you."

Shirley, by the way, celebrates her seventh birthday on April twenty-third.

Jeanette's Madcap Moments

(*Continued from page 41*)

to you a lot more than all those tales of her concentration on her career. She's smart. Yet that doesn't prevent her from being delightfully silly sometimes.

Some years ago when Jeanette came up to New York from her native Philadelphia, she managed to experience her most embarrassing moments. She had a part at a Newark theatre. And to her distress only one evening gown. She'd worn it a whole season and was heartily tired of it. There was no money to splurge when New Year's Eve rolled around.

Her problem was all the more acute because she was in the throes of first love and the young man's family and associates were wealthy, socially prominent folk. She realized that all the other girls at the party which his mother was giving would be decked in splendor.

Finally, Jeanette yielded to temptation. When the theatre curtain rose she wore a beautiful bouffant gown of shimmering yellow taffeta, trimmed in a lush green. She waited until everyone had departed and then put it on again for the party.

At the stage door was her aristocratic beau. Also, a howling storm. In dashing to his car she ruined the slippers that accompanied the outfit, and the snow spotted the voluminous skirt. In spite of a guilty conscience, though, she had a pretty grand time. She outshone all the women there. But came the morning after! She'd been a house guest who had forgotten to bring a street suit.

There was a New Year's Day matinee and Jeanette had to return to the theatre in billowing attire. She had to go by subway and the blizzard was getting worse. Traffic was held up, delaying her. They held the curtain, praying she'd arrive. When she did, far too late to sneak in, she was caught short. The leading lady was upset, the stage manager was in a tantrum, and—well, Jeanette's been darned understanding of girls in catastrophies ever since!

SHE was punished for phenagling her initial airplane ride, too, but indirectly. Jeanette was in Kansas City, and she'd made her decision not to wed until she'd savored thoroughly of personally achieved success. Still, she enjoyed dates and a most attractive young man was paying her court. His father was a rich bread king and owned planes to advertise the family





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"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet on infant feeding sent free on request. "Baby Book", on general infant care, 10c additional.

product. But papa had put his foot down on sonny's taking any girl-friends sky-gliding.

However, Jeanette was determined to discover how it felt to fly. With feminine guile she prevailed upon this smitten scion to invite her to dinner at a specific country club. Papa's planes were parked nearby. So when she smiled her sweetest and begged for a glance at the airships, her ecstatic escort couldn't resist her.

Somehow her friend found himself chatting with someone else when a pilot was climbing into one of the planes. So minx MacDonald had no trouble addressing herself to the employee. She confided that she was dying for a flight. And zoom, they were off before papa's obedient son had a chance to shout stop! But the wind-up was this: Jeanette's bewitched cavalier outdid himself with such figure-eights and complicated loopings that she staggered onto the ground so air-sick she couldn't stay for the programmed dinner and dancing!

With precocity like that cropping out, you'll be surprised to learn that Jeanette has a horror of showing off. She never sings at fashionable Hollywood functions, even when the other celebrities do their stuff. It isn't that she isn't regular. She just becomes so fussed at the closeness of peering strangers that she couldn't utter a note if her life depended upon it.

Yet, recently a dozen of her friends were presented with a perfectly fascinating one-woman show. After a scrumptious supper at her Colonial home in Brentwood, where she lives now because the doors stuck in the house she used to live in, Jeanette suddenly went batty. She dragged her pals upstairs and began tearing through her trunks, searching for old costumes. Her studio accompanist was there, and soon the grand piano in the living-room was tinkling gayly while Jeanette, making quick changes, delivered a repertoire with magnificent gusto. That's an evening that won't be forgotten.

In person she is smaller than you'd anticipate. She is athletic, rather than delicate. And although she is modish with the metropolitan simplicity that is most chic, she cares little for clothes. She's bored with shopping and when she has to make sartorial selections she does so as fast as possible. And depend on her to start the task in a crazy manner!

THE one thing Jeanette has a weakness for is footwear. So she'll eagerly go on "shoe-benders" and bring home a flock of appealing pumps. It's a constant struggle to assemble ensembles that'll match the shades of her shoes. If she intends to step out tomorrow night, for instance, and needs a new outfit, she has her secretary telephone four particular Los Angeles stores. Each sends three or four gowns for her consideration. A lightning decision is made. An hour or so before she goes out the MacDonald dressmaker arrives, and there ensues a whirlwind of alterations and final touches.

Directors have a mania for equipping her costumes with elaborate trains. Personally, Jeanette says, "I think they are a blasted nuisance. You have to kick them around or hold them up. And when I hear music I want to dance!" Which reminds me of that afternoon when La MacDonald blew up so elegantly.

It was a spectacular set and Jeanette had donned a concoction with several trailing trains. She had to walk in, sing, do some emoting, and then exit—gracefully, of course. On each rehearsal it was okay, but on every take she'd get tangled up and trip herself. After dozens of takes her patience was exhausted. "This dress . . . this dress!" she screamed. She stamped. Her hands went this way and that and got mixed accidentally with the pearl necklaces draped around her neck. The strands broke and the beads shot wildly in every direction.

A pall had fallen over everyone. Jeanette, when she came to, stood glaring. Then the cameraman remarked, "Why, Miss MacDonald, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" To which she retorted, "No, I'm not! There ought to be a law against a dress like this!" Next day she went to see the rushes. But they'd filmed and recorded her outburst, too. "I never saw anyone look sillier," Jeanette declared. "There I was, behaving like a spoiled child, absurdly ferocious!"

SHE figures it's not sporting for a star to be temperamental, just because she can get away with it for awhile. When Jeanette's angry it's almost always at something for which she alone is to blame. She's liable to stir up a rage when she repeatedly gets a bit of action wrong. Director Woody Van Dyke recognizes this mood and keeps a chair handy. On occasions he'll place it in front of her. She kicks it and then stops seething.

If Jeanette finds herself boiling at her daily music lessons—and this occurs when she can't remember the exact words or register the right melody—she grabs a book, throws it on the floor, and jumps on it lustily. Her teacher remains very calm during this demonstration, and finally inquires nonchalantly, "Are you over it?"

I don't want to give you the impression that Jeanette has a hectic temper, even though she is redheaded and sensitive. She is slow to rile. She doesn't pick quarrels with those she dislikes. It annoys her to have to be pleasant to them, so she simply avoids them. Poseurs and two-faced people are not on her list, for she herself can't be deceitful. But in depicting her as an ever-serious young woman her biographers have disregarded certain happenings which largely account for her popularity. She couldn't be the stimulating personality she is, if she'd never demanded her due. And, at critical moments, in outbursts of temperament.

There was that rash run-in she had with a stage producer. She had the lead in a Broadway musical and two days before the opening a whole new routine was casually introduced. They didn't have time to rehearse it properly and Jeanette asserted that it shouldn't be attempted on such short notice. This stage mogul was notoriously hard to get along with, and no mere actor had ever dared cross him. He thereupon squelched the ambitious Jeanette before everyone, condemning all performers in his egotistical harangue.

Before the still startled company she told him exactly what she thought of him. He'd had his nerve to speak to her that way, and to want a song-and-dance that couldn't be good. Furthermore, his luck might be better if he'd pay more attention to actors' suggestions! That stand in behalf of her own and her fellow artists' self-respect was so new to him that on the following day the new routine went out and she went on to be acclaimed in a smoothly rehearsed number which she refused to have marred.

It is Jeanette's credo that you have to maintain high standards for yourself if you wish to progress. She broke with Hollywood a few seasons ago, boldly abandoning a long-term contract. It seems she'd signed with a studio which failed to capitalize on her talents, and after three starring films she was utterly disappointed and chagrined. She didn't mind the total absence of songs. Her objection was to the mediocrity of the stories. "I like to try at least to furnish entertainment," she states, recollecting.

One eventful day she resolved that she'd quit Hollywood altogether if she was



Jane Withers has just begun work in "Little Miss Nobody."

going to have to continue with ordinary material. She requested her release. They gave it to her only on the condition that she promise in writing that she wouldn't appear in anyone else's pictures for six months.

As it turned out that was a most fortunate step for Jeanette. She'd been besieged with personal appearance offers from Europe. She was such a sensation in Paris and London that the English scouts of another Hollywood studio insisted on hastening her back to California. They bought off the continental tour she'd arranged and fixed it up with her ex-bosses. And hence today, instead of being a forgotten idol, thanks to poor pictures, she's tops in major productions.

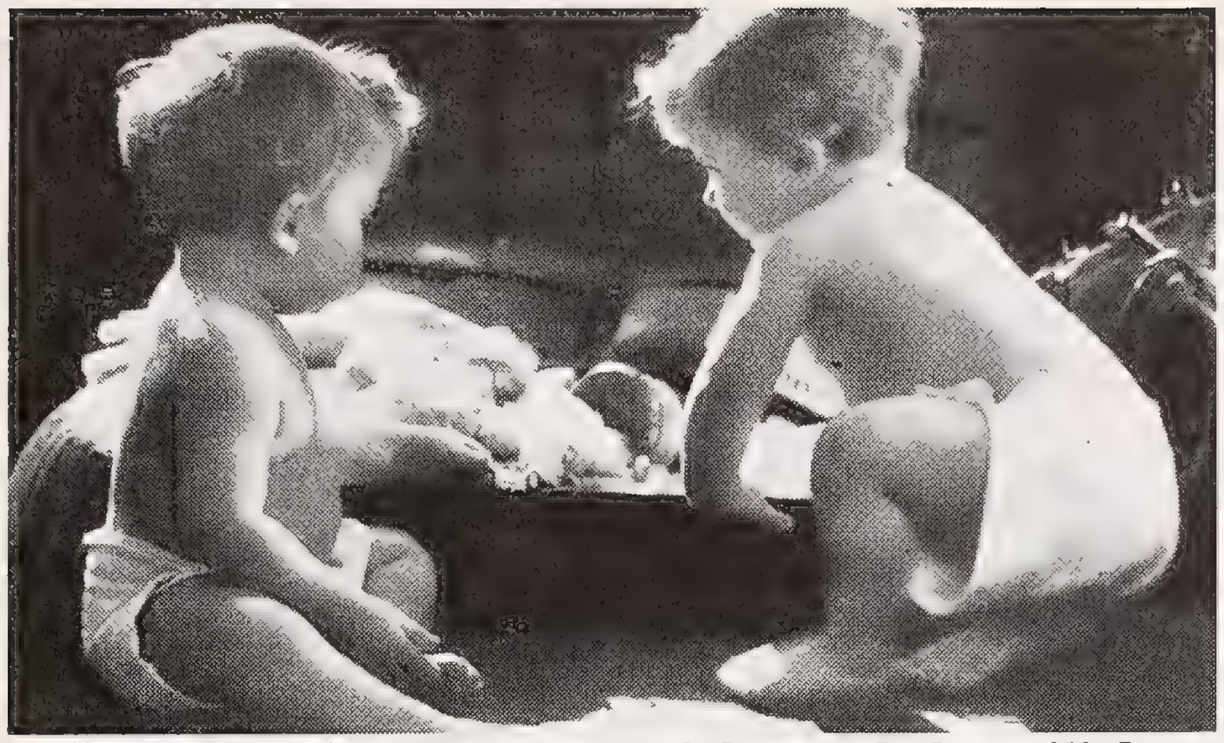
As I asserted, the public generally assumes that Jeanette MacDonald is perpetually swathed in sables. Consequently, when she digs out her slacks, an average coat, and brushes her hair underneath a jaunty tam, she can fare forth quite incognito. More than once she's wandered up and down the pier with the Saturday night throng at the beach. The most notable visit was in her customary raiment. Being recognized didn't stop her from being the life of the party.

She went to Ocean Park's concessions with a couple of chums, and on the way they ran into another group of acquaintances in play. After a million chuckles the group approached the merry-go-round.

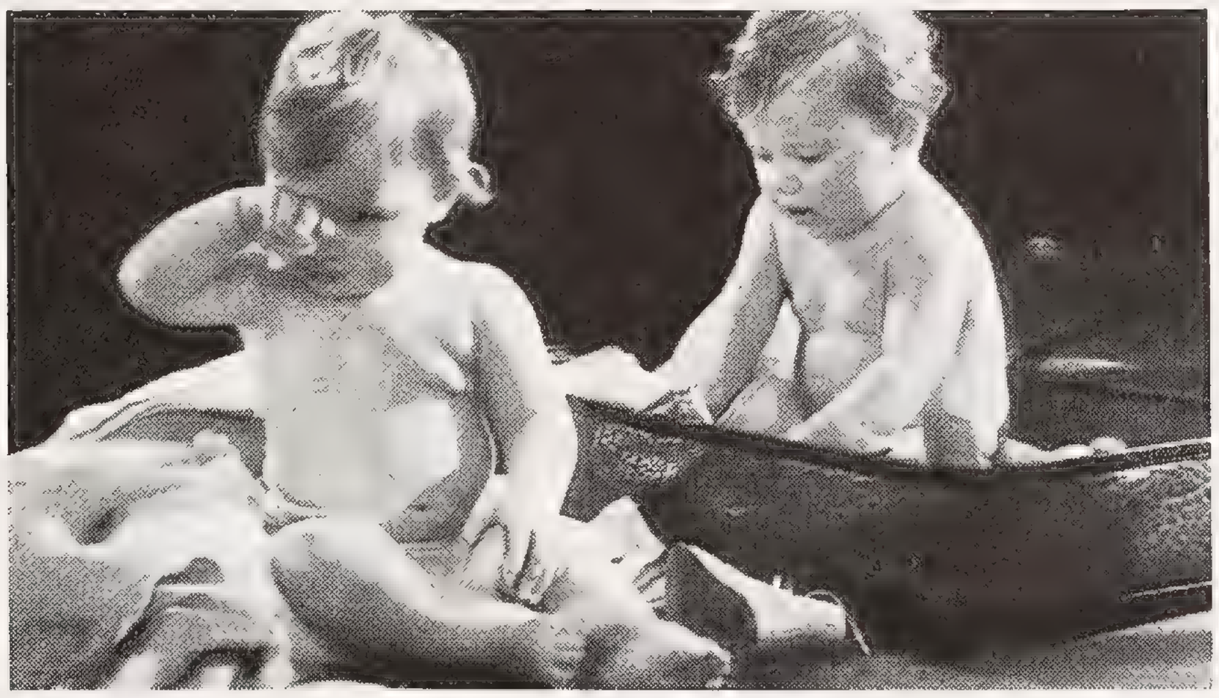
"Come on, let's go on it!" cried this supposedly dignified star. Jeanette was off on another of her mad moments. "I used to be in the circus as a youngster," she explained with convincing earnestness. (She who was so carefully reared in Philadelphia!) "My parents were bareback riders, and I can do stunts, too!"

She became a feminine Tom Mix, jockeying spectacularly on her pseudo-saddle. With every whirl she waved more impressively. Finally she caught her foot in the stirrup and was bolted right off the merry-go-round. And she sat up bruised but grinning.

Yes, indeed, this Jeanette MacDonald is a keen careerist. But, believe me, she's also some elegant fun when she's got a fancy to frolic!



● *"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab—whine—boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"*



● *"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!"*



● *"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"*



● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I'll defend your baby's skin from chafes and rashes . . . I'll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I'm that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I'm made of the purest, finest Italian talc. (Your baby will like Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)"*

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NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

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The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

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There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



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Men Are Out!

(*Continued from page 51*)

know how to do anything, why, some man will *have* to take care of them. And the silly thing about it is, some man always does." Glenda sighed and answered the telephone for the fifth time. All I heard her say was "no." Out in the yard, Tommy whooped it up with the boys next door.

WHEN Glenda came back, I wondered innocently, "Do you ever wish Tommy had been a girl?"

"But please, my nerves!" Glenda pressed her forehead and looked anguished. "Listen, my fine feverish friend. Is it not enough that I, a woman alone against the elements, am endowed with a cyclone in pants? But a daughter—spare me! A daughter at least should have her father and several assorted uncles, brothers and cousins to practise on, to teach her to be suitably helpless.

"If I had a daughter, the kindest thing I could do for her would be to bring her up to be a little tow-headed nitwit, always losing things for some attractive man to find, that's what I would prefer her to be —for her own ultimate happiness. And how could I give her lessons? I don't know how, myself. Haven't any idea how to go about it."

"But what," I suggested, gently, "has this to do with men?"

"Lots. Think it over," Glenda advised.

We studied the situation for three minutes. It kind of occurred to me we got off on the wrong foot—she came to the same conclusion, right then.

"Lord, how ridiculous! It's a lot of nonsense. I wouldn't be happy being that kind of a woman, might as well admit it. I doubt if half of the type are really happy, themselves. Anyway, the energetic self-supporting woman is just a little jealous of her, that's why we say these things about her."

Well, you can't beat that for honesty, can you?

"Now to return to our premise, if you don't mind," I suggested with typical Irish subtlety—Glenda is Irish too, so she likes you to be subtle in an obvious way—"how's about in business? I thought an actress . . . well, you know."

GLENDA leaned forward and shot sparks as if she had just swallowed a fire-cracker. "Look, funnyface. Because it's you and this is business, I can't get sore, but here's how it is. *No man has ever helped me along toward success as an actress.* I got whatever I have through just plain struggle and hard work!

"Men have never helped me in connection with jobs. I landed 'em by going in and convincing producers, by saying, 'I'm better than so-and-so for this part, and I can prove it to you.' Then we argued and fenced and banged the ash trays until I finally played the part, or didn't play it, received the salary I asked for, or didn't receive it. That's the way it was, and that's the way it is, in nine-tenths of the cases.

"All this lah-de-dah business about what a girl has to do to be a success on the stage or screen is so much applesauce. It's a very highly organized, competitive business, and you have to treat it as one. No girl ever got very far or lasted very long with any other kind of an approach!" Glenda snorted a few times like a Scotty puppy at a rathole, and finally subsided. (She's very handsome copy when you get her mad enough.)

The telephone rang again and Glenda took plenty of time out, this trip.

She came back all soothed and calmed and slightly in a fog. "Yoo, hoo," I waved over at her, "you remember me. We *were* doing a story an hour ago, all about men. You went away mad and I finished the Scotch. Have you any idea how we might finish the story?"

The fog cleared and there was Glenda, all merry and bright and rarin' to go.

"We just wound up how to be an actress, didn't we? Well, and so then you get to be one and achieve a certain measure of success—and then what do you want? You want some man to whisper 'give it all up and lean on me.' But he never does.

"I don't know, maybe it's Hollywood, maybe it's being in the movies, maybe it's me—but I have never met a man I could rely on. One on whom I could depend enough to retire and leave it all up to him.

"The fact is, I have never met a man who asked me to! That particular circumstance has inspired countless novels and pictures—but I am skeptical enough to think it never happens in life, except in a very few isolated cases. A man is attracted because you *are* an actress and more or less in the public eye. That's the only kind of man you meet or have any opportunity to know and naturally, he's the last one in the world to ask you to relinquish your very attraction for him.

"Oh sure, I've had lots of proposals—who hasn't?—but no man has said, 'Now little woman, you're going to sit down and take it easy. Let me do the worrying and make the money and have the public life.' No, that doesn't happen to an actress. At least, I haven't heard of it happening lately.

"Anyway, I have too many responsibilities to ask a man to share, unless he had plenty of money. And millionaires are very hard to fall in love with!

"Certainly, there are any number of attractive *and* wealthy young men. But they are all play-boys, and who wants to be married to a play-boy? Marriage is a serious thing. You don't think of a husband in terms of how well he can dance or play bridge, or where will we go to dinner tonight.

"Another reason men have never done me any good, I'm miserable when I'm in love, and miserable when I'm not!

"In love, everything suffers, duties are neglected. It interferes with my work and rest. I want to see the instigator of all my misery at night when I should be sleeping, and I stay out way too late. If I *don't* see him, I worry about where he is. You can't win, any way you take it.

EVERY now and then, between engagements you might say, life seems so calm and peaceful and well-ordered, I wonder why I can't leave well enough alone and let it remain that way. Then something happens. You know, you're not looking for love, it just sneaks up on you. And then everything goes haywire again." I thought she looked awfully bright and happy about things going haywire, and told her so.

"Oh yes. I'd stagnate in peace and calm all the time. Mercy, imagine, how terrible! When the symptoms of falling in love again begin to show, I feel deliriously happy about it. It's going to interfere with my work, I'll worry myself into a decline because the gent drinks too much or drives too fast or something—but it's a nice change from too much rest. He

won't do me a bit of good, I know that before it starts, but life would be pretty dull without him—for as long as it lasts."

This passing thought occurred: only a girl who has to shake suitors out of her sitting-room every evening could afford to be this frank about them.

"How about marrying one of them, while it's still lasting?" I asked.

Glenda paddled around in a pool of indecision. She decided against it, I saw her make the resolution, plain as day.

"How about *you* getting back to the premise? This is about men, not a man, so don't try to put over any of those fast ones, my girl. To continue, all men are so spoiled these days, maybe they've always been and I just haven't heard about it. Not only Hollywood men, but all the world over. There must be a shortage or something. And the girl who waits on table somewhere, or simply lives at home, has a better chance to get the man she wants than any actress has!

"All men are wary of actresses, especially an actress who plays gold-diggers. As a real life gold-digger, I'm a terrible washout. But that's what I play, and that's what they think I must be. The real sober fact of the matter is this: the little clinging babe, with the crying blue eyes, intent on getting herself a husband, any husband at all, is the world's most successful and accomplished gold-digger. She has something to show for it all her life!

"How about marriage for *you?*" I persisted like a Jersey mosquito.

"Well," Glenda considered. "What do you think, after all I've this minute finished telling you?"

"I think you'll probably marry before I can get this in print," I answered.

"Ha!" said Glenda.

So, dear patient reader, I leave you to figure it out for yourself. Maybe if you would do a little figuring for Glenda, too, she would appreciate it.

As for me—I'm on the way downtown to buy a wedding present. Something I can always use in case the wedding doesn't come off.

Just Home Folks

(*Continued from page 45*)

family—eleven in all, including Harold's publicity man, Mildred's mother and two nurses—went to Europe two years ago.

Mildred told me a funny incident that occurred on their trip. They decided to leave the children with her mother in Cannes, while they motored through France, Belgium and Germany. They enrolled the children in a French school because they thought it would be such a wonderful opportunity for them to learn how to speak French correctly. They were gone five months. Upon their return they found that their youngsters had taught the entire school how to speak English and everybody was conversing fluently and happily but nobody was speaking a word of French.

Harold enjoys hobbies. For a time he was much interested in magic. Then he took up the study of botany. Now he has thousands of rare flowers and shrubs on his estate and he knows the botanical name of every one of them.

While he was showing the children how to use the brushes and paints of an elaborate painting and drawing outfit he bought them, he became interested in them himself. Now, painting is one of his favorite hobbies. He has a number of pictures that could be exhibited, but he doesn't like to



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FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it. FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is safe—and gentle, too. Its one and only purpose is to

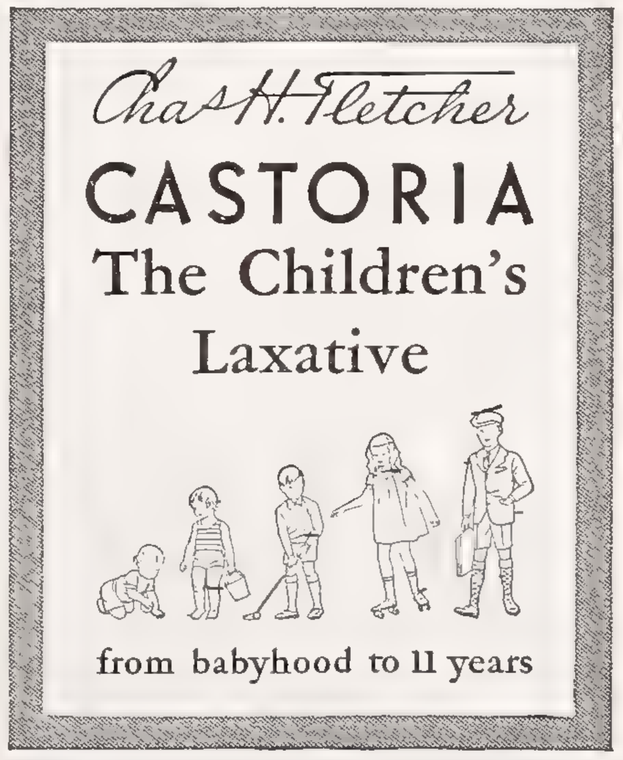


thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system.

Use only FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. For your baby—for your other children . . . all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because it lasts longer . . . but because you get more for your



money. More than 5,000,000 mothers depend upon FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Get a bottle today at your drug store.





"Most hospitals give it to their babies. I want it too!"

"Other kids seem to get the breaks. When I see 'em—nice and comfy—covered with that wonderful Mennen Antiseptic Oil—I could just holler. Why—you'd think I never got sore and wet in *my* folds and creases! And the germs! Am I supposed to stand off all the germs in the world all by myself? Why should I—when I might be getting the help of this Mennen Oil that's *antiseptic*? It does the germ-fightin' automatically and it's swell for the skin. Most *all* the hospitals* use it—so won't somebody please tell Mummy I want this antiseptic protection and comfort, too? I sure am the feller that needs a friend!"

**Nearly all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily.* Your *baby deserves it, too.*

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN Antiseptic OIL



Harold Lloyd is surrounded by two young beauties, Dorothy Wilson and Helen Mack, in a scene from "The Milky Way," a Paramount picture. This is Lloyd's first film in twelve years not made on an independent basis.

have attention directed toward this particular talent.

Mildred encourages him in all of his outside interests. They have a playroom that is equipped for all sorts of indoor games, ping-pong, backgammon, bowling—anything you can think of. Mildred says she won't play backgammon with Harold because he always wins, and that isn't much fun for the loser.

They have a wonderful pool and the children are all expert swimmers and spend most of their time in it when the weather is good. Mildred doesn't swim very expertly but she is unbeatable at tennis and spends a lot of her time on the courts with Harold and their friends.

When they have nothing else to do, she and Harold tuck the children in bed and run down to the beach and ride the roller coasters and eat hot dogs with lots of mustard, like they used to do, when they were a couple of kids out for a lark.

THE manner in which Mildred and Harold became acquainted makes one of the most romantic stories in Hollywood. Mildred spent the summer in Hollywood trying to get into pictures. She met with some success and played a couple of leads in Western pictures. Then she returned to Seattle and entered her senior year in High School. Meanwhile Bebe Daniels, who was Harold's leading lady, accepted a contract with DeMille to star in feature productions. Harold tried to find someone to fill her place. Quite by accident, he saw a picture in which Mildred appeared. He knew that she was the girl he wanted. After a diligent search he learned that she had returned to school in Washington and he wired her an offer of a year's contract to appear as his leading lady at one hundred dollars a week. Mildred says she has never had a thrill to compare with the one she experienced when she got that telegram. She returned to Hollywood immediately and the pictures which they made together were highly successful. They began "keeping company."

Mildred's mother was as strict with her in Hollywood as she had been in Washington. She made it a hard and fast rule that she had to be in by ten o'clock every night.

Mildred says she often suspected Harold of going to parties with another girl after he had taken her home, because the fun doesn't begin in Hollywood until after ten. However, they had only a brief engagement. They married and have found success and happiness in their lives together.

Like Chaplin, Harold is inclined to be pessimistic. Two or three times in the course of every production, he reaches a point where he feels that the whole thing is a failure. Then Mildred gets busy and shows him why it isn't or if anything is wrong she helps him discover how to remedy it.

Unexpected delays and disappointments mark almost every big Hollywood production. Harold's comedies are no exception although he spends at least four months in preparation—and like Chaplin, years between picture releases—before he ever allows a single foot of film to be shot. In "The Milky Way" he mixes with a heavyweight prize fighter. Their sequences are as funny as any he has ever done, for Harold pretends to know nothing about fighting. It is difficult for him to feign ignorance of fighting because he has always been proficient in the art of boxing. When he was fifteen years old he was being groomed for an amateur championship fight in Colorado. His mother found out about it and promptly put a stop to his ambitions for a ring career, but Harold has never lost interest in pugilism.

Cash Prizes Awarded Every Month
Between You and Me
(See Page 10)

On His Way

(*Continued from page 42*)

woman took my hand, looked at the palm, then looked up at me: *'My!* You *are* masculine!' she said. The womanish fellow was standing just in back of her. 'I should *sa*-ay!' he said."

There was a broad grin on the irregular featured, likable face of Ross Alexander, whom you've seen and remembered in "Flirtation Walk," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Captain Blood," and more recently in "Brides Are Like That."

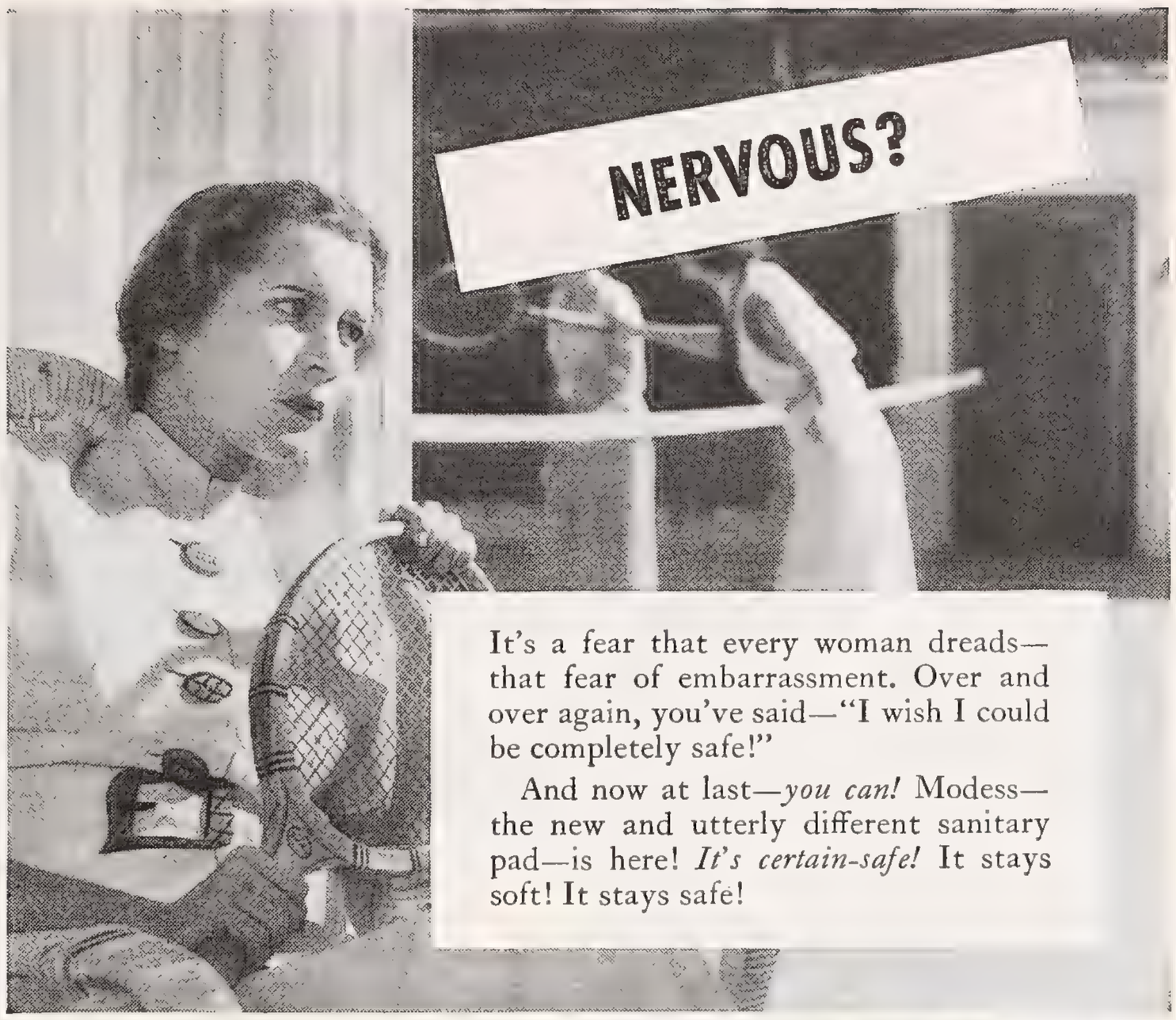
ALTHOUGH it may please his rapidly growing feminine fan contingent to see him in frequent pictures, Alexander is not sure it's so much fun to be rushed immediately from one film into another, finishing one on Monday and scramming into another on Wednesday. He hasn't time to do anything but sleep. He comes in from the studio dog-tired, eats his dinner, goes to bed at nine o'clock every night, and is up with the California mocking birds at dawn. It doesn't give him a chance to get to the Stadium for the Friday night fights or to play with his electric trains (he's a nut about them). But what can a guy do when Success seizes him?

Life, however, has always been that way for Alexander, as it was for the first great world conqueror. He's probably the luckiest actor alive, for he has never had to look for a job. When he left Erasmus Hall High School, with the imprint of the boot showing on the seat of his youthful breeches, he literally walked onto the stage. He's been walking on (and off) for twelve years—that makes him twenty-eight years old—and he's never had to worry about sitting around agents' offices. If one stellar light didn't give him a part in his new play, another one did. Blanche Yurka gave him his first chance in "Enter Madame." He's played with Philip Merivale, Francine Larrimore, Frank Craven, et cetera, in sundry plays, including "After Tomorrow," "That's Gratitude," "The Stork Is Dead," "Let Us Be Gay," and many others. In Boston he appeared in stock. He did the same thing in Louisville, Kentucky.

It is not commonly known that Hollywood is old news to Alexander. On two occasions he has come hopefully West, with a song on his lips and joy in his heart, to sit out studio contracts. The first one was for Paramount. The second for Fox. Or maybe it was the other way around. Sad though it may be, Alexander never had a chance, under either contract, to appear before a camera. His personal observation is that they were afraid to tell him that he looked like "the west end of a horse going east."

He then would have had ample time to play with his electrical trains because he didn't have to report to the studio. But when he was in Hollywood before, he had not yet become enamored of electric trains with yards of metal tracks, switches and sidings. Four years ago, Christmas, he conceived the train idea. "What do you want for Christmas?" his friends asked Alexander. When he answered, with direct simplicity, "An electric train," they laughed, like they do in the advertisements when a fellow sits down to the piano. Just a bit of Alexander foolery, they thought.

But Christmas morning they came crowding in, their little cheeks red as apples from the cold, cheering and chattering and calling out "Merry Yuletide!" and what do you suppose they saw? The floor of Ross Alexander's living-room strewn with tracks and an elegant electric engine ca-



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And now at last—*you can!* Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary pad—is here! *It's certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!



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End "accident panic"—
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SAID

WARREN WILLIAM



Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips



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reening around the curves. The bravest stepped hurriedly to the window, Ross says, and peered out to see if the "wagon"—the barred and padlocked one that is presumed to lug lunatics off to safe-keeping—was at the door. It wasn't, and his friends probably stayed to help Ross play with his toys. He still has them, the toys. He had to rent the studio across the road from his Hollywood home to accommodate them when they arrived by express from New York the other day.

JUVENILE as may be his favorite hobby, Alexander is far from being childlike. He is a self-reliant, fundamentally solid young fellow who happens to want to be an actor more than anything else. He is the only child of a New York leather merchant, and while he laments with his father that the day of synthetic fabrics has ruined the hide and pelt industry, he feels no longing to take a hand in his father's business to try and right it. Alexander's favorite occupation is that of "tearing a passion to tatters," even if he doesn't care much about the other works by the guy who wrote that phrase.

After a sojourn as Shakespeare's "Demetrius," flouncing around in a tunic ("At least I have pants on in my next picture," he says), mouthing the immortal lines of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Ross is ready to tackle any part. It has been a proven conclusion, as far as he is concerned, that Alexander and Shakespeare don't mix. "I'd go home screwy after a day with those lines," he said, irreverently, for piety is not an Alexander attribute. He has the post post-war generation's healthy cynicism, yet when accused of being a cynic he is genuinely affected. He considers himself a realist. And undoubtedly he is that, too, for he believes not at all in Santa Claus nor the Easter Bunny, but has intense admiration for the "ghost" that walks weekly on Wednesdays in the Warner Brothers' cashier's office.

He has absolute faith in one person, himself, and upon himself he relies with complete confidence. The ease with which he has taken to a theatrical career shows that. He declares he has a sense of humor (which is obvious), that all his friends think so; then says, in the next breath, that he has but few friends, proceeding to enumerate about five or six.

With fragrant, penetrating words, he enlivens any conversation; refers to actors—including himself—as "slobs"; drinks tea instead of coffee; eats sparingly because food doesn't interest him; and gave the names of two of the country's leading columnists as his "pet aversions" in filling out the studio's questionnaire. You can imagine what the studio did to that care-free confidence.

Incidentally, he established a new low in dull screen personalities when he filled out the conventional studio blank upon which the publicity department's press biographies are based. It appears he thought the whole thing pretty silly, and filled it in accordingly. Parts of it read like this: "He has no 'suppressed desires,' no economies that he practices, no favorite extravagances, no hobbies and only one or two aversions. . . . Neither politics nor religion have an interest for him, he isn't superstitious . . ." et cetera.

"I guess that biography is the nadir in dullness," he said with a grin. Then, lest we think his speech too elegant for a two-fisted guy, he added: "I learned that word from a play that I was in on Broadway."

Nadir or no, the fellow is attractive. You'll see more of him in films . . . which is all right with us girls.

Bob Taylor—Big Rave

(*Continued from page 55*)

THERE, ladies and gentlemen, is a pretty clear picture of Robert Taylor, how he feels about being called "promising," and why his sudden success hasn't changed him.

I first met Bob almost two years ago, and I swear to you that he is no different today than he was then. He's still without an "act," still modest and straightforward, looking things and people right in the eye. He lives in a little better house, has more clothes, drives a more expensive automobile. But these are superficial changes only, which have not affected Bob's attitude toward the world or toward himself.

It was almost two years ago that Bob started going around with Irene Hervey. They still go around together, despite rumors of other romances now and then. And Bob's behavior in this respect is almost without precedent. Whether you realize it or not, it has been an old Hollywood custom for a star to step up his romances along with his salary. And according to all traditions, Bob should, by now, be going around with only the biggest stars! And always to the Trocadero! But more often he is seen at the movies, or at a chop suey joint, or window shopping at night along Hollywood Boulevard, and usually with Irene Hervey. And that, in spite of the fact that all the glamor girls in town are casting eyes on him, too!

"It do beat all," as they say. "You'd think a handsome fellow like that would step out with all the stars—Lombard, Dietrich, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, and so on down the list." But "they" only say that, because they don't know their Bob Taylor.

In spite of his good looks and his charming manners, Bob is no ladies' man, as a look into his past will show. He dates Irene because he knows her better and likes her better than any girl he knows—and a friendship like that is more important to him than being a social male butterfly. They are not engaged. Both of them are free as the winds.

"I've always been like that—even when I was at college," he told me. "I never had a lot of girls. I was too bashful for that. It was all I could do to get to know one well. I couldn't just walk up to a girl I didn't know, and walk off with a date—like a lot of the fellows could. I've always been slow at that kind of thing, kind of backward.

"Why, I remember the worst evening I ever spent in my life was once when I *had* to get a date with a girl I didn't know. It was just after I arrived at Pomona—at one of those get-together dances. The rule was that you went to the dance alone but you had to leave with a girl! And there were about 60 seniors standing around to see that you did—or else! Or else they'd paddle the pants off you the next day.

"Well, I arrived at the dance, and my heart fell to my boots. I took one look at the way they danced at Pomona, and I knew I was sunk. Back in Nebraska, where I came from, the dancing was dignified. But here they hopped, skipped and jumped all over the place. Not my style



A new team that's bound to click—Janet Gaynor and Bob Taylor in "Small Town Girl."

at all—none of these girls would be able to follow me. So, since I didn't even dare ask a girl to dance with me, how could I ask one to let me take her home?

"I gave up. About an hour later, I was still standing around on the sidelines, wondering what kind of paddles they'd use, when one of my classmates asked me what the trouble was. I told him. Then he said that if I could find a girl from San Francisco, she'd probably be used to dancing the way I danced because they danced funny up there, too! That was a good tip, but how was I supposed to recognize a girl from San Francisco when I saw one? 'Ask 'em!' said my friend. So I did. I asked about fifteen girls altogether, and as each one said, 'No, I'm from Pomona, why?' I'd move on as if she had the plague.

"But finally I found one. I grabbed her and off we went. Sure enough she danced just like I did. That was swell but even then I still couldn't get around to asking her to let me take her home. As a matter of fact, I never did ask her. But I danced with her all the rest of the evening, whether she liked it or not, and then, when they began playing "Home, Sweet Home," I just danced her right out the door. Oh yes, we got to be good friends after that, and I saw a lot of her all through college."

Much, I might add, to the disgust of the other co-eds. I know that's the case, because I happen to know one who was there at the time Bob was. Like the others, she too set her cap for him, but got nowhere.

His history is repeating itself in Hollywood.

Once, recently, Irene said, "I should think you'd like to go out with someone else for a change. Why don't you?"

"You wouldn't mind?"

"Not a bit," she replied.

"Well, it might be a good idea."

"Sure, go ahead."

A week passed, and they didn't see each other, or talk on the phone. Then Bob called her. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. Why don't you come over?"

"Okay, I'd like to," he answered.

"Did you have a big time?" Irene asked him later.

"No, I didn't."

"Funny," said Irene. "Neither did I."

And, strange as it seems, they were both telling the truth!

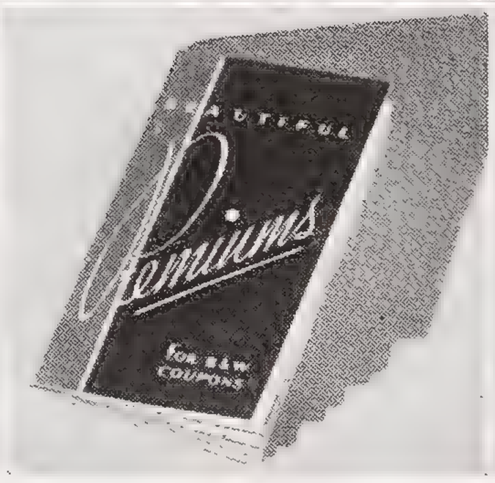


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She Knew Her When—

(*Continued from page 53*)

She was somewhat plump, wore very little make-up, her skin was country-clear and she had a wide smile. Her rose street dress was fashionably scalloped off at the knees, and could have come from the budget department of any Thirty-fourth Street shop or been made by loving hands at home. It was one of those dresses. Her pumps were blonde kid and stubby-toed and her rolled stockings matched them. And contrary to all my preconceived ideas about night club ladies, her grammar was flawless and devoid of slang.

She said her name was Grace Moore, and that she hadn't been in New York very long. I guess we talked together twenty minutes and when we parted I was to tell Betty hello for her and come to "The Black Cat" sometime.

HOW little I guessed that I had met a great star in embryo! That some day I would piece together a greatly publicized life story and discover that Grace Moore was singing in Greenwich Village's Black Cat for a third-rate salary, singing snappy four-four rhythms when she yearned to trill arias, spending her daytime hours endlessly trudging from one theatrical agency to another. Back in Jellico, Tennessee, they'd liked her voice in the Baptist Church choir. She was just ambitious, brave and headstrong enough to run away to New York to seek the musical training she wanted.

There was something else that was going to make me remember the night club singer in the park, too. Three years later I went to college with Grace's younger sister, Virginia Huff Moore.

By that time people were beginning to read about Grace Moore. She'd understudied Julia Sanderson in "Hitchy-Koo" and advanced to the lead in Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." And then she'd gone abroad to study for opera.

Huff was a lot like Grace in the family resemblance way, only she was taller and darker and her talents were more literary than musical. We lived in the same "dorm" and ran around with the same crowd and, of course, all of us followed Grace's career through her kid sister's intimate and oh-so-thrilling details.

Grace was living in the be-satinned villa of Mary Garden at Cannes. Grace was studying under some of the most expensive teachers in Europe. Grace was in love. Grace wasn't in love anymore. Grace had three fur coats, a summer in Switzerland, her hair bobbed. Grace said Huff could be her travelling companion after she finished college. Grace was going to make her debut at the Metropolitan in 1928. Grace had her *own* be-satinned villa at Cannes.

Huff got a stack of new clothes, a week's vacation from school, and went to New York for the big doings at the Met. Half of Jellico and most of Tennessee's Big Names chartered a Memphis Special to make the trip, and we all went to the station (feeling like we'd been colossally gypped on sisters) to see the vast line of cars grind to a stop to pick up a member of the Moore family.

The tales she brought back furnished delectable fodder for many a choice session, and determined half the student body, temporarily anyway, on operatic careers. Huff had a suitcase full of clippings, photographs and souvenirs. We made her tell us everything until the story grew to gargantuan proportions. *Mountains* of orchids. *Tons* of applause. *Zillions* of famous people. *Barrels* of caviar. *Roomsful* of *the* most gorgeous clothes for Grace's wardrobe.

And men! Such men! Grace had scores of them at her feet. Millionaires, great artists and statesmen and writers, members of the nobility, actors, singers.

IN 1929, Grace Moore was the most glamorous figure in the world of song. You couldn't pick up a magazine without reading of her flashing career, her gowns and jewels and gay parties, her friendships with some of the outstanding names in society, her comings and goings at her Park Avenue apartment. Pictures of her blonde beauty smiled at you from everywhere.

It was during that year that she came to visit at our school. Perhaps you know the story, how right in the middle of a triumphant concert tour through Spain, she suddenly became homesick for Tennessee, and in absolute defiance of managerial pleas and threats, cancelled her engagements and sailed for the United States. We were having exams at school, which prevented Huff's going home, so Grace stopped over in Virginia for a day and a night and stayed on campus in our dormitory.

She came alone, without any of the retinue of personal chef, maid, butler, chauffeur and secretary she maintained in New York. We liked that, but it was a disappointment to our schoolgirl curiosities that she'd travelled in a plain old Pullman instead of her private car. We wanted to see if the inside of that private car was as sumptuous as Huff had described it to us.

She hadn't changed in seven years except that she was beautifully thinner and her hair was a lustrous yellow-blonde. She remembered me and the gumdrops in Washington Square. Our natural standoffishness, on suddenly being piled into the same taxi with a world famous diva, lasted about five minutes, for Grace is the sort of person who makes you feel like it's Old Home Week the moment she grasps your hand in introduction.

Did she promenade around campus swishing silver fox and gardenias under the adoring noses of twelve hundred girls? Heck, no! An hour after her bag was unpacked she was down on the athletic field in a borrowed gym suit wielding a hockey stick with us like an old-timer. She got banged into and knocked, and broke off a cherished long fingernail and cussed about it like any girl would. She came off the field muddy and dishevelled and insisted on waiting her turn in the shower room and taped the hockey stick she'd splintered.

And because the last supper gong rang before she was fully dressed, she dashed down into the dining-room with a shiny nose and no stockings and a bump swelling on her forehead and did a brief, beautiful job when she was called upon to say grace and then dived into our regular Thursday night pink ham and potato salad as though it were *blinchiki* or *crepes suzette*.

That night, a gang of us huddled in Huff's room to get Grace into the bull-session we'd anticipated for weeks. She was swell. She let us try on all the clothes in her suitcases. She propped her feet up on the table and rubbed cold cream into her face and told us fantastic stories about the things she'd done and the people she knew. And finally, inevitably, the conversation got around to men and dates and we wanted to know how she'd made herself so popular.

"You all ask me that," she laughed, "when every one of you have a Southern 'line' that would probably make mine sound amateur! Use it, darlings. Sweet, flattering nonsense is nectar to men's ears. And," she added, "do they love it!"

One of the girls wanted to know how she'd resisted the proposals of so many fascinating men.

Grace was frank in her answer. "I just haven't found the love I'm looking for yet and I'll never marry until I do. He hasn't come along, somehow."

IF we wondered what she was doing while we attended chapel the next morning, she was rummaging under our beds getting shoe sizes. She sent several of us darling white fur mules when she returned to New York, and some of her newest victrola records. Frequently, after that, she'd send packages of used costumes and clothes she was through with. There was a leopard jacket, almost new, and Parisian labels in twice-worn evening gowns, and a gold cloth Japanese outfit she'd had designed for a masquerade ball. Many a pinned and basted Grace Moore dress went to nearby proms and house parties, or moved about on the stage of our campus plays.

I've seen Grace many times during the five years since then. There was her gala entry into Hollywood in 1930, her two flop pictures, "A Lady's Morals" and "New Moon," and consequently her galling and bitter defeat in exit from pictures.

"I'm going back to Hollywood and show them what I can do, one of these days," she said to me not long after. "At first I was angry and hurt, but now I'm only determined. I've the same determined feeling I had when the Metropolitan turned me down the first time."

Grace kept that promise to herself with the terrific success of "One Night of Love." But in the meantime there came to her the greatest success, she calls it, that she can ever know. She found the love she was looking for. She married Valentin Parera after a whirlwind courtship aboard the *Ile de France*.

They're the happiest pair you ever saw, Grace and Val. You think of two adjectives when you first meet him, and you don't change them even after years. They're



Lily Pons and Gene Raymond arrive in New York. Yes, Mlle. Pons will do a picture in the early fall. As for Gene, he came East for personal appearances.

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THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm,* you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

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Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

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"Yes"

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You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.



suave and sweet. He has the small feet and sensitive long fingers of the Latins and he's very Continental and witty. Grace is so unaffectedly crazy about her husband, it's refreshing, and neither Hollywood nor the Opera nor any added glory, something tells me, will ever change that.

And "Is she very much like a movie star?" people ask. Yes, but mostly no. Off-screen beauty being the debatable subject it is, I'd simply call her darn good-looking and feel like I'd said the honest thing. Her eyes and skin are particularly nice. Her lashes curly, but far from long. Like the rest of us she has certain beauty problems that must be constantly attended to or they lapse into unattractiveness—her hips, off diet, refuse to stay slender—and Grace is too lusty a fried-chicken-and-hot-rolls devotee to remain on diet all the time. Frequently her hair needs a *coiffeuse* for several days before she has time for one. She eats her lipstick off at meals and usually forgets to renew it for hours. But I've never seen her without an impeccable manicure. She always does her nails herself.

She still gesticulates, broadly and incessantly, no matter what she's telling about. It's the hardest habit she's had to overcome before the camera, keeping those energetic arms of hers at a sophisticated standstill. But you like it when she's talking to you. It's part of her.

She doesn't spend the money you'd expect her to on clothes. Consistently, that is. She'll greet you at tea time in a sweeping something M. Patou threw together, then turn right around, as I have seen her do, and attend an opening night in a thirty-nine-fifty model. She never looks all-dressed-up in her clothes. She looks comfortable.

I couldn't help contrasting a recent meeting with Grace with the one in the park that day. She was triumphantly returning to the United States after her command performance of "La Boheme" for Queen Mary at Covent Garden, and as the *Rex* steamed up the Hudson and docked she was given a welcome that recalled the Lindbergh reception.

Airplanes dragged "Welcome Home" streamers through the air as the ship moved into the harbor. Sky-writing planes wrote her name in the clouds. Crowds shouted greetings from boats and at the pier, while at City Hall Mayor LaGuardia was readying some lovely phrases for an official reception. The ship's band played "Dixie" twenty times and Grace's regal suite was jammed with celebrities, newspapermen, orchids and Valentin Parera.

"It's been so wonderful," she said to me, telling how the Britishers cried for "Gracie" in the streets the night she gave her command performance. "I never had anyone call me Gracie since the days of my old black mammy down in Jellico." Then she told me how she hid a 76-year-old Welsh woman, who had seen "One Night of Love" seventy-six times, near the royal box during the show. "That," she said characteristically, "was more fun than stealin' watermelons!" Which wasn't exactly the ultimate in sophisticated phraseology, but then, thank heaven, Grace hasn't outgrown her back-home way of talking.

She posed for as many kodaks as cameras, once with her arm on the shoulder of the 'P' section customs official—who was fifty, red-headed and snaggle-toothed, and grinning like an ape with delight. She shook hands with every proffered paw and got warm doing it and still didn't stop, despite the fact that in a few minutes she was scheduled to ride down Broadway, looking her best, to pick up an enormous key to the city. And she didn't import the ten trunkfuls of Parisian *frou-frou* that are sort of expected when movie stars disembark in a great big way. There was declared on her papers the glamorous total of one percolator, eight gramophone records, six dozen Irish linen handkerchiefs.

And a case of champagne.

No, Grace Moore hasn't changed a bit. Because the customs official broke open the crate of bottles for investigation and looked startled and remarked, "Miss Moore, this ain't champagne you got here—it's mineral water!" and held up a label for her to stare at in complete amazement.

She could have done the casual, movie-starrish thing at a time like that. She could have raised an eyebrow, uttered a bright saccharine "How too, too amusing!" and donated the vile old stuff to some nearby, suitably crotchety fan.

But Grace was too much her straightforward, natural self for that. She'd paid perfectly good money for what she understood was champagne, and furthermore she'd lugged it all the way from France for a very, very special occasion. And she was as disappointed and put out about it as you'd be, too, if you had been so apparently gypped.

So she stood right there in full view of the public and the press and stuck her thumb-nail between her teeth and commented, none too softly, "Things like that make me *so mad!*" and stamped her foot and turned to Val in utter exasperation, "Oh, it wasn't what we paid for it, darling, it's—the principle of the thing that gets me—"

And I recalled a ten-cent bag of stale gumdrops.

Sentimental Roughneck

(*Continued from page 39*)

amicable separation. He won't talk at all if you ask him about his efforts to obtain a divorce.

"I can't figure women out," he said cryptically. And it *is* a bit confusing when you consider that for several years he has been separated from his wife, during which time he has supported her and their son in a manner consistent with the money he has earned. He is denied the privileges of both bachelorhood and marriage.

"I want a home," he told me. "I want things other men have. I've worked hard all my life. Now I want happiness and contentment. I think I'm entitled to it."

For two years he and Virginia have been the center of one of Hollywood's sweetest romances, but they are denied the satisfaction of marriage, the joys of making a home together. George refuses to fight the woman who bears his name, the mother of his child, preferring to wait in the hope that some day soon she may volunteer to give him his freedom.

"I never quarrel with girls," he will tell you. And his friends will tell you that he never quarrels with anyone.

How does it happen, you may well wonder, that this boy of the tenements, a boy whose career has embraced many and varied activities, including selling newspapers, working as assistant to an electrician, ush-

ering in a theatre, professional boxing, dancing in vaudeville and night clubs, a boy who ran away from home at the age of fourteen because he didn't want to go to school—that a boy with this background has a respect for women that amounts almost to a religion?

There is nothing strange about it to George. The strange thing, he feels, is that all men don't have the same regard for women that he has. Because his parents were poor doesn't mean that they were not respectable, hard-working, honest people. Because he was born in a poor district of New York doesn't necessarily mean that he came from the slums, for he didn't.

"My mother taught me to respect women," he said simply. "When I was a little kid, the girl next door would ask to take me out because she thought I was cute. My mother would dress me up and I can remember that her parting admonition always was to be a good boy, not to forget to tip my hat and to be polite.

"My mother is the sweetest woman that ever lived," he continued. "I don't know how she managed all of us—there were eleven of us kids, you know—without losing her temper sometimes, but she did. She was always sweet. We're all alone now. All the others are gone, God rest their souls."

About a year ago George brought his mother out to California to live. He secured an apartment for her and provided her with a car and chauffeur. But she didn't like it here any more than George does. He thought the climate would be fine for her, but she missed her friends and preferred the lights of the city to the California sunshine, just as George does, and she asked to go back home.

"She's always lived there, you know," George said. "She likes to live where she can knock on her neighbor's door and offer to share a pot of tea or borrow an egg. And where she can talk about me, her darling Georgie," he added with a grin. "She drives me nuts talking about me and fussing over me. I can't stand being fussed over. I worship my mother, but if I tell her I love her, I mean it and I can't keep on telling her over again every five minutes."

Wisely, George figures that the career of an actor is short, that the big money is to be gathered in quickly. Consequently he is trying to be a contented citizen and is experiencing the joys of a home of his own for the first time in his life. And, although no home in Hollywood could compensate for the noise and hum, the rush and clamor of Broadway, he is more than a little proud of his penthouse apartment. He chose its furnishings personally and in every detail it reflects his quiet, good taste and love of comfort. He misses New York with an intensity that has not lessened during the five years he has been in Hollywood. "I'm losing a lot of friends by staying out here," he complained. But he finds a quiet game of bridge a passable substitute for New York's night life and philosophically makes the most of it. You rarely see George at a night club.

"I got my fill of night clubs when I worked in them," he explained. And asked if it wasn't embarrassing to always be the one of the boys who orders milk or orange juice when the others are having cocktails, he replied: "It isn't as embarrassing as getting drunk would be. I never drink because I've seen what liquor does to the other guys. Anyway I don't think it is any fun to drink. Your best friend pours you into a taxi and sends you home while he takes care of your girl. That's not my idea of a big night."

HE doesn't drink coffee, either, because he doesn't think it is good for him. Nothing, to his way of thinking, is as important as health. "If I have a strong, healthy body, no one can take it away from me. Money doesn't worry me. If I have health and can't earn a living, then I don't deserve to live. I've earned my way since I was fourteen. I've always been able to buy everything I actually needed. I can get along any place if I have my health."

No one was more surprised than George when he made a hit in his first picture. "I'm not an actor," he said at the time, and how he laughed when the critics said he did a powerful bit of acting in a scene when he stood on a corner and played with a couple of coins—a habit of years. The success he had attained in other ventures—boxing and dancing—had required years of hard work and application. Without any effort he was a sensation in pictures. It is no wonder he was puzzled. And when Hollywood, characteristically, built up a reputation for him to correspond with his first screen role, that of a gangster, he was even more bewildered.

"Do I have to be a gangster off the screen just because I played one in the picture?" he protested. But his protests weren't even heard. The fact that he had been born in what is charmingly referred to as "Hell's Kitchen," in New York, was played up to the last drop of publicity value. Perhaps inspired by jealousy, perhaps by habit, Hollywood put on one of the most vicious whispering campaigns ever to go over the grapevine about George's past activities. The stories that were whispered about the studios, at parties and wherever the film crowd gathered were

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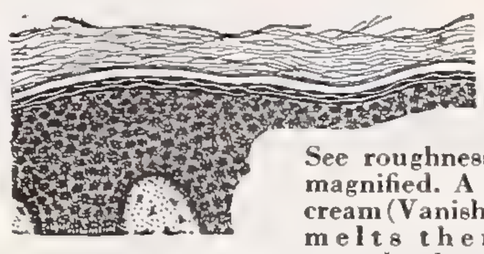
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A prominent dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, old dried-out cells on surface skin melt away. This brings into view the new supple cells beneath. The skin is immediately smoother—texture finer, coloring improved."

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fantastic. It would have been a physical impossibility for one person ever to have had half the experiences that were attributed to George.

Whatever these whispers did to him will never be known, even to his most intimate friends, for George is painfully inarticulate. This reserve is not born of a lack of ability to express himself, for with his friends and people he trusts, he is at ease and talks freely.

"I don't talk much," he said. "What's the use? You learn more listening."

George's friends were loud in his defense, but George never uttered a protest. He didn't need to, for regardless of what Hollywood thought of him, the public clamored for more of his pictures. He was enormously popular. He worked in picture after picture. He took what was offered in the way of roles and also in the publicity necessarily attached to his success. He posed for hats and shirts, shoes and socks, suspenders and soap. He endorsed everything from cigarettes to cereal.

"I always coöperated," he said, "but I never got as much as a handkerchief for all the posing I did. I did anything I was asked to do. I played any part they gave me. I realized I wasn't an actor, I thought other people knew more about this business than I did, so I did what I was told."

THAT is, up to a certain point. When he was assigned the role of Trigger in "The Story of Temple Drake," he refused to play it. He refused to the point of walking out of the studio and heading for points east. He jeopardized his entire career for what he considered a principle. If you remember the picture you will recall that Trigger didn't know how a gentleman should treat a lady.

"When people walk out of the theatre thinking I'm a heel because I've played so many of them, I'm through," he argued.

So someone else played Trigger and George, having tasted the exhilarating sensation of independence, began to exercise his new-found authority. It became a habit with him to refuse to do things he thought would hurt his career. If a dance routine didn't look right to him, he refused to do it. Surely his reputation as a professional dancer entitled him to this privilege.

But he really went to town on his "no" campaign, when he walked out in high dudgeon after a brief but effective physical encounter with a studio executive, during the making of "Bolero," because he was asked to speak a line of dialogue which he found particularly distasteful and which he thought would be offensive to the public. The line was: "And let's use those pictures I had taken at my mother's grave for publicity."

"I've always been taught to respect graves," was his only explanation for refusing to speak the line. He didn't think it necessary to tell the world that within a few years he had buried every one of his ten brothers and sisters, that only a few months prior to the time of this incident he had lost his father, whom he worshipped.

"I was my father's favorite," he told me. "He idolized me and always took my part. We were much closer than most fathers and sons."

To speak such a line, even acting, made him absolutely sick. After the argument was settled in George's favor, he established an all-time high for an apology with reservations. "If I'm wrong, I'm sorry," he said.

When George says "no" he means just that and neither threats nor promises can make him change his mind. Recently he was suspended from the studio for ten weeks because he refused to do something he didn't think would be a good idea, but suspensions and the loss of a salary that is not to be sniffed at, don't worry George.

"No one is going to look after me but me," he explained. "No one cares what happens to me but me and I do care. I'm nervous. This business is a million headaches a day. I was never nervous when I was a dancer, but now I've got the shakes half the time. This business does it to everyone."

He refuses to work more than twelve or fourteen hours a day.

"No," George said. "I'm up at five in the morning in order to get made up and on the set at eight. It's eight o'clock when I get home at night and I'm tired."

He was suspended again when he refused to work in a Mae West picture. "Mae and I are very good friends," George said, "but I explained to her that it wouldn't do me any good to be kicked around in her picture. If you let yourself be kicked around in a picture, people get the impression you can be kicked around off the screen, too.

"Other stars fight for stories and parts and even cameramen. I've always taken just what was given me, but I've learned that if I don't fight for myself no one else is going to."

And, as anyone who has had the bad fortune to come up against one of his handy fists will testify, George doesn't need anyone to do his fighting for him. He doesn't need a bodyguard, as Hollywood facetiously calls his friend, the mild, naïve Mack Grey.

He is neat to a fanatical point. He can't stand a spot of dirt on himself or anyone else. He can't stand a disorderly apartment, his idea of such a state being a place where the ash trays aren't clean. If there is no servant around to empty them, George'll do it rather than look at a tray full of cigarette stubs.

He can't stand to see his friends want for anything and will take off his shirt, hat or tie and pass it on to anyone he thinks needs it. He takes great pride in his personal appearance and always dresses neatly and in the very latest style.

Consistent with his pride in appearance is his preference for pretty girls. He likes to take a girl out who adds to the picture. He likes to feel that everyone is admiring his girl. And his present choice of companion, Virginia Pine, is everything any chap could ask for, both in appearance and character. Cultured, sweet and charming, she also has exquisite taste in clothes and is strictly feminine. A sun-tanned beauty or a girl who wears mannish clothes doesn't fit on George's private pedestal for women.

He was leaving for the race track when I caught him in his dressing-room at the studio, a few days ago. In a stunning, well-tailored sack suit he was a picture of what the well-dressed young man should wear to the races.

"Wait!" I screamed, with a wicked gleam in my eye. "You've forgotten your shoes!"

Glancing nonchalantly at his smart, tan bedroom slippers, he said, "Oh, no, I'll wear these. No one will notice them."

He picked up his overcoat and I understood. Of softest wool in brown and tan plaid, it was beautiful. But loud? Definitely! It could be heard from here to St. Moritz. It was a Jack Oakie dream. George was right. No one would notice his feet because they couldn't see past that coat!

George's recent roles will testify that he is able to depict other than gangsters on the screen and his friends will swear that neither screen roles nor clothes are an infallible guide to character.

Decisions at the Crossroads

(*Continued from page 43*)

but they would rather she did not go out quite so much with Mr. Ruggles. Not that he wasn't worthy of her. He was an upright man. But if she were seen too often with the same man it might prove harmful to her career.

Arline listened attentively. She neither agreed nor disagreed. Later, however, she discussed this momentous conversation with Mr. Ruggles. What did he think about it? Ruggles was open-minded. What did *she* think? Arline wasn't sure. Suppose they kept the date they had that night and then not see each other socially for a week or so. Ruggles consented. Perhaps it might be a good idea. They'd soon know how much they did or did not mean to each other by not being together so often.

It didn't take them long to know the answer, nor did it take Arline, in her short, decisive way, long to announce one day:

"I'm not going to let a studio run my life. If I can't live the way I want and have a career, too, then I'll know the reason why!"

Up to the head office she marched, chin up, war-clouds all around her. She let the executive, behind the flat-topped desk, have the war-clouds:

"I just want to tell you," she declared in so many words, "that I'm going out with Wes Ruggles when and as much as I want to. If that's harmful to my career, it's just too bad."

"That was in February, 1931. In October, 1931, Arline and Ruggles were married. She seems to have done all right in pictures since.

A decision not generally known is that which enables Edwin Arnold today to earn around one hundred thousand dollars a year instead of being just a good actor uncertain of a job. Several years ago, when Arnold was playing in a Broadway stage play called "Whistling in the Dark," he received three hundred and fifty dollars a week for his efforts. The show reached the end of its run and the management called Arnold in to inform him:

"Look here, Edwin, we're going to send a 'Whistling in the Dark' company to Hollywood. How would you like to go with it?"

NOW the Coast, with motion pictures the ultimate, had always been a pet dream of Edwin Arnold. So much so, that some years before he had accepted a vaudeville engagement with Viola Dana, erstwhile picture star, in the hope that it would lead him to a movie contract. All it led to, however, when he played in Hollywood, was a casual invitation from former friends to visit the studios. Mr. Arnold remembered this. It wasn't a particularly inspiring memory. But a job was a job, so:

"What's the salary for the Coast show?" he inquired.

"One hundred and eighty-five dollars a week," he was told.

Arnold glowered. He had been receiving three hundred and fifty dollars a week for the New York run of the play. To go to the Coast meant a cut of a hundred and seventy-five. He rejected the offer.

That night, however, he mentioned the incident to his wife.

"Take their offer," she advised.

"What! Take that much of a salary cut?"



At certain times it is far from wise,
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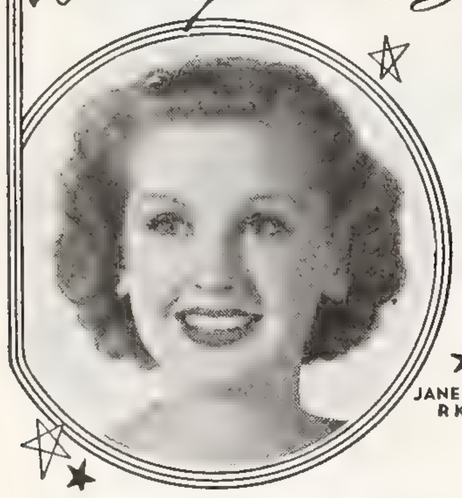
TATTOO



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"Take it," she repeated. "I've a feeling it will bring you something in pictures."

"I played Hollywood once before and it didn't happen," he reminded her.

"But this is different," she insisted. "I've a good feeling about it."

Arnold considered. A "feeling" certainly was too problematic to stake any hopes on. Still, he followed his wife's advice, made it a decision, and signed for the Coast production of "Whistling in the Dark."

The Edwin Arnolds went to Hollywood. The play opened. Hollywood turned out for the premiere. Among those who turned out were three producers who, before the evening was over, offered Arnold very attractive picture contracts.

Mr. Arnold's residence is now California and, thanks to Mrs. Arnold's hunch and his yielding to it, he is now in the six-figures-a-year earning class.

It was rather a tragic occurrence that prompted Gloria Stuart to reach a decision so far as her career and life were concerned. Gloria, while attending the University of California in Berkeley, met and fell in love with Gordon Blair Newell, also a student at the University with hopeful dreams of becoming a successful sculptor. The road to success in that art field, however, is a slow and an arduous one. But Gloria and Newell were young and, though the exchequer was slim, they believed in their dreams—and their love. They were married.

Some twenty miles from San Francisco, on the highway to Los Angeles, there is a beautiful little seaside town called Carmel-by-the-Sea. Many well known artists, and others not so well known, live in this colorful spot on the Pacific. It was here that Gloria and her husband settled down—she, to keeping house; he, to sculpturing. But Gloria was not a personality to be submerged in domesticity. She had a keen desire to go into dramatic work. As there was an amateur company in Carmel, she decided to join with them.

She learned much through her activities with this group. But married life, instead of becoming easier, became increasingly difficult. Newell's artistic endeavors did not win the recognition necessary to make existence cozier. Gloria did her best to make the short end of their monetary earnings meet the longer end of expenses. She was in love, and love does survive in humbleness—for a little time, anyway.

Carmel is quite a rendezvous for some of the motion picture players, and Gloria either met them or came to know them by sight. She also knew about the Pasadena Playhouse, that up-to-the-minute amateur group from which many a talented actor has graduated to a lucrative picture career. She knew, too, that Gilmor Brown, director of the Pasadena Playhouse, was a man willing to give any likely applicant a chance.

BUT Gloria refused to think too seriously of people or a career that would mean separation from her husband. That is, she did until after a certain sad event had occurred to precipitate the need of a decision. That event was the coming of her baby. The baby did not live. Gloria, broken-hearted, half mad with grief, knew she could not go on as she had been going. The memory of the baby, in the midst of all else, was more than she could face in utter monotony of routine. She realized, possibly, that any decision taking her away

from her husband might mean estrangement—perhaps eventual divorce, for it is a far cry from the fast, pounding tempo of the theatre and pictures to the quiet, introspective tempo of Carmel.

The future, Gloria finally decided, would have to take care of itself. It was the despair of the past and the present that she had to get freedom from.

She left Carmel and her husband and went to Pasadena, there to seek and get a job with the Playhouse. The rest—her picture offer and success; her divorcing her sculptor-husband after trying unsuccessfully to live on a separation basis; her marriage to Arthur Sheekman, scenario writer—all this is known. But it only happened because of the tragedy of her baby's death and her striking out by herself to find release from suffering through the activity of work. In such darkness was rooted the reason for Gloria Stuart's decision to embark upon an acting career.

Five years ago, Ricardo Cortez also made a decision. He decided to give up motion pictures. He figured, perhaps, that in a way it wasn't exactly a decision inasmuch as motion pictures had apparently given him up. Certainly Ricky, who had formerly had more roles offered him than he had time to fill, now found he had little more than time—and nothing in a picture way to embellish it with. It was one of those dull "breaks" that sometimes happen in the careers of players and for which there seems no good reason.

It became too much for Ricky. He decided he was through and was wondering if it wouldn't be a logical thing to go into some sort of business, when a friend called him up and said:

"Say, Rick, go over to the RKO lot and see if you can land the lead in 'Symphony of Six Millions.' They're having a hard time getting just the right man for the part."

Ricky knew about this Fannie Hurst story which was to star Irene Dunne. He hadn't given any thought to the studio's difficulties in finding a leading man, however. But he did now. His decision to give up pictures could wait a day or so. He went over to RKO and, like many others, made a test and like these others he was told:

"Sorry, you're not the type."

Unlike these others, however, Ricky accepted that dismissal as answering his own uncertainties. Now, he *was* through. He'd go into a business of some sort.

AS he walked across the lot on his way to the street, Bernard Shubert, a writer associated with the production of "Symphony of Six Millions," espied him and called:

"Hi, Rick."

Cortez turned, smiled faintly, and stopped. His stopping to talk to Shubert was the turning point in his career.

"How did your test turn out?" Shubert asked.

"It didn't," Cortez said, and added, wryly, "This washes me up. I'm through."

"Oh, no you aren't," Shubert disagreed. "I think you're the man we're looking for. What say we make another test and keep it quiet until it's ready to show?"

"What's the use?" Ricky shrugged.

"Plenty," Shubert declared. "We'll make this test *my* way. Are you game?"

Ricky consented. Shubert telephoned Irene Dunne, explained the story of Cortez's test to her and asked if she would appear with him in the secret test he was going to make. She said she'd be very happy to. So the test was made, developed, shown to the studio executives who declared to a man:

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That picture put Ricky on top again and he has stayed there ever since. Perhaps it isn't often that a discouraged player meets a man of Bernard Shubert's energetic ingenuity, but who can tell how often often is!

Wynne Gibson made a decision that nobody would sympathize with—if it had not worked out successfully. This was when Wynne was living in New York trying to get a stage job and just about as flat, financially, as the proverbial pancake. At the time of this story, Wynne had just one dollar and seventy-five cents in her purse and nothing in sight. It looked bad.

Then came a fateful telephone call from a friend inviting her to make a fourth at bridge that night. Wynne hesitated. She certainly couldn't—or rather wouldn't—let her friend know how broke she was. And if she accepted that bridge bid she stood to lose her whole dollar seventy-five capital, and more, as against the dubious possibility of winning a few cents. On the other hand, if she stayed at home and thought about things—well, that wasn't worth doing.

"I'll be there," Wynne accepted, and she was. She walked to her friend's house to save carfare. The bridge game got under way, but Wynne's luck didn't. Now anybody who will play bridge for money when all they have in the world is a dollar seventy-five, and no prospect of more, isn't a person to be sympathized with when she loses all but a few cents of that amount. Which Wynne did. She had fifteen cents between her and nothing when she got home.

As it happened, however, there was a man in that bridge game who had an interest in a musical comedy then being cast called "Little Jessie James." There was a leading part in it still to be cast.

The morning after the bridge game, Wynne's telephone jingled. The voice at the other end belonged to the man who had won part of her dollar seventy-five cents. He wanted to know:

"Will you come down to the Cort Theatre to try out for 'Little Jessie James'?"

"I'm on my way down now," Wynne announced.

She repeated that trip for more than a year, for she landed the part and the show was a hit which led her to stardom in pictures. But heaven help her if her decision to "shoot" the dollar seventy-five had ended disastrously! Those, however, are the gambles that make decisions so contrarily intriguing.

ROBERT YOUNG might have been a sedate and successful young banker today, instead of a popular leading man earning a superlatively respectable salary, had he not talked to a woman who helped him to make a decision by refusing to help him. Bob, at that time, was a bright, up-and-coming lad with a big loan and banking business in Los Angeles. The head of the business had an approving eye focussed on him and had visions of Bob becoming a high-powered executive. Bob, however, had only his head in his work, not his heart. His heart was in the amateur theatrical jobs he enacted on occasion at the Pasadena Playhouse. Banking was something he knew how to do, but acting was what he wanted to do.

Perhaps he would have continued as an employee in that loan and banking house if Gilmor Brown of the Playhouse had not innocently precipitated him into a crossroad decision by offering him the lead in a company that was going on a road tour. Bob saw that he couldn't go on the road and keep his banking job, too. It was a case of having your cake versus eating it. He couldn't decide what to do. As against a regular job and certain promotion, here was a limited job at much less money and no definite future once the road show closed.

What to do?

Now in the company he was with was the aforementioned frank, terse-spoken woman. She liked Bob, he liked her. She respected his judgment, he respected hers. He went to her to talk over his decision difficulty. She listened. When he was all through, she asked:

"What do you care what I think? You're going to do what you want to do anyway."

"That isn't the point," he answered. "The point is, what is the right thing to do?"

"What you want to do is right," she stated.

"But is it right to give up a good job with a future for something I like but that's insecure?"

"It's right," she said, "if you have the courage to think so."

Bob nodded. "That settles it. I'm chucking this job."

He took the right turn at the crossroads despite the apparent foolhardiness of his decision. And destiny awaited him, in a small town on the road, in the guise of a talent scout for one of the Hollywood studios. This scout saw Bob's performance, wired his studio that the boy was a sure bet, and paved the way to the movie contract that helped celebrate his arrival home from the tour. With Bob, it was a case of jumping from one lap of luxury to another—but he didn't know that until the jump was made.

What would have happened to these players had they made different decisions from what they did? Perhaps what has happened to others who knew what they wanted to do but, faced at the crossroads with the need of an answer, hesitated and then, either took the wrong road or lost out through indecision. The lucky actor knows when and how to make a decision. How does he know that? You ask him that!

"Tain't So!" Cries Ginger

(*Continued from page 37*)

'There's no use your denying it,' he said. 'I couldn't be mistaken in that hair!' That's the way it goes. Some redhead that looks a little like Ginger gets off the train in Nevada or turns up in a divorce court, or is seen dancing with somebody and another rumor is off. I tell you, the cards are stacked against young couples in Hollywood. Ginger is happy. She and Lew are working to make a success of their marriage. They will make a success of it if people will only let them."

Opportunity knocks once, the postman knocks twice, but the public keeps knocking all the time. Listen to them now! Ginger Rogers took a vacation trip to New York without Lew, didn't she? She brought her mother with her instead of her husband, I suppose you noticed! Lew wasn't working on a picture, was he? And yet they've never had a regular honeymoon, have they? Well, it certainly looks funny, my dear, doesn't it? I've said all along, haven't I—and so on and so forth.

"The reason Lew didn't come," Ginger sighed, looking wistfully at the big pile of

fat letters on the desk, "is that he's still under contract to an independent company, His last picture for them is finished, but —well, you know Hollywood! Let them decide that a scene needs to be retaken, and if you're not at the other end of the telephone, you've broken the contract. We talked about it, but at the last minute we decided Lew had better not risk it. Mother didn't even know she was coming with me instead of Lew till the day before we started!"

"Lew and Ginger have never been free at the same time since they were married," Mrs. Rogers added. "Just week-end vacations. They took one of those recently when Ginger finished 'Follow the Fleet.' Called me up and told me they were on their way, with the pup and a tent and their old clothes. But that Honolulu honeymoon they planned seems out of the question. I told you the cards were stacked against young couples in the movies. They fall in love with each other because they're different from other boys and girls—glamorous, exciting, famous. In other words, because they're movie stars. And then they come up against the fact that they aren't like other people's husbands and wives, can't be home in time for dinner, have to spend their evenings working, aren't able to do things together.

"I can see it happening to a young couple we know right now. The girl played a part in Ginger's latest picture. She and her husband have been an inseparable radio team. Now that she has had this chance in Hollywood, he's in the depths of gloom. As a fellow artist, he knows it's best for her future to leave him in the East and go three thousand miles away to make a name for herself on the screen. As an adoring young husband, he just can't be reconciled to it. I tried to reason with him when he wept on my shoulder, but I understand their situation only too well. Some morning he'll open his paper to see a news photograph of some movie hero dancing with his lovely wife, or read some squib in a gossip column and another real romance will be in danger."

"And yet she won't be to blame for the picture," Ginger said. "There was the photographer at the party the other day who kept following Howard Hughes and me around the dance floor with his camera pointed at us. Howard is always news, but right now after that record flight of his, he's more so, and every girl who's mentioned as being seen with him is a matter for the columnists. I said to the photographer, 'Please don't take us!' I couldn't explain why. Movie stars aren't supposed to object to publicity. So I said, 'I always look awful in these catch-as-catch-can pictures.' But he wouldn't be discouraged. Finally when we danced out into the open, there he was before us, down on his knees pointing the camera up. Howard was swell. He said, 'Here, give me that plate.' The fellow only grinned and ran out of the room. He'd have got away, but by mistake he opened the wrong door and ran into a telephone room. So Howard's bodyguard caught him. Then he pretended he didn't know which plate it was. 'All right,' said Howard, 'smash 'em all, then! He began to whine that they were all his day's work and he'd be fired and Howard said, 'Okay. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send my man with you to your office lab. You develop all the plates and he'll bring back the one of Ginger with me.' And he did. That was one rumor that didn't start!"

Lew Ayres is sensitive, and interviewers know better than to ask him whether his marriage is successful. The chances are that he would knock a man down and turn on his heel and walk away if the questioner were of the unfair sex. And yet an actor who turned down an offer to play

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opposite his wife, as Lew did recently, and who has even refused to sign a contract on the same lot cares, rather terribly, what people say of him.

While in New York, Ginger's room was crammed with flowers from Lew. Every day the telephone rang and Lew's voice was on the other end, three thousand miles away. On the table were piled the presents that Ginger was bringing back to him.

Frail proofs against the testimony of those great democratic institutions—freedom of speech and press. And yet . . .

I remember talking with Lew and Ginger before they were married. They had such wonderful plans. They would both work hard for a few years and live quietly and save their money until they could build their Dream Home with a special room for Lew's books and telescopes and—maybe a nursery in a quiet wing. They had something, those two. They have it still. They stand a good chance of keeping it if you will let them alone.

Maureen Exposes Miss O'Sullivan

(*Continued from page 47*)

they weren't hesitant about saying so!

"The show-down, the pay-off was when I played 'The Princess and the Plumber' with Charles Farrell. That was the test of my 'box office power' and—the last picture (but one) that I did for Fox. Which gives you the dimensions of my box office 'power'!

"Then the studio let me go.

"I did independents. And I became so tired that once I had hysterics on the set, from sheer lack of sleep.

"Then—I woke up! I was down, all right, so I began to work. I thought, 'I'll show 'em!' It was a fight for fair. I hadn't saved any money and I was broke. I was too proud to cable home for help, after my high hat attitude before. I was homesick, friendless, alone and depressed. So, the fight was on. I didn't sit down and 'take it.' I didn't mope.

"I bought hats! I always buy hats when I am depressed. It has some strange psychological effect upon me. I bought new dresses, too, after the hat-buying orgy. When things are going well for me I'll go around, for months, in sweaters and slacks and think nothing of it. The moment things go wrong for me I invest in a wardrobe fit to knock your eyes out. Whenever you see me looking very toppy and all brand new, you can bet your life I've had a bad slump of some sort.

"Well, thanks to some friendly intervention, I finally got a test for 'Tarzan.' The test was okay. I got the part of Jane. For the second time I was a 'success'—due entirely to the monkeys and to Tarzan, of course. But never willing to learn, it seemed, it wasn't long before I lay down on the job again. For a different reason than before. At Fox I was considered very important—at M-G-M I wasn't. I had a little part in 'Strange Interlude' with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. I had an uninteresting part in 'Tugboat Annie' with Marie Dressler. And I soon lost all interest in my career. I heard that they were making a Western at another studio and, as I had never done a Western and wanted to see Arizona, I asked if I could do it. Which is, you know, very bad professionally—for some obscure reason. Once again I was well on the road to oblivion.

"When I fully and acutely realized that I was once more a nobody I set to work again. And this time with a reason—for John had returned after two years abroad and I started seeing him again. When I first met him I'd been riding high at Fox. I must have felt rather ashamed of my low ebb this time, I think. Anyhow, I took stock of myself, in every way.

I HAD a new haircut. I bought a lot of new clothes. Hats and hats and HATS! I stopped wearing pajamas around the studio. I realized that it is more important to look nice in front of the people who employ you than to look nice at somebody's party. I made it a point to be nice to people—not insincerely—but for the first time I tried to be interested in others and to show it. I made myself do at least a few of the things I should do . . . such as publicity pictures, having my hair done smartly, wearing make-up before being photographed and trying to think of things to talk about before being interviewed.

This sounds very trivial. It isn't. For if you bring law and order to external things, you are very apt to bring it to internal things, too. Which is just what it did for me. Into my thoughts, my way of living, came some kind of system—and until that comes you can do nothing. And so, with a kind of new strength and firmness of purpose, I asked producers for parts I felt I could do. I went to the mat and fought my own battles. Finally I got the part in 'The Barretts' and then one in 'David Copperfield,' and now in 'The Voice of Bugle Ann'—so I feel 'up' again!

"Somehow I think that, with John's return and my consequent awareness of my own deficiencies, I reached—and passed—a turning-point in my life. Of course, I am about due for another relapse but this time I'm going to—to keep on buying hats!

"You see," said Maureen, vivid and fresh looking in her scarlet jersey frock, "I have a peculiar battle to fight with myself. One part of it is that success doesn't stimulate me as it does most people. It sort of lulls me to sleep instead. And when I'm unsuccessful and about as far down as I can get, I begin to gnash my teeth and thrash about. But you can't keep on being down, you know . . . for one of these times the count will be down and *out!*

"But I think that underlying even this truth about myself is my feeling that I will never be a really big star. My feeling that I am not 'star material.' I'm not *different* enough . . ."

I interrupted at this point to say, with honesty and not flattery, that that's just what I think Maureen is—different. She is the one screen personality I can think of who is utterly unspoiled and completely natural, fresh, honest, unbedaubed with "glamor."

"But that's *it*," said Maureen, "it's nice of you but I'm not different in the right way, you see. I haven't the mystery of Garbo. I haven't the seductiveness of Jean Harlow. I haven't the enigmatic beauty of a Dietrich, nor the extraordinariness of a Hepburn. I'm just me—and that's not star-stuff.

"I don't do anything to myself. I've never touched my hair. I don't use make-up. I don't dress in an unusual way. I don't swank about in opulent cars. I don't play the game at all—and what's worse, I don't want to. I don't go about to parties and meet the 'right people.' I don't entertain them. I don't think that I'm really an

actress at all. I'm really just a little Irish girl who happened to come to Hollywood . . . and who doesn't belong here . . ."

And again the blue eyes of Maureen strayed to John Farrow and that blush, which always rises to her face when she looks at him, suffused it again.

"I'll give it all up one day," she said, "if it doesn't give me up first. I'll say good-bye to Hollywood . . . a last good-bye. We'll travel, John and I, when we can be married. We'll do interesting things together and settle in England where we can have our home and children.

"For the one thing I never 'lie down' about is being in love. There are some girls who, when the man they care about is the most devoted, the most tender, sort of get careless and take it for granted. I don't. Perhaps I've grown suspicious but I always wonder, 'Now, why all the devotion? Why this attack of attentiveness?' And so, when things are going most beautifully between John and me I'm always most on my toes. Perhaps because I care more . . .

"I'd like to make good in pictures, of course. For it's in line with what I've been saying. I'll feel down until I can prove to myself that I'm really up. And I can prove that only by doing at least one picture that really satisfies me—only by getting some parts that are really big and important.

"I may not be an actress. I'm sure I'm *not*. But I am an 'Irishman' and you can't keep a good Irishman down . . . not a *fighting* Irishman . . ."

"Furriner" from Times Square

(*Continued from page 50*)

never adopted the Valentino mannerisms. His career paralleled Rudolph Valentino's only in that they both danced for what they probably both laughingly called a living.

"I've been down to my last nickel so many times in New York that I couldn't begin to count them," says Romero. "I've lived in hall bedrooms and cooked over a gas flame.

ROMERO is a New Yorker, of Cuban descent, as American as buckwheat cakes, and hasn't visited the West Indies for twenty-one years. He'd like to make a trip there now, he says, despite the chance of running into a bullet-popping revolution.

Cesar is a distinct contradiction. On the screen, because he is slightly sinister, you expect villainy. Certainly neither "Rendezvous" nor "Show Them No Mercy" whitewashed his mortal soul. When you meet him, the illusion is immediately dispelled. You expect to find a Latin, reeking of lure, and you find a Latin, all right, but one full of American inclinations.

He is all-Yankee in his fondness for tennis, swimming, riding, sports clothes, fast cars, cute girls. And then, suddenly, when you have tabbed him as a Yankee, the Latin in him crops up and he goes reverent over Jose Marti, Cuba's nineteenth century liberator and his mother's godfather.

There is one thing about Romero, Yankee or Latin, his life is built on heroic principles. Living nicely but modestly in his Hollywood duplex, with a Filipino houseman as valet, cook and major domo, Romero is supporting his mother, father, two sisters, and one brother, in Asbury



What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

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The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

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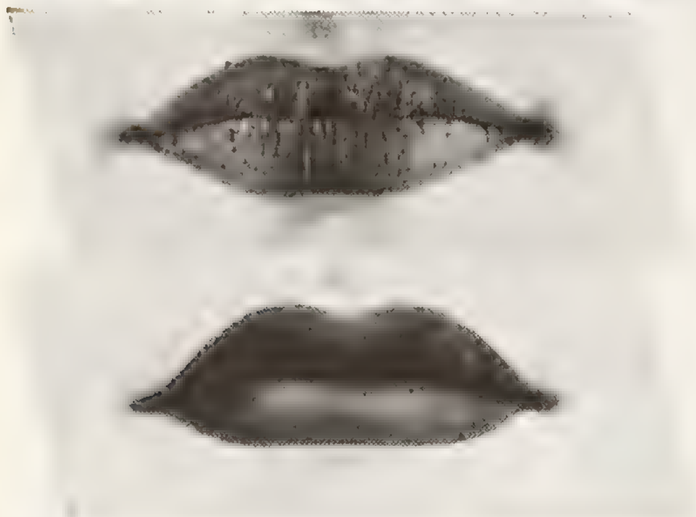
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Jean Parker and Frank Albertson, two youngsters who are slated for big things. You'll see them soon in "The Farmer in the Dell."

Park, New Jersey. Supporting them? Doing it as a labor of love, with that expansive Latin spirit that makes such things a privilege instead of a burden.

"It seems that as my father's career gradually declines," he says with typical philosophy, "that my career is in the ascent. At one time in our lives, my father had money. He was an exporter of machinery in use in the Cuban sugar fields. But the sugar industry is ruined. So is his business. He had property in America, but first one house, then another, was lost. I am glad that if his career had to fade, mine can help him."

Romero's career has been built, largely, on luck. He says so himself. He has bluffed his way into two theatrical fields. After the collapse of his dancing career, he tried the stage. Rather, the stage tried him. Tullio Carminati left the Broadway cast of "Strictly Dishonorable" to go to Europe. Without theatrical experience, Romero stepped into the leading male role and thereby became an actor. For three years he enjoyed a stage career.

Then 1934 found him in Hollywood, inexperienced in films, anxious to make good at them. After a few brief picture appearances, luck placed him as the lead opposite the luscious Marlene Dietrich, in "The Devil Is a Woman." He had never played a screen lead before. Romero acquitted himself so well that he overheard the director telling someone that "Romero is the best leading man Dietrich ever had." The news made him feel pretty good.

SOON Romero will enjoy the rare pleasure of having a woman in his house. It will not be a bride, because he does not feel that he can afford a wife, yet. The woman will be Graciela, his eldest sister, one year older than the twenty-eight-year-old Cesar. Grace has been teaching school, and needs the rest and chance to recuperate that a visit to California will give her.

Although finances will make marriage at the moment an impossibility, Cesar is not immune to Hollywood beauties. He divides his attentions between Betty Furness, who wears those giddy hats, and blonde, statuesque Virginia Bruce. Romero insists, although each is individually lovely, that he is not in love with the girls you see him with around town. Nor has he been.

At the moment, he is all enthusiasm for Carole Lombard whom he characterizes as the grandest sport in the film business. She fusses around helping the prop man when he has too much to do, holds lights for the busy electricians, lets fifty-five gallons of water at a time be dowsed over herself and Romero for a "Love Before Breakfast" scene, and refuses to have a double. Generous, impulsive, she gave Romero two Christmas gifts. One wasn't enough. The first was a leather-encased breast-pocket watch that fastens to his lapel with a thong, and the second was a pair of gold-fitted garters.

However, there is no romance here. Merely friendship. As for Romero, he has been in love, once, he says, and isn't now. Cesar's love affair took place in New York when he was devoted to the prima donna of a theatrical troupe he was with. And, we gather, the singer returned the emotion. If she didn't, she was foolish. This Romero is a nice guy.

. . . Hurry up, Modern Hostesses, and clip the coupon on page 75 which will bring you recipes for John Boles' favorite Texas dishes

If the Shoe Fits—Wear It!

(*Continued from page 66*)

leaving Hollywood for awhile, couldn't find a D'orsay anywhere else. Many stormy sessions in shops about the country must have resulted in some bright person's deciding that the D'orsay cut must be a darn good one. So, this spring the Hollywood-beloved D'orsay cut shoe makes its debut in many pedal guises! In case you aren't familiar with this particular style, this is what it looks like. It's a short vamp shoe with a sharp downward cut to its side line. The heel is high. In line with the general feeling for dressier shoes, the plain pump of this type is almost overshadowed by a number of straps, ties and step-ins that use the same cut in their design. It's a young shoe, as you can guess, for Hollywood likes its feet to look dainty, feminine and young.

And a word about heel heights, too. So many of you write in to me with shoe problems—big feet, for instance—or being tall, you wonder if you have to stick to the more conservative arch-saver styles, etc. Well, heels are as varied in height as all of you! They range all the way from flats to three inches. The built-up, rather sensible walking heel is popular for tailored daytime use and this is a little less than two inches high. This is a popular style all over the country. For formal afternoon and evening use, high heels are 'way in the lead of all others. Yet the very tall girl finds consolation in the fact that she can wear almost heelless dancing sandals and still be fashionably shod. In fact, you can choose your heel height to suit your figure, your taste or your costume, just as you would any other item in your wardrobe. And isn't it grand to know that clothes and accessories at last are developed to a point of individuality where you can be yourself and not just a carbon copy of eight other people!

Cute Margo, of the dancing feet and dramatic moods, attributes her graceful carriage to the fact that she wore flat heeled shoes during her Mexican childhood. And Jean Muir emphatically states that she would never wear a high heel, regardless of future dictates of style. She finds the almost flat heel ideal for her tallness and it gives her a sense of grace she cannot feel in higher heels. So there is the long and the short of the heel question as exemplified by two charming Hollywood stars.

NOW to our pictures. Madge Evans likes the tailored alligator pump for her daytime costumes. She wears this with two typical spring costumes. One is a three-piece suit, shown on page 64. The topcoat and suit jacket of this trio are gray tweed overplaided in deep wine red. The skirt is gray flannel and Madge wears a simple tailored blouse in silk of a shade to match the wine of the plaid. Her pumps are black as is her handbag.

Capes, as I told you last month, appear again and again to form attractive ensembles. One of Madge's, not illustrated, is particularly interesting in the way it combines two fabrics. Gray, white and blue for the plaid of the skirt and the trimming of the cape. The tunic is blue wool and buttons trimly from collar to hem. The cape is designed with a jaunty swing to its lines and combined with a tunic, makes a very different sort of fashion alliance. Again Madge, with this costume, wears her alligator pumps but this time they are in blue to match the predominating color of her costume. Her large handbag is made of the tunic material, a nice matching accessory idea.

Now, as an alternate to Madge's alligator pump, I suggest a trim oxford of contrasting color and leather. The shoes pictured are brown alligator with beige suede. But it could well be navy alligator with grey suede to tie up with Madge's blue costume. This is typical of the oxfords with moderately high heel which are suited to tailored suits and other simple daytime costumes.

Still tailored, but more feminine and dressy, is the sabot strap slipper of blue kid which is shown as an alternative to Lucille Ball's charming silk and wool ensemble. It has the new detail of the square toe and it also has an innovation in its high square heel. The first square heels shown were on the low, peasant shoe type. The large buckle and the tailored stitching add a special fillip to this design. It's a perfect example of the "dressmaker" type of tailored shoe. Also, this shoe has a special high "arch curve" feature.

Lucille designed her charming costume —and what a grand job, don't you think?

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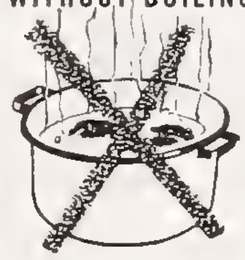
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Here is the favorite Hollywood stocking which is only Knee-High. Stars wear these under evening gowns and also for general daytime use. The closely woven band fits snugly under the knee.

The dress is navy blue sprinkled over with white snow crystals. The peasant influence is evident in the front gathered fullness of the skirt, the soft, high necked blouse and the full sleeves bloused below the elbow. Her ribbed navy blue wool coat has the same bloused sleeve as the dress. As you can see, Lucille chose the popular opera pump with stitched detail as the shoe to suit this admirably.

Ann Harding's ensemble of dress and short flared coat is in natural color with bright splashes of flamingo red in the tricky lacings and the bindings. A matching bag is trimmed with the red and Ann's gloves are red, too. This is one of the best looking outfits I've seen Ann wearing in a long while. It was designed for a picture by Bernard Newman, who seems to have had imagination enough to give Ann the bit of dash and youth she has needed in her costumes for some time. It's obvious that he wasn't thrown by her long blonde hair, nor by her general air of mature dignity. He has made her youthful looking without appearing too giddy. In fact Ann went into raptures of praise over what Newman can do with a few yards of cloth and some accessories. She thinks he's God's gift to clothes-harassed screen stars!

Back to the feet. Ann wears broad-strapped alligator with hers. And I offer a third shoe suggestion in the form of a neat Cabana step-in in such a slick combination as chamois with brown calf! Both perforations, which are a big item in summer footwear, and stitching dominate the trimming of this smart all 'round shoe. This same shoe comes in such grand color schemes, besides the one shown, as gray suede with gray calf trim, brown and white, blue calf with blue patent. And a word about gray, you'll find it creeping steadily into costumes and accessories—gray suits are very smart and shoe people are keeping step with gray shoes to harmonize or match. However, don't try to make your gray costume a monotone, it's much smarter to wear gray and a color contrast.

JULIE HAYDON, in a charming black and white print with unusual white collar and cuff trim, chooses plain pumps in kid. But I suggest as a change, a charming afternoon sandal of shiny patent leather with the bright accent of gold buckles and trim. It's new and so feminine.

Lucille Ball's black cocktail gown, printed in bright flowers, is a perfect spring dress for everyone's wardrobe. The high neckline has a low cut in back. The sleeves are long and the skirt is voluminous. It's a charming gown.

I've been so busy talking shoes that I haven't had a chance to mention hosiery. Silk stockings tend to dress up to the general air of quality and fineness of all fashions. Sheerness is an important detail—and dullness. There's a coppery overtone to most of the popular spring colors, the rich, coppery suntan that you acquire as the season progresses. There's a vast range of the beige and tan tones, and a definite feeling for gray.

I don't know whether or not you are familiar with the knee-length silk stocking that is so popular with Hollywood. It's a perfect boon for evening and when warm weather comes, it's the answer to keeping comfortable. Knee-High, shown on this page, comes in all weights from the very sheer, with sandal foot for evening, to the heavier, more serviceable weights for daytime. The band, that holds it firmly to your leg, is woven elastic so that it can't sag or stretch after repeated laundering. This is a stocking darling of the stars



Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

and a grand item for your spring stocking chest.

The attractive sandal shown with this stocking is typical of the very feminine, open-design sandals for spring and summer evening wear. The Grecian type sandal is still important, and as I mentioned before, the almost heeless one is still very popular.

I know how much you all like to hear about new fads from Hollywood, so look on page 66 where Kay Linaker is sporting a silver mesh tie with one of the new dinner suits that the stars are so keen about. Kay's dinner suit consists of a mannish white satin blouse, instep-length white skirt and a tailored jacket of white taffeta pin-checked in silver and chenille dotted. The mesh tie, in a small armor design, is knotted in the manner of a silk four-in-hand. A very amusing and different accessory trick.

Jean Muir totes about a small notebook of this same armor mesh in her evening bag. It's very handy for keeping track of those dates that are made of an evening and often forgotten unless some written reminder is made on the spot.

I have a grand new leaflet for you to send for this month. It's all about what you can do to enhance your smartness without spending a dime extra of your allowance! Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for "Making the Most of Myself." Write to me, Adelia Bird, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

She Wants to be a Missus

(*Continued from page 63*)

ALL of this wouldn't be so extraordinary if Alice weren't always the life of the party. Among Hollywood's younger set, she's the one who suggests that she and her friends go places and do things. You'd expect a wallflower to wax philosophical on the "more important side of life," but hardly the girl whose toes are always tapping and who is invariably surrounded by an adoring court of young Adonises. She has only to express the wish for anything and one of 'em runs and fetches it for her.

And that's what's wrong.

"I don't want a man to wait on me," Alice says. "I want to wait on *him*. I want to worship at the shrine a bit instead of being always the shrine worshipped at, if you know what I mean."

So far Alice hasn't the faintest idea who he will be. Many men have "rushed" her since she came to Hollywood, but *he* hasn't shown up yet. She goes here with this one, there with that one, friendly to all but faithful to none. She has only the vaguest idea what he'll look like. She just knows he'll be "nice."

"I think all that tall, dark and handsome business is a lot of stuff," she said frankly. "All I know is that there'll be something about him that will appeal to me. A real man, with the quiet courtesy and courage that goes with real manhood. Not the artificial, theatrical kind."

Offhand, Alice can rattle off quite a lot of specifications about this husband-to-be of hers. Here are some of them:

"He must know more than I do, because I've got to admire and respect him.



You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (22) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

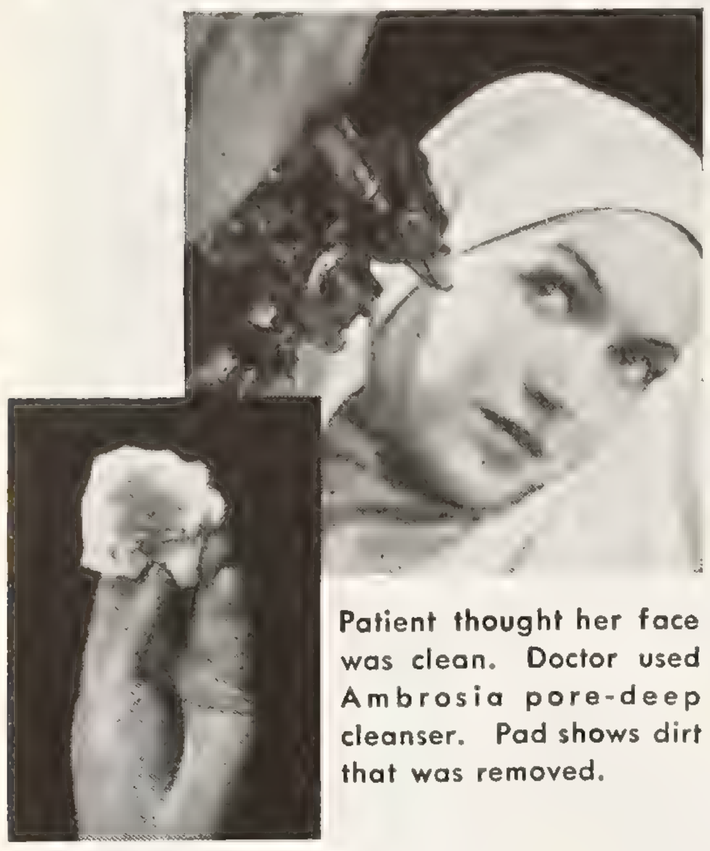
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Get Ambrosia liquid cleanser today. Test it by using even after your regular method of cleansing. See what dirt it removes from your skin. You feel Ambrosia tingle. You know it is cleansing deeply and thoroughly.

You can get a trial size of Ambrosia pore-deep cleanser at your 10c store. Large size, 75c at drug and department stores. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

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..and so easy to Safely Tint

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

"He must be sympathetic without being sentimental; kind, without spoiling me.

"He must be utterly helpless about the house, completely incapable of looking after his own socks and shirts so that I can look after them for him.

"He must have a good sense of humor and be able to laugh me out of it when I get too serious over inconsequential things."

THAT'S enough, and if you read between the lines you'll see that if Alice appears to be asking quite a lot in a mere man she's asking most of those things because they make her ask more of herself. You'll notice that she doesn't say he has to be rich and have a yacht so that she can go week-ending in luxury. No. She'd rather have him like potatoes so that she can peel 'em.

Above everything else, Alice is sure that her husband will not be an actor.

"Everybody I know is connected in some way with the theatre," she explained, "and although I like them, still I don't think that I'll find the man I shall really love there. You see, the theatre is the factory for simulated emotion, and so theatrical people can't seem to help getting emotional about everything they do. They get all wrapped up in themselves—just as I am now. So I'm sure the greatest thing in my life won't be found in the theatre."

"Even when people were saying that I might marry Rudy Vallee," she reminisced, "I felt that. I've always been grateful to Rudy for the chance he gave me with his orchestra, but I have never been in love with him. I've always said I would never marry anyone in the profession."

Alice has no idea of giving up her own profession at present. Nevertheless, you feel with every word she says that if it were a case of that or her happiness she'd tear up her movie contract at the drop of the hat. "Love, honor and obey" is her idea of the ultimate in contracts.

Meanwhile, until Prince Charming comes along, Alice is going right on up the ladder with those twinkling feet of hers, doing each role as it comes to her to the best of her ability.

And that's this Alice's idea of Wonderland. The big movie contract is merely the frosting on the cake she wants to bake.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 10*)

geous spirit, she stands today as one of the most remarkable actresses in motion pictures.

This intense personality has journeyed far along the road to screen success since "A Bill of Divorcement." Her sparkling performance in that film immediately attracted attention. From then on she was the major topic of discussion. Some fans tried to label her a "one-picture star," but she eliminated that viewpoint by skyrocketing to greater fame with her memorable Jo in "Little Women." In "Alice Adams" she presented a true portrait of a sensitive girl in the midst of small-town life and this performance was heralded as one of the best of 1935. In "Sylvia Scarlett" Katharine Hepburn proves conclusively that her ability as a versatile dramatic star has made her one of the most outstanding screen artists of all time.—Albert Manski, Boston, Mass.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Awe-Struck Crowd

I have never seen a more awe-struck theatre crowd than that at "The Magnificent Obsession." It seemed as if the clean, inspiring story enveloped itself into the hearts and minds of many weary, downhearted folks.

Our city is an industrial one, depending on the textile trade primarily, and a large percentage of the population is of the working class who have suffered during the last few years. We need more pictures like the aforementioned to bolster up our mental attitude and give us inspiration and hope for the future.

We don't know for the most part and don't care about the technical features of the picture or the acting flaws or the adaptation. It is enough to be able to leave the theatre and know that a charming interlude has passed and that a little more beauty has been added to our outlook.—Mrs. I. Balis, Reading, Pa.

A Line or Two from Lots of Letters

Hollywood seems to be producing pictures for a new audience—i.e. for persons under five years of age. Someone should gently break the news to the film moguls that a huge majority of the people who attend their products are (at least physically) much older. Then perhaps such babyish entertainment known as cartoons would be eliminated from the program.

If our cinema geniuses cannot produce anything other than this boring nonsense, let's have five or ten minutes of silence and inactivity which would indeed prove a blessing to our tormented nerves.—Raymond Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.

Radio Stars Taboo in Movies

Give us the good old days when screen stars were screen stars, stage stars were stage stars and radio stars . . . well, they were yet to be born. Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Amos 'n' Andy, Burns and Allen and the others are perfect when heard and not seen, and the "air" is sufficient for us to receive their entertainment. They may thrill through the microphone, but, oh, what stupidity they display on the screen. So, let's vote to stop borrowing carpenters to do bricklayers' work. Give us more he-man pictures with he-man actors, not baby-faced tenors or tender-toed soft-shoers.—Judy Gray, Gloucester City, N. J.

Potpourri

Loretta Young's starry-wide-eyed expression reminds me of someone who is taking a correspondence course in "How to Act." She acts as an interference and does not add any more glamor to a film than one of the extras.—L. Glazier, Camden, N. J. Will it never go out of fashion among the fans to look upon actors as heroes or villains rather than as artists? They idolize the star, and either ignore the fine work done by some character actor, or detest him all the more for playing his part consummately well in an unsympathetic role.—L. G. T., Asheville, N. C. Rosalind Russell is sophisticated but not to the degree where sophistication becomes too obvious. Her slight accent is unaffected and utterly charming.—D. Black, Winnipeg, Canada. Every month I buy movie magazines and what do I find?

Stories about the same stars all the time. We know all about the adopted children, polo ponies, and redecorated rooms to suit one's personality and mood, so let's hear something we haven't heard about for the umpteenth time. How about giving the younger, unpublicized stars a break?—H. Seifton, Buffalo, N. Y. Brian Donlevy is a welcome change from the sugar-sweet faces and villainous bad men. —M. Rosenbloum, Cleveland, Tenn. Why do the movie moguls insist on giving us new stars who look, talk and act exactly like some well-known one whom the public already loves? I can never interest myself in a plot with Rosalind Russell emoting, for I keep thinking how much better Myrna Loy would be and that spoils it for me. It's just like shopping for some product you like and going home with something "just as good," which you find out later isn't!—E. Redman, Long Beach, Calif. Franchot Tone is so average looking that no one would be expected to rave over his facial perfection, but what he lacks there, he more than makes up for in the perfect interpretation of whatever character he is cast as. I'm so glad that they have stopped posing Joan Crawford in the silly simpering poses used so much in her publicity pictures in the years she was Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr.—N. C. Tate, Appalachia, Virginia. Very clear enunciation and careful pronunciation are as much a requisite to perfect enjoyment of our pictures as well-modulated voices, pleasing personalities and genuine acting ability on the part of our admired actors and actresses. This is a friendly tip.—A. Benson, Chicago, Ill. If the producers of mystery films would only devote such painstaking efforts to the endings of their mysteries as they do to their beginnings, they would be doing us a great favor.—H. Foster, New York, N. Y. I say down with Gable, Cagney and the rest of the leading-lady wreckers of the screen. I think it is about time we threw out some of the roughnecks and put a few gentlemen on the screen.—W. Zahauer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cut Shirley Publicity!

I suggest that newspapermen start a strike on publishing anything further about Shirley Temple, allowing this space for praise of Sybil Jason and her superb acting. No child actress's efforts could ever hope to surpass those of Miss J. in "The Little Big Shot."

Of course, Shirley is adorable and sweet, her acting is excellent. So are Sybil, Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew. Why direct all the orchids to one personality and slight others who entertain and satisfy the public as well, if not better?—O. Wood, Batavia, Ohio.

Scallions, Hepburn!

Bore me not with "Sylvia Scarlett"! Much too reminiscent of Barrymore is this film not to have a John or two springing about here and there!

Really, Katharine Hepburn, you're much lovelier, much more magnetic as a "softie," fr'instance "Alice Adams." We showered a florist shop on you for so beautifully doing that delightful yarn of Booth Tarkington's but *this*—well, I smell only scallions!

A thousand cheers for Katharine Hepburn, but nary a one for Sylvester Scarlett nor his haircut. Forgive me, Katie, but the picture had it coming.—Rubye Chapman, 802 So. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.

A Star Surprises a Fan

Writing to the magazines is an entertaining gamble; I *might* see my ideas pub-



Posed by professional models

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK—WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

AMAZING gains in weight are reported all over the country with this sensational new 3-way discovery. Even if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

And not only has this new triple-acting treatment brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 *times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new 3-way Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 35, Atlanta, Ga.

Superset stays SET!



SLEEP tossed heads quickly ruin the effects of ordinary waving lotions. But Superset sets hair as it should be set and keeps it that way. With Superset, your hair is always manageable—sleek, burnished and well groomed. Superset dries quickly and leaves absolutely no flaky deposit. Use Superset and be proud of your lasting, natural, lustrous waves. 10c at all 5 and 10 cent stores. In two formulas—regular and No. 2 (Faster Drying).

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Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once.
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DON'T JUST SAW THE HEAD OFF A CORN
—remove it root and all!

A CORN'S like a tack in your toe. Don't just pare the head off—get it *all* out! Then you know it's gone and won't grow back *worse than ever.*

You can remove it with Blue-Jay! This amazing *double-action* plaster ends pain instantly. Then quickly the corn dries, shrinks, gently lifts out—*is gone!*

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BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

lished! Writing to the stars is an unsatisfactory flyer into space that I rarely attempt.

But recently I sent a letter, far from my best effort, being just a vote concerning Jean Harlow's lovely hair, and received an unsolicited response, a courtesy which I found a delightful surprise.

And this Christmas brought a fine white greeting card!

Such a secretarial staff must cost her a pretty penny. But what a pretty gesture! If "Beauty is, as beauty does," then more than her hair is lovely.—Beulah Barker, Chicago, Ill.

Disappointed!

I can't imagine Leslie Howard in the role of Romeo! The only thing he has is perfect diction. If I were Juliet, and all my lover could boast of was speaking well, I should be highly disappointed in the balcony scene.

Give me a dashing romantic fellow who can make love. Leslie is too staidly English ever to be a great lover, which Romeo certainly was!—Mary L. Torok, Youngstown, Ohio.

A Pat on the Back

Some movie magazines seem to get a great deal of pleasure out of printing ridiculous stories about the stars. Every slight excuse for a scandal is immediately written up in big headlines. No rumor is ignored, no matter how absurd. It gives the unsuspecting public a bad impression of Hollywood.

MODERN SCREEN's articles are always interesting, never offensive, and the reader knows they must have truthful foundations by the intelligent way they are presented. I've acquired more movie favorites by reading MODERN SCREEN's human articles and becoming acquainted with the stars' true personalities, learning they are as real and have the same trials and problems as our next door neighbor.—B. B. Everett, Washington, D. C.

Irene Dunne—Friend

Being an Irene Dunne fan has its advantages. As such, I have a minimum of adverse criticism to read about my star, and the many very fine tributes, paid in recognition of exceptional talent, are, to me, sources of unending satisfaction and pride.

If "seeing is believing," I can't help but wish that the host of Irene Dunne fans could meet her, just as I have, and be convinced, beyond a doubt, that Miss Dunne is equally as beautiful off screen as on, and a thoroughly delightful person. I deem it an honor and a privilege to be able to call Irene Dunne "friend."—E. Shotwell, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

And How Do You Feel About This Question?

It is about time something was said about the mediocre "quickies" that are being shown to make up the second picture of the double-feature program that most of the picture houses have been showing. I am sure that most picture patrons would rather omit such poor pictures and enjoy one good feature with a number of short subjects.

With the showing of "David Copperfield" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" the second feature made the program entirely too long, and by the end of the show everyone was restless and really could not enjoy the picture even though it was well produced and interesting.

In these second-rate pictures, which have all the earmarks of being made for the express purpose of filling the double-feature bill, the dialogue is stilted and the whole picture gives the impression of jerky and unconnected sequences. The stories are flat and even if there is a really good player he has a job to hold up a poor story.—Elsie Douglas, Chula Vista, Calif.

(Why don't those of you who feel strongly on this subject cast a ballot on it and send it in to us? Perhaps the exhibitors and producers will be persuaded to take your advice! Please fill out the following form and mail to):

BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

I like the double-feature program.....
I dislike the double-feature program.....
Reason for opinion, in 20 words or less
.....
.....
Name.....
Address.....



The same informality that Sam Taylor displays in this snapshot of an interview with John Arledge (right) characterizes his tri-weekly chats on Hollywood players and pictures. You'll find them bright, intimate, and up-to-the-minute. Sam Taylor is heard every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:15 p.m., over Station WOR.

Playground of the East

(*Continued from page 21*)

of "Captain Blood." Nobody recognized the actor, for his first picture was yet to be released. He was just another handsome gent—and there are many of them in this town—insofar as other patrons were concerned. A week after the premiere, I saw him there again. Errol was being mobbed by autograph-seekers and proprietors who insisted that he have "one on the house." Some fun—fame!

UNA MERKEL was making a hit for herself at the same place that evening, and so was the stunning Rosalind Russell. Clark Gable, of course, was so nearly killed in the crush that a solicitous friend sat him facing the orchestra with his back to the patrons. Even then, Gable was recognized by some and I'm sure that both he and the management had few regrets when he finally left and the club was restored to a semblance of order.

Radio City—and the radio—quite naturally attracts movie stars. The latter offers them oodles of extra money for making a single broadcast. Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne and John Boles recently made more than their expenses while visiting this most expensive city, by appearing on a popular program just once. John can always warble one of his most successful tunes and walk off with the honors and the cash. Clark Gable, too, was a great success at Radio City.

The various program players who support movie stars are pleased but not impressed to do it. They never "crowd" a celebrity and Gable received more attention from the waitress in the lunch room and the hat check boy than he did from his large radio supporting cast.

Since Repeal, the cocktail hour has taken on great importance in New York. The Plaza, the Gotham and the Ritz are *the* places to go—that is, if you would see movie stars—and who of us would not? Yep, five o'clock's the time they turn out in sartorial splendor—Dolores Del Rio a vision in black, Gladys Swarthout done up in mink and gardenias, Sylvia Sidney, pert in leopard skin, all with the handsome males who escort them. Yes, it is very important to be seen in the "right" places and let it never be said that a movie star fails to lay stress on importance.

Although the Plaza offers an excellent dance floor, few picture players ever trip the light fantastic. It is considered much smarter to book oneself at a ringside table to see and be seen. Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld, recently had tea each afternoon at the Gotham and Carl Brisson seldom missed a cocktail hour at the Savoy-Plaza.

THE Rainbow Room, a swanky night spot on the sixty-fifth floor—yep, honest—of the RKO Building is, of course, a magnet for celebrities, although both Robert Young and Jean Parker confessed it floored them. Both had always wanted to visit New York and this particular place was the memory of wonderland they carried away with them. A beautiful dance floor, lilting music, smart entertainers of the highly sophisticated type are a few of the high points featured in this pleasure penthouse. Anyone who has seen it is not likely to forget it soon.

It would seem that most celebrities who come to town do little but play. That, of course, is true, for New York to them

DON'T MISS THE NEW SPECIAL FEATURE

"Colleen"

A $2 Book Length Novel COMPLETE in the May Issue



WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If you eloped with a gay handsome stranger, only to learn that he still loved his former fiancee and was resolved to remain true to her?

Love at first sight and rebellion against the humdrum of small-town life led Kay Brannan to elope with Bob Dakin after a dizzy evening of dancing and champagne. But her happiness was brief, for Bob, regretting this hasty marriage, turned to Pricilla, his former fiancee . . .

Was Kay's love for her new husband strong enough to give her courage to fight for him? Or did she concede the victory to the beautiful society girl and return to the small-town monotony from which she had tried to escape? . . .

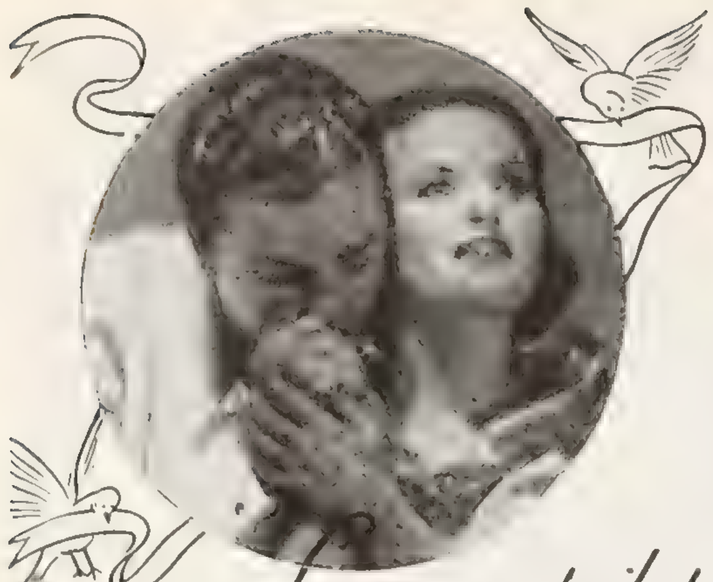
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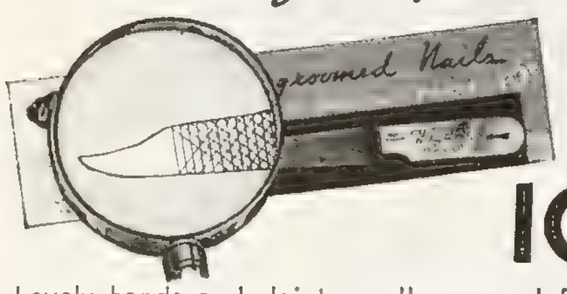
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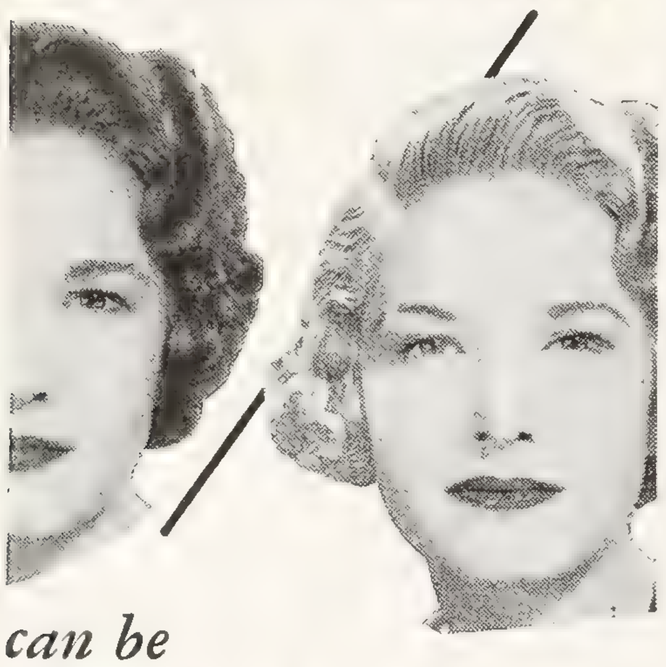
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means vacation. And such a gay, stimulating one that it usually takes a week at Palm Springs, on returning to California, to rest up in order to be ready for the next production.

When they step off the train in Los Angeles, their trunks are weighed down with clothes and souvenirs of the big city. And when friends gather 'round, the returned traveller invariably says, "I've never had such a wonderfully hectic time in my life. I'm exhausted. I couldn't do it often. But, oh, those plays, those shops, those night clubs! The brisk walk up Fifth Avenue and into Central Park in the mornings and the stroll down dazzling Broadway at night! Oh, it's wonderful. But, as I said, I wouldn't want to do it soon again. It's too exhausting. That is, I wouldn't want to until my next vacation. By the way, when is that? Not for three months? Well, maybe I could hop a plane between pictures. They couldn't miss me at the studio if I stayed in New York for only four days!" So said Kay Francis, who loves the big town like all who visit it do.

Beauty Headliners for Spring

(*Continued from page 23*)

wear round necks or choker beads, or have your lips too over-rouged.

If you have a short face, and want height, an adorable top cluster of curls on the crest of your head will give it to you. Take the curls away from the sides and put them on top—that's "tops" in style.

Now suppose, on the other hand, that you have a squarish sort of face with a determined chin. Well, I want you to live up to that chin when you go to the hairdressers, or to the hat shop. Browbeat the attendants into selecting styles for you that are softening. Don't, whatever you do, wear a hat with a square crown. Forget all about sturdy, practical, rugged little hats—go in for saucy, softly curved numbers, with enough brim not to make your face jut out farther than your hat. Fetching nosegays of flowers make nice millinery touches.

Your coiffure problem is a bit more difficult than some, because you can't wear your hair fluffed out around your cheeks on account of the broadening effect such an arrangement would have, and yet, you must get softness into the general contour. Usually an off-the-face hairdress is best for you, but with soft, smooth (not fluffy) waves at the sides, and then a surprise feature of feathery curls at your temples or high over your ears. Don't have end ringlets that curl up around your jaw-bone!

Wear oval or round necklines—never square ones—and softening lingerie touches. It's splendid to have a chin with a mind of its own, but don't forget that men don't want too much leading done with the chin. Wear nice soft frivolous colors, too, such as lemon yellow or spicy old rose. Be generous with your lipstick, and make your lip curves full.

IF you're one of those oval-faced, smooth-browed creatures like Pat Ellis, in fact, if you're very young and your forehead is very nice—whatever may be the shape of your face—you generally can wear an off-the-face hat, the kind that makes you look like an angel with an up-turned halo.

Now for the long thin-faced individual! Don't go high-hat on us just because we have left you until the last. Your hats and your coiffures should be the exact opposite of high-hat, and instead should dip down over your brow. The crown of your hat should be round and close fitting, the brim should shoot downward, or flare out very wide (if there is a brim) and all the trimmings should go sidewards, never up. Your coiffure should follow much the same lines, with a wave, a bang or curls partly concealing your forehead, and with the fullness toward the sides.

And now if you're a bit weary of shopping and have reached the point where the saleswoman says, not too helpfully as she adjusts another hat on your tiring head, "Of course you can get the effect a little better when your make-up and hair are freshened up a bit" . . . it's time to do just that!

Let's stop at the cosmetic counter first to see what's new in the way of make-up. There's a delightful new cucumber lotion, for example, that will soothe your hat-troubled brow, cleanse the grime and make-up from your face, and act as a powder base . . . all this triple action in double-quick time. It's a refreshing pick-me-up cleanser, and is just the kind of an emollient lotion your skin needs after its long winter of being dried out by hot-house radiators.

Eyes have been called the windows of the soul, but so far as I know they haven't heretofore been called the "shopping windows." Well, if you can believe your eyes, here is a make-up kit for you, complete with powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, and eye shadow, at a price that you generally pay for a box of powder. But more exciting than the price, is the fact that you don't have to hang over the cosmetic case with your nose pressed to the glass wondering what shade of this or that you should take. No, the eyes have it. You just say to the clerk, "I have brown (or blue or gray or green) eyes," and the clerk hands you the make-up kit that is styled for brown (or blue or gray or green) eyes.

Make-up, styled to the color of your eyes, is eminently more practical than it sounds at first. A famous cosmetic house has spent months in research work to perfect this make-up idea, and artists, style authorities, and theatrical directors have all been consulted in the process. You see it's like this. At least, every woman knows the color of her eyes. (We hope some young man has told her with the proper compliments.) But I have found through your letters to me that a lot of you don't know exactly how to describe your complexion—"It's sort of medium, I guess"—and some of you are even a bit puzzled by your hair—"It's between a dark blonde and a medium brown, I think" . . . etc. So, make-up styled to the color of the eyes, does away with that kind of guess-work. It does not pretend to be an exact science. The color conclusions naturally had to be arrived at "for the good of the majority." But in this confusing world of color and cosmetics, a great many women will find these authoritative color conclusions far superior to any that they could work out for themselves.

And now, I'm going to talk for the moment to those unhappy girls to whom a new make-up or a new hat may mean only so much more grief, perhaps, because they dread looking into a mirror that seems to say, "You might be a pretty girl, if it weren't for those ugly skin blemishes." Just recently, I am grateful to say, I have

run across a new acne treatment which, for the first time in my experience, honestly seems to justify a mention in this column. Numerous acne products have been put on the market from time to time, and exaggerated claims made for them. I have had considerable difficulty in separating "the wheat from the chaff," and have always hesitated to recommend any product for so touchy a skin problem. Certainly, so long as there was any possible doubt in my mind as to the merit of the product. This new preparation is a volatized sulphur cream which has been used by leading American and French skin specialists for many years.

BECAUSE of its scientific background, I was interested in making further investigation regarding it. I was particularly impressed by the fact that no claims are made to the effect that pimples will vanish "on a moment's notice," only that they will steadily fade from the skin if the cream is applied over a reasonable period of time. The length of time necessary for treatment naturally depends on the severity of the case. This cream is definitely not a cure-all for serious cases of acne, which belong in the province of the physician and skin specialist. It has, however, brought very definite results in a large percentage of acne cases.

As a rule, this cream is used at night, but as it is important to carry the treatment on during the day also, a special prescription powder containing the same curative properties in a milder form has been developed. The powder is, of course, to be used instead of ordinary make-up powder. It comes in two popular shades and is without odor. Both the cream and the powder are sold in a small purse size, so it is possible to start the treatments for a very low cost. I shall be very happy to send you the names of these products and where they may be obtained.

After all this shopping and discussion, I suppose you're "dead tired." Shopping does that to some people. The best thing I know for curing that tired feeling is a hot bath with a good dose of Epsom Salts dumped into the tub. You'll soak out all your aches. Then give yourself a grand shower of the finest, smoothest, most fragrant talcum you can find. (I have a free sample for you!) There is as much difference between talcum powders as there is between face powders, in case you didn't know it. Talcum powder is needed to absorb the moisture which even a good towel leaves on your skin, and more important, it is needed to give you that feeling of luxury without which no bath is complete. Now prop your feet on a pillow, shut your eyes for ten deep dark minutes, and dream of the sensation you're going to make tomorrow. If you have any problems that are troubling you, or you want further information about the things we discussed in our shopping tour, write me in the morning.

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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 49*)

Preview Postscripts

important step toward his present hundred thousand per picture was quitting his job with the J. Warren Kerrigan films, some fifteen years ago, because his daily wage was cut from five to three dollars. Lloyd signed up with Hal Roach the same day for five dollars a week, then worked up to a hundred per week with his "Lonesome Luke" characterizations. This is Lloyd's first picture in twelve years not produced by himself. He liked the story so much that he consented to do it for Paramount Pictures . . . Adolphe Menjou had his troubles during the filming of this picture, too. He had to chew gum every time the camera turned on him. Five to fifteen packages a day were consumed by the indomitable Adolphe, before he had the stomach attack which sent him to the hospital. Verree Teasdale, also working on this film, was so worried that she collapsed and was removed to the same hospital. Production was held up three weeks awaiting the return of the Menjous' health . . . Paramount found a use for that silver which is sloughed off film at the rate of three ounces for every 1000 feet. They painted the inside of milk bottles with it to resemble milk.

★★★★ Follow the Fleet
(RKO-Radio)

This latest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical measures up to the standards of "Roberta" and "Top Hat." The story is a routine business which falls into familiar patterns, but it snaps out of its lethargy whenever the two stars slip into their dancing shoes. As you probably have surmised from its title, the picture is concerned with the navy. By happy chance, two of its less illustrious members turn out to be Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott. Opposite them are Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hilliard, with Betty Grable hovering in the background as a first-class menace. At least two of the Astaire-Rogers dances are tops for comedy and class, the song numbers are effective, Harriet Hilliard is the new season's best screen possibility, and Lucille Ball does nicely in a minor role.

Preview Postscripts

Pedestrians in front of the RKO Studios were amazed to see the hull of a ship blocking their way, projecting from the wall surrounding the studio lot. The battleship constructed for use on this picture was discovered, a bit too late, to be rather large for the lot. Nothing could be done but knock down some wall and continue the construction out in the street. The picture show, after all, must go on . . . 250 sailors, but the genuine article, were used in this film. Most of them were former gobs, while some were on vacation from different boats . . . The couples in the dime-a-dance sequence are the real thing, too. Dance director Hermes Pan decided it would be easier to pick up some good bowery dancers than train his own. So he hied himself down to a beach dance hall, watched the goings-on, and finally asked some of the best performers if they'd like to be in a picture with Astaire and Rogers. It took the rest of the night to convince them it was all straight goods. Thirteen couples were sent next day to the studio for trial, with the intention of choosing six or seven. But the eager faces on the girls and men, mostly dishwashers and waiters, was too much for Pan. He hired them all . . . Harriet Hilliard is RKO's Big News. This role is the result of sheer accident, since Mark Sandrich accidentally happened to see her screen test, taken for an inferior role. The astute gentleman promptly signed her for the second lead in this. Harriet's from Des Moines and her family are all stage people. Ozzie Nelson spotted her in a chorus, trained her singing voice, featured her with his orchestra and married her three days before her contract tor celluloiders took effect. They're the delight of the United Airlines now, holding rendezvous in New York this week and Hollywood that.

★★★ Wife Versus Secretary
(M-G-M)

With names like Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable to lure you to the box-office, it seems of little purpose to impart the information that the plot of the picture is contained entirely in its title, and that it offers no deviations from the age-old formula which Faith Baldwin and her readers have come to know and to love so well. Since there is nothing about the story that you haven't known for years, let's leave that department and report that the performances of the three stars are ingratiating, vigorous and attractive. No one need be told that Miss Loy portrays the wife in the proceedings, nor that the role of secretary falls to Miss Harlow. It is also hardly necessary to add that, while relations between Mr. Gable and his secretary are purely professional, people are talking. People are always talking, and Miss Loy's suspicions are aroused to such an extent that she leaves Mr. Gable, until a few words of warning from Miss Harlow send her scurrying back. As a matter of fact, choosing between Loy and Harlow would be a problem even for a man of Mr. Gable's discernment, since Myrna is her most charming screen self and the brownette Jean is lovelier than any secretary has a right to be.

★★★ The Country Doctor
(20th Century-Fox)

This is, as you probably know, the first full-length film to feature those amazing young ladies from Canada, the Dionne Quintuplets. In their initial starring picture these five ravishing beauties prove themselves more charming before a camera than many of their more experienced fellow artists from Hollywood. Each of the gals is a diminutive Duse in her own right, a miniature picture stealer, a screen siren and a wow. Our personal choice for the Academy Award is Cecile, who seems to have a curl or two and a smile or two more than her sisters, but in the case of five such lovely little ladies it is perhaps more discreet to state that each of them is the French-Canadian word for terrific. In the supporting cast Jean Hersholt as Dr. Dafoe performs with a simplicity and a sincerity which places him next to the Dionnes in the acting department. No doubt everyone who sees the picture will envy him the scene in which he is the center of attention of all five of them. As for the story itself, the less said of it the better. You won't notice it, anyway; you'll be looking at the quints.



One of the season's better pictures, "These Three," with Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins.

★★ Next Time We Love
(Universal)

An elaborate production and two excellent performances cover up an artificial and inconsequential story sufficiently to make this an interesting photoplay. Ursula Parrott's tale of a young married couple and their careers is much too familiar to bear retelling, but Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart succeed in making the conflict of the pair seem much more important than it actually is. La Sullavan is an actress, Stewart is a newspaperman and all is serene in their married life until his paper transfers him to Rome. Margaret chooses to remain in New York to further her career on the stage. Later Stewart returns, without a job, to find her at the top of her profession. Love takes a holiday, and the young husband goes to Russia, where the picture ends on a note of promise that in some future world their romance will be given a better chance to flower. Sullavan's performance is up to her standard, and young Mr. Stewart is the first screen reporter we've seen who actually looks and acts like a newspaperman. Robert McWade is especially effective in a supporting role, as is Ray Milland in the second lead.

Preview Postscripts

"One newspaper office in a movie without a flaw" was the boast of Director Edward Griffith, himself a former news-sleuth, concerning the elaborate editorial room set on this picture. Denny Morrison, long a foreign correspondent, was technical adviser and all thirty "extras" used in the scene were newspapermen, out of work at the present . . . James Stewart had to be asked four times to play the lead opposite Margaret Sullavan in this picture. And he's only been in two other pictures in his life, "Murder Man" and "Rose Marie." Nope, not conceit—he just didn't believe the telegrams sent him from the studio to Lake Tahoe where he was vacationing. Stewart has had little stage experience, having just recently graduated from Princeton. But what he's had has been top-notch. He was stage manager for "Camille" for Jane Cowl, played in "Goodbye Again" on Broadway and had small roles in other Broadway plays. With this picture, he reached stardom, which is going some in a short time . . . Anna Demetrio is one of Hollywood's favorites. She's a leading character woman, specializing in portraying Italian women, and has appeared in too many pictures to even begin remembering. Born in Italy, she was edu-

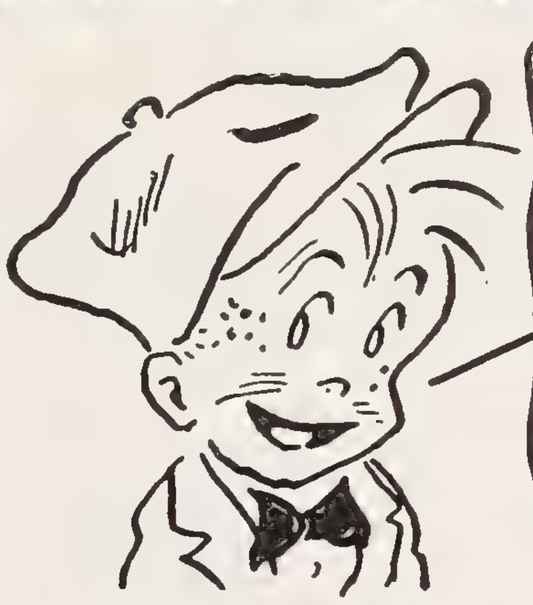


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Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello Barrymore in that screen classic, "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

cated in a convent, but always harbored the desire to go on the stage. The opportunity came to take a trip to New York; she signed up with the Morosco Company for a paltry sum, proved her worth and has made a comfortable living ever since . . . Ray Milland isn't quite an American citizen, but he intends to be, having taken out his first papers. Born in Wales, he realized a long-felt desire to go to sea when he was eighteen. From sailor on a potato boat to dancer in a London musical show is somewhat of a change, but that's where he landed in less than a year.

★★★ The Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)

John Ford, who directed "The Informer," has another pictorial triumph in "The Prisoner of Shark Island." It's the story of Dr. Samuel Mudd, a country doctor who was accused of setting the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, and was sentenced to life imprisonment on an American Devil's Island off the coast of Florida. After an attempted escape is thwarted, Dr. Mudd becomes a hero by ridding the prison island of a siege of yellow fever and receiving, for his bravery, a pardon from the government. Several scenes in the picture are as grippingly dramatic as anything you'll see all season, and Mr. Ford's camera never once loses its eye for beauty and composition. In the title role, Warner Baxter turns in one of his finest screen performances; Gloria Stuart is lovely and capable as his wife; Claude Gillingwater stands out as an irate old southern gentleman, and a young man named John Carradine is the year's meanest menace.

Preview Postscripts

This is one of the four-million-dollar productions which Darryl F. Zanuck is contributing to the current craze for epics. Mr. Z. picked the idea out of a paragraph in "Time" and turned the whole thing over to Nunnally Johnson to scenarize. The story is basically historical, for Mudd was actually sentenced to Shark Island, otherwise known as Fort Jefferson . . . John Ford, director, has the enviable reputation of never having made a bad picture in his twenty years' experience. He prefers to regard himself as a comedy director, and resents the prevailing feeling that he is exceedingly good at making tragedy entertaining. Ford is extremely nervous during production, but the legend about his chewing up forty handkerchiefs per week on the set is not founded on fact. It's just a measly twenty.

★★★★ These Three (Samuel Goldwyn)

When Samuel Goldwyn purchased rights to the Broadway smash hit, "The Children's Hour," there was considerable eyebrow raising and wondering how its dangerous theme could be handled by the most sanctimonious of dramatic media, the screen. It is to Mr. Goldwyn's credit that he hired Lillian Hellman, who wrote the play, to adapt it for the films. Miss Hellman has written a fine, intelligent script, and Director William Wyler brings to the screen a vigorous and powerful photoplay which should certainly rank among the year's Ten Best. Dropping the homosexual theme of the play, the author has built her story around the love of two women for a man, and a schoolgirl's malicious lie which almost wrecks three lives. In the principal adult roles, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins deliver the finest performances of their careers. And Bonita Granville, as the young villainess, and Marcia Mae Jones, as her frightened schoolmate, are superb in the two most difficult characterizations in the picture. In supporting roles, Catherine Doucet and Margaret Hamilton are outstanding. "These Three," in a word or two, is truly a dramatic event and one of the finest screenplays you'll see all season.

Preview Postscripts

It's cheaper to build a city than to bother going there, according to the conservative Sam Goldwyn. So he had the whole New England town of "Lancet" built on the outskirts of Hollywood. Although the expense of sending a hundred players, technicians and crew members for a two-month's location trip to a real New England town would have cost considerably less than building a town of his own, Goldwyn's civic spirit could not be denied. Richard Day, designer of all the Goldwyn sets, commissioned a Boston photographer to obtain hundreds of pictures of typical New England homes and other structures. Then with a site chosen in Santa Monica canyon, Day launched the building of the city. For five weeks a crew of three hundred carpenters, bricklayers, masons and other technicians constructed the town. After the necessary "shots" had been completed the town was "struck"—in studio lingo that means the place was wrecked in one fell swoop, except for two of the homes which were needed for interior scenes. These were carefully taken



Thomas Beck and Jed Prouty in "Every Saturday Night," first of 20th Century-Fox's series of films on American home life.



Jane Withers and Jackie Searle enjoy "working" in "Gentle Julia."

apart, each board and brick individually marked, brought to the studio and there, on one of the giant sound stages, put together again exactly as they had been before. All "inside" scenes were then made right in the studio in the same buildings that had recently stood some fifty miles away.

★★★ Colleen (Warners)

Here is the latest in the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler series, which makes it needless to report that "Colleen" is a musical film with songs by Mr. Powell and dances by Miss Keeler. In addition to that, due to the fortunate presence of three of the screen's better comics, "Colleen" is funny. Since the picture will probably owe its success to its lighter moments, let us come right out and say that the three responsible for those moments are Hugh Herbert, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie. Herbert portrays an eccentric millionaire whose hobbies are dictaphones and Miss Blondell. Head of a large corporation, he knows nothing about the business, but he likes to come to the office so he can play flute solos into the dictaphone. Oakie and Blondell are close seconds in the comedy department, and their song-and-dance burlesque is one of the funniest sequences the screen has offered in months. It's a number called "Boulevardier from the Bronx," and it's high-class kidding. In the romance division, Dick Powell sings ingratiatingly and Ruby Keeler proves that she still ranks with the best of the screen's dancers. Her partner, Paul Draper, is a brilliant companion in the dances.

Preview Postscripts

The average girl can dance the average man to death, according to Bobby Connelly, who created the dance numbers for this one. So he rehearsed 120 men as prospective partners for the hundred girls, and sure enough 18 of the stronger sex folded up after a few days' exertion. After years of experience in stage and screen dancing, Bobby found that men can seldom take it . . . Those flying fish didn't come from cans. They're the real thing, caught off Catalina Islands and transported to the sound-stage "ocean" of salt-water on the studio set. Artificial waves made by electric fans and brilliant searchlights caused the fish to flit around. The music was recorded to fit the rhythm of their light fantastics.

★★ Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists)

Back in the days when silence was golden, Mary Pickford put her hair in curlers, donned velvet pants and delighted her breathless public with a saccharine and highly profitable version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's familiar tome. Time marches on, and now it's Freddie Bartholomew—Little Lord Bartholomew, to be exact—who steps into the role. Although his hair is uncurled and his pants are not of velvet, young Mr. B. succeeds in making Fauntleroy the sweetest and the most annoying little boy the screen has ever known. As we recall the story, the Brooklyn lad who becomes Lord Fauntleroy is, despite his fancy garments, sort of a regular guy underneath it all. There is a certain smugness about Master Bartholomew's portrayal, which, although it may make him the darling of the dowagers in the audience, will certainly win him no friends among the younger element. He's the kind of kid you used to throw mud balls at in the days when you were young and your aim was good. All of which makes "Little Lord Fauntleroy" an unexciting portrait of a very young man who is simply too sweet to be true. On the credit side the photography is excellent and there are outstanding performances by C. Aubrey Smith and Dolores Costello Barrymore.

Preview Postscripts

Five generations of theatrical life were represented by the main players on this picture, from Constance Collier who has been on the stage for fifty years to Freddie Bartholomew, the newest comer. C. Aubrey Smith, who has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday, looked with a great deal of tolerance on Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson and others. Henry Stephenson never appeared on a stage until 1896, while Guy is a comparative newcomer of only forty years' experience . . . The interior set of Doningsford Castle was a day's sight-seeing job out at M-G-M. It was one of the largest unit sets ever constructed at the studio, and required a total number of "props" which far exceeded anything in recent years. 8500 books alone were rounded up to fill the library shelves. Guy Kibbee's only complaint while on the set between shots was that he had nothing to read . . . This marks the return of Dolores Costello Barrymore to films after several years of being wife and mother, exclusively. Freddie Bartholomew was so enamored of Dolores that he could hardly let her out of his sight and thought she was by far the nicest screen mama he's had.

★★ Her Master's Voice (Paramount)

In the first place, the situation around which the play revolves is about as ridiculous as can be imagined; in the second place, there's Edward Everett Horton and



George Raft and Rosalind Russell in "It Had to Happen."

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Laura Hope Crews in the leads; and in the third place it's all so completely ridiculous in the first place. Mr. Horton, his wife, Peggy Conklin, and his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Patterson, are just a Big Happy Family, until Edward loses his job. Then Aunt Min, Laura Hope Crews, appears on the scene. She's never liked her niece's husband, anyhow, and the fact that she has never met him doesn't cause her to like him any better. So she whisks her niece away with her, and prevails upon the jobless husband, whom she believes to be a servant in the house, to leave his worthless employer and work for her. It all sounds complicated, no doubt, but you have no idea how much, much more complicated the situation becomes. Miss Crews walks off with chief honors, and that's no small job with such competition as Mr. Horton and the rest of the able cast. Elizabeth Patterson is excellent and so, in a less important role, is Grant Mitchell. And we're willing to see Peggy Conklin anytime, anywhere, anyhow.

★★ The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)

This is the motion picture industry's second major experiment with color in talking pictures, and it can be reported that it is much superior, technically, to its predecessor, "Becky Sharp." The colors are softer and more subdued, and faces have warmth and a certain depth. But, as far as this reviewer is concerned, natural color still remains to be achieved. Color, after all, is an exaggeration, and despite the beauty of several of the outdoor scenes one feels that there is more grandeur, and certainly more truth, in a black and white shot. Getting on to the cast, there are Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Fred Stone, Beulah Bondi, Nigel Bruce and Spanky MacFarland, all of whom put up a brave battle against a tale that's as old as them thar hills themselves.

Preview Postscripts

Walter Wanger spent over a year searching for the perfect story for color photography. Not that the color medium is for just a certain type of story, but he realized that color photography was not established in the public mind as a natural medium, therefore the story must outweigh the novelty. Sound pictures went through this stage, when the public went to the theatre to hear, rather than see, the picture, and did not expect any emotional impression. Since 80 per cent of this story is in the woods and mountains, nature could furnish her own colors. Then Wanger proceeded to concentrate on keeping color out of the picture. All the costumes for the players were done in neutral tones—dark blues, greys, browns. Except for the harmonious colorings in trees, hills and grass, other bright spots were thrown out, even to the uprooting of bright flowers on some of the sets. Thus by "throwing color away" the attention of the audience is focussed on the dramatic action of the picture . . . Make-up requirements are entirely different from the black-and-white picture. Grease-paint was never used, eye-shadow, heavy powders and lip rouges were also discarded. A light film of powder to dull the shine of lights on the players' faces was the only make-up used.



Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden in "Voice of Bugle Ann."



Newcomer James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love."

★★ Boulder Dam (Warners)

The "sets" alone on this picture are worth your time and money. For the first time, without wincing, we can describe them as colossal, magnificent and stupendous. The photography of Boulder Dam is sheer beauty in some instances and all scenes of the construction are interesting. And oh, yes! the story. Well, it's a nice little yarn that doesn't seriously interfere with the sights. Ross Alexander turns out to be the hero, though when we first meet him he has just murdered his boss. He's obsessed with the futility-of-it-all when he meets Patricia Ellis. Now Pat's papa happens to be construction boss on the Dam, so Ross finds himself with a job, much against his wishes. Of course, that's before he spots the love light in the Ellis orbs. From then on Ross is inspired to dig the whole ditch himself. Here's where Lyle Talbot steps in, since the course of true love never runs smoothly in the movies, either. Lyle cares too much about Pat and knows too much about Ross. There's considerable excitement before the fade-out. Patricia Ellis is likable, while Ross Alexander and Lyle Talbot do well in their roles.

★★ Tough Guy (M-G-M)

Here is a good old dog opera with all the same, reliable trimmings, and some new ones thrown in to give it an air of modernity. The villains this time are present-day gangsters, and the hero is Rin Tin Tin, Jr. The dog does some really remarkable stunts, and it is unfortunate that the credulity of the audience is strained at times to the giggling point by some obviously faked feats which, naturally, diminish the strength of the story and the dog's authentic work and his undeniable



Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie in "Don't Bet on Love."

intelligence. Jackie Cooper is the boy who runs away from home because his father won't let him keep his dog, and hitchhikes his way right into the gangsters' nefarious doings. Joseph Calleia, the head gangster, accidentally wounds the dog, whereupon the diamond under the rough shines through and he finally dies protecting the boy and his canine pal. Mr. Calleia gives a thoroughly human and intriguing performance as the ruthless killer whose one weak point in his lawless armor —his love for the boy and his dog—finally costs him his life. Jackie Cooper's role fits him like a glove, and nowhere in the performance of Rin Tin Tin, Jr., could we find, shall we say, a faux paw.

Preview Postscripts

This is Rin Tin Tin, Jr.'s first important picture. He has played in several small roles, but his owner, Lee Doncan, has reserved the dog's talents for this first big chance. Doncan, of course, was the owner of Rin Tin Tin, the first. He brought the puppy with him from Europe after the war. He fell for the canine while he was passing the window of a London pet shop. It was no easy matter, either, to get his pal into this country . . . Chester Franklin also directed all the older dog's pictures and now wields the megaphone on this one. Producer Harry Rapf is another from the former dog-days, as is Jean Hersholt.

★★ Every Saturday Night

(20th Century-Fox)

Whether things are going so smoothly at home that you're bored with it all, or the family quota on trouble has hit a new high, we can recommend this picture to you. You'll be reassured about that institution, the American Family. This story strikes the happiest medium we've seen to date on home life, with Jed Prouty and Spring Byington portraying Mr. and Mrs. There's a gang of children; we're not just sure how many but among them are June Lang, Kenneth Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson and William Mahon. Then there's Gramma, played by Florence Roberts in a noteworthy manner. You will be surprised how absorbing the antics of a family on a Saturday night can be, taken from an objective standpoint. There's grief and hilarity, bickering and affection, affectations and sincerity. There's plenty of misunderstanding, too, but through it all runs the loyalty of the family. George Ernest shines the brightest as the practical member of the family, who can always be relied upon for the loan of a nickel—with interest. This is the first of a series of pictures made by this studio called "Our American Family."

Preview Postscripts

It was no fun rounding up a group of actors and actresses for this series of pictures. Casting is hard enough at best, but when it's a matter of finding a family resemblance between the players, that's when real trouble sets in. Hundreds of applicants were interviewed, most of them children, but the cast was not definitely set until two days before the picture went into production. The final seal of approval on the selection came from Cameraman Joe August. He discovered that the faces of all selected required the same type of lighting . . . Jed Prouty is beginning his second fifty years in theatrical work with this role. He made his debut in Boston in 1885, and was well known on the New York stage when he signed a movie contract in 1921. He was cast in the first "Broadway Melody" some six years ago. It was a role which required him to stutter, and so convincing was the Prouty stutter that it has taken Hollywood a half dozen years to realize that he can talk straight. In the meantime, he's been "shelved" except for minor roles.

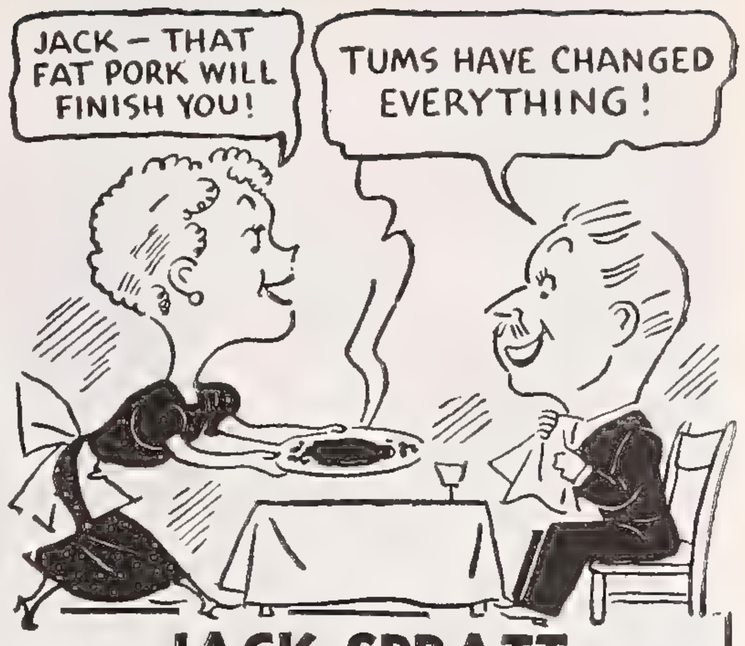
★★ Gentle Julia

(20th Century-Fox)

Booth Tarkington's familiar and homely story proves a natural for Jane Withers. You'll like her better than ever in this picture. She doesn't have time for any of those "cute" song-and-dance numbers. Jane is too busy being just herself—an energetic, likable, not too good-tempered small girl. "Gentle Julia," exceptionally well played by Marsha Hunt, is Jane's aunt and the most persistently pursued young lady in town. Tom Brown is the bashful swain for whom you'll be rooting, though Julia is enamored of George Meeker, as slick a city slicker as ever strolled up Main Street. She is also susceptible to the charms of his Gay Nineties flivver, which is the first one to appear in the countryside. Certainly there's nothing about the plot to recommend this as an entertaining tale, but every amusing episode is capped by a still funnier one. The climax comes with a thrilling rescue of Julia just before she says "I do" to George Meeker. Jane and Tom Brown come dashing up in a fish-wagon at the crucial moment, followed by all the town folks in shays, surreys and buckboards. The screen version has destroyed none of the charm of the original story, and you won't be able to find fault with a single member of the cast.



Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper in a romantic close-up from "Desire."



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"Song and Dance Man," featuring Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor, two promising players.

★★ It Had to Happen
(20th Century-Fox)

The teaming of George Raft and Rosalind Russell is not a particularly happy arrangement, despite the fact that Mr. Raft's performance is a vigorous one and Miss Russell is as charming and aristocratic as the script allows her to be. Regardless of what the scenario writers may think, and in spite of the title Raft and Russell just don't seem meant for each other. As an immigrant lad who comes to America full of ambition, George does all right for himself when, by a fortunate chain of circumstances, he becomes a political big shot and the right hand of the mayor of New York. All of this happens within the brief course of a year or so, and such a meteoric rise would appease the ambitions of most men, but George has his heart set on a higher goal. He wants Miss Russell to become Mrs. R. The charming Rosalind, as it turns out, is actually in love with George, but their romance is complicated by the fact that she already has a husband. As you can imagine, this situation exists only temporarily, and true love—the love of a haughty socialite for an immigrant boy who made good—asserts itself. As has been mentioned, both Mr. Raft and Miss Russell give creditable performances, but one has the feeling that "It Had to Happen" could never happen outside of the movies. In supporting roles, Leo Carrillo turns on his accent with nice effect, and Arline Judge capably handles a comedy role.

Preview Postscripts

Four major studios contributed towards the success of this picture. At least they loaned their players—George Raft from Paramount, Rosalind Russell from M-G-M, Leo Carrillo from Columbia and Alan Dinehart from Universal . . . George Raft really made sacrifices for the sake of art this time. He relinquished all the sartorial perfection so dear to his heart and broke down to the extent of donning ditch-diggers' ensembles. And the Raft lad isn't always in the habit of making sacrifices. Not even for Carole Lombard. He flounced off her set at Paramount recently because the cameraman gave more attention to Carole's facial angles than to his.

★★ The Voice of Bugle Ann
(M-G-M)

A tale of hound dogs and tarnation varmints down in old Missouri, this is unrelieved melodrama of the old school, the sort of thing they used to like back in the days when "The Drunkard" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom" were considered powerful stuff. It seems that good old Lionel Barrymore, who claims a man's best friend is his hound dog, has bred a particular animal whose howl is as clear as a bugle. So he names her Bugle Ann and she leads the pack in pursuing the weary fox over hill and down dale while Lionel and his son, Eric Linden, and their friends sit by a warm fire extolling the pleasures of the hunt. Into this bucolic paradise comes the tarnation varmint, a mean critter in spite of the fact that he's Maureen O'Sullivan's pappy. This varmint puts up a wire fence around his property, expressly to keep out hound dogs. When Bugle Ann is missed one night Lionel calls on the mean varmint and quietly murders him. In court he gives an impassioned and homespun plea about the nobility of dogs, and the court gives him twenty years. But Maureen, who's in love with young Mr. Linden, says a few words to the governor, and Lionel is pardoned. All of which proves that the governor is no movie critic.

Preview Postscripts

Most of this film was taken in Jackson County, Missouri. Four weeks were spent in that part of the country by the cast and crew. The entire company succumbed to the Missouri charms. Not that one of them admitted it could even touch California for natural scenery, but it was "swell for a change"—which is treason enough . . . Tom Bash, Kansas City sheriff, was the owner of the forty-four fox-hounds used, and genuine Missouri hounds they were. On the completion of the picture he made presents of the dogs to various people who had admired them. Clark Gable rated two, Wally Beery two, Jean Harlow one, Spencer Tracy and Ted Healy came off with three apiece, while Director Richard Thorpe was presented with fifteen of them. All in all, there's a new pooch fashion in Hollywood these days.

★★★ Desire (Paramount)

If you need more than one good reason to drag you to a show, there are four in Marlene Dietrich's new picture. Count 'em: an amusing, imaginative, exciting story; direction by Frank Borzage that is up to his standard of excellence, which is high praise, indeed; photography that is beautifully courteous to the physical and aesthetic eye; and enlivened, ingratiating performances by Dietrich, Gary Cooper, Alan Mowbray and John Halliday. Miss Dietrich, in a series of extraordinary gowns that appears to be never-ending, plays the part of a "crookess" who gets away with the most valuable pearl necklace in all Paris and who has every intention of continuing her career . . . until she meets an upright, charming young American engineer who sweeps her off her feet and onto the straight and narrow path. John Halliday is perfectly cast as the brains behind her light-fingered activities. Alan Mowbray is a psychiatrist who unwittingly aids her in escaping with the necklace. Dietrich and Cooper work well together, both showing unusual animation.

★★ Love Before Breakfast
(Universal)

Belonging to that ultra-modern school of screen drama in which the intensity of the love that exists between the two principals is gauged by the vigorousness of their verbal assault on each other, this is another pseudo-smart film patterned after the fashion of "The Bride Comes Home." In other words, it's pretty to

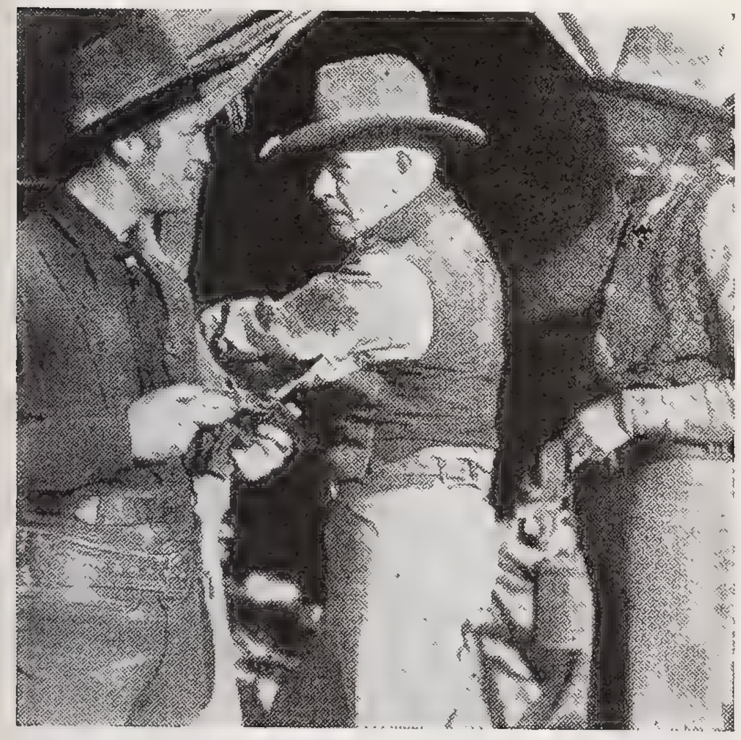
look at, but there's not much to see. In it you'll discover Preston Foster as the screen's most overbearing millionaire, who exercises his vociferous charms on Carole Lombard in an effort to wrest her heart from Cesar Romero. Mr. R. is employed by an oil company. Preston buys the concern and transfers Cesar to Japan. Any right-thinking gal would walk out on the guy at that point, but Carole allows him to pester her with attentions until the moment comes when she finds herself in love with him. She conceals it, in the accepted screen manner of the moment, by shouting insults at him. He proves his devotion by blackening her eye. By that time we all know that poor Cesar hasn't the ghost of a chance, for he has never laid a hand on her except in gentle caress. There are moments of good light comedy in the picture, and in those moments Miss Lombard is at her best. Both Mr. Foster and Mr. Romero turn in highly creditable performances, and Janet Beecher and Betty Lawford are attractive and helpful in supporting roles.

★ Song and Dance Man
(20th Century-Fox)

A little number from the "show must go on" school, this is one of those pictures you run across on the other half of double feature bills. Originally a George M. Cohan stage success, the celluloid version has, unfortunately, been almost completely de-Cohanized. In it you'll find Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor playing a pair of vaudeville hoofers down on their luck until Claire is befriended by Michael Whalen, a Broadway playboy who has an eye for talent. He gets her a spot in a musical show, but there's no room for Kelly. Claire refuses to take the job without her partner, so Paul, burdened with grief and some of the season's most inept dialogue, puts on a drunk act and tells her he's through with her. It's that sort of a picture. The shapely Miss Trevor is pleasant to look upon, and Mr. Kelly is as good as his material allows him to be. In lesser roles, James Burke and Ruth Donnelly do what they can with your old friends, the dumb detective and the object of his affections. A young lady named Helen Troy has plenty to say as a gabby switchboard operator, and some of the things they have given her to say are excellent examples of bad taste.

Preview Postscripts

Michael Whalen was discovered by Darryl Zanuck when he was down to his last 27 cents. That is, Michael was, and playing in a Little Theatre Group in Hollywood on an empty stomach. Claims now that living on lentil soup and oranges was well worth it . . . The woman who does the singing over the telephone in the boarding house hallway scene is Irene Franklin, familiar to many as a musical comedy star in the days before boop-boop-a-doop . . . Margaret Dumont's career has included stage experience in New York and abroad, concert work, considerable socialiting, some acting with George M. Cohan and on both stage and screen she's been the foil of the Marx Brothers . . . Paul Kelly made two discoveries while making this picture. He can dance and he can sing. Paul's another oldtimer, though still a youngish man. He started in flickers in the Vitagraph days, for his family lived across the street from the studio in Flatbush and the "moving pitcher folks" used to come over and borrow the Kelly furniture occasionally for one-reel thrillers. That vacant stare in the Kelly orbs which the camera highlights now and then isn't caused by the strain of being a song-and-dance man. It's caused by the Kelly day dreams for a new home in the San Fernando Valley, which is going to contain everything he's always wanted in life—including a croquet lawn.



Chester Morris, Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan in the M-G-M film, "Three Godfathers."

★★ Three Godfathers
(M-G-M)

There's not a buck in a broncho in this westerner. Instead we have three bad men regenerated by a babe. Sounds like a stiff dose to swallow, but surprisingly enough it's good movie fare. There are opportunities for good laughs and some tears, too, if you care for that sort of thing. Lewis Stone, Chester Morris and Walter Brennan are the three meanies who shoot up a bank and a few bankers, then set out across the desert to spend their hard-earned cash. Enroute they find a dying mother who leaves her child in their care. When their horses wander off, the men are faced with the problem of continuing across the sands loaded with money bags, a baby and one canteen, practically empty. In spite of the choice desert scenery, the outlook is pretty dreary.

Lewis Stone's portrayal of the philosophic baddie is as fine a bit of acting as you've seen from this capable actor. Brennan is excellent as the second of the trio to die in order that the child may live. That Chester Morris's characterization does not ring so true is due to the script and not Mr. M. It falls to his lot to stagger into the town, stumble to the church and stutter out the story, prior to falling dead at the altar. The picture is redeemed from pure mellerdrammer, by an intelligently selected cast who make the tale believable. And the photography is tops.

★ Here Comes Trouble
(20th Century-Fox)

The apt title on this one really should rate four stars by itself. We can't remember when the unreeling of a strip of celluloid has caused us so much trouble. Even such swell people as Paul Kelly and Arline Judge couldn't relieve our anguish. On the contrary, putting them into such a tale caused more writhings. The so-called plot has to do with jewel thieving on the high seas. It all takes place afloat a luxury liner, with much English accenting on A deck and considerable sweating and swearing below. Paul Kelly is demoted to the engine rooms just in time to stage a heroic rescue of the ship from explosion. This is no surprise to Arline Judge, the ship's manicurist, who knows Mr. Kelly is a good guy. But Mona Barrie, sassiety



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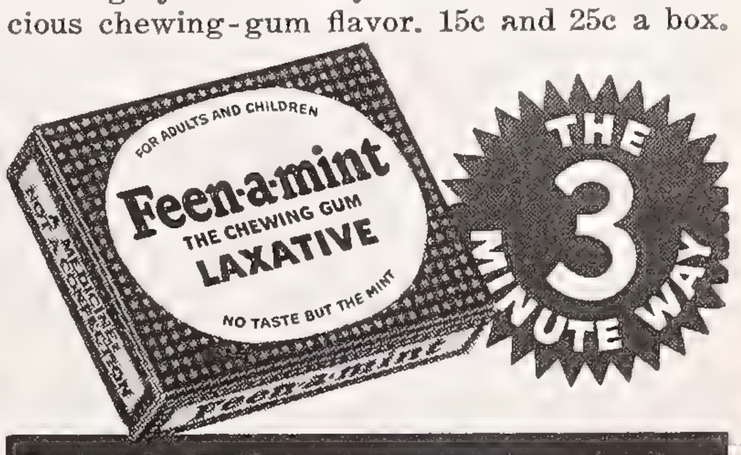
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"The Music Goes 'Round" with Rochelle Hudson and Harry Richman in leading roles.

stuff, is sufficiently impressed to make a play for the hero. Her intentions, though we regret to say it, are strictly dishonorable for she would use him as an unsuspecting accomplice in a jewel robbery. But for the intervention of Arline and an astute monkey—yes, we said monkey—the worst would have happened.

★★★ Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)

If Aunt Mamie didn't have a friend who had a friend who knew a man who could get her past a studio gateman when she visited Hollywood last summer, she can see this picture and be taken on a Cook's tour of the Paramount Studio. There is scarcely a nook or cranny of the entire studio that isn't shown on the screen in this original offering, which shows a picture made and previewed within the main picture. Rod LaRocque, who is co-starred with Gail Patrick in the picture which you see made, has received anonymous threats that he will never live to see his picture previewed. A novel effect is introduced when you see him watching his own picture on the screen and, as the last scene fades out, slumped in his seat —dead. Rod LaRocque brings his old charm to the screen and you wish he hadn't been murdered so early in the picture—but perhaps the murderer heard him sing! Reginald Denny is very likable and Frances Drake, who solves all her problems by the aid of astrology, has never been seen to better advantage. In addition, you will see many of your old favorites, including Ian Keith, Conway Tearle, Bryant Washburn, Jack Mulhall, Franklyn Farnum, Chester Conklin and Hank Mann.

★★ Love on a Bet (RKO-Radio)

There's neither rhyme nor reason to this celluloider. The result is a picture which can only be classified as a lot of fun. Gene Raymond starts the laughs by making a bet with his uncle that he can leave New York, clad only in his underwear, and make Los Angeles within a fortnight. Enroute he must collect a suit of clothes, one hundred dollars in cold cash and a sweetheart, or return to uncle's meat packing plant for the rest of his days. The plot, you can see, is not without possibilities, and complications are plentiful. Chief among the latter are Wendy Barrie and her aunt, Helen Broderick, who are also heading for the coast. Wendy Barrie adds much to the cross-country scenery, but Miss Broderick steals the show.

★ The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia)

The studio paid a handsome price for this title, so try to overlook it. The picture can almost be classed as entertainment, in spite of it, with Harry Richman proving a fair screen bet. Primarily a musical, the plot centers about a show-boat troupe which Richman, a stage star, brings to the Great White Way. Walter Connolly is the leader of the troupe, Rochelle Hudson is his daughter, and Henry Mollison is the show's leading man. Etienne Girardot, Victor Kilian and Dora Early are also among the emoters who are taken for a swell ride on Broadway, where they fondly believe their histrionic gifts will be regarded as Art. Giving Broadway its biggest laugh in years almost costs the Richman lad his gal, which somewhat thickens the thinning plot. The best thing about the picture is Walter Connolly's characterization of the old-time mellerdramatist. Rochelle Hudson is proving prettier and more capable with every role, so you'll like her. And perhaps you'll like some of the song numbers. But on the whole, you will find that this celluloider just misses being either a good musical or a good story.

★ F Man (Paramount)

This is a harmless little satire on the G-men films, lacking, however, the power to stir an audience either to the heights of hilarity or the depths of boredom. With the exception of a few really amusing scenes, it ambles vaguely along, claiming safety in a middle path between the two extremes—and therefore it is somewhat unimpressive. Jack Haley is a vacuous young man from a small town, whose substitution for brains is an overwhelming, all-absorbing desire to be a G-man. He goes to the Big City—this time Los Angeles—and spends the time when he is not jerking sodas in pestering William Frawley to give him a job as a G-man. Frawley, in final and complete desperation, tells him that he can be an F-man, and that his job is to keep his eyes and ears open, his mouth shut, and that he is never, under any circumstances, to come near the department. How he almost loses his girl and his life, and how he almost thwarts the capture of Public Enemy No. 1, comprise the balance of this tale. Adrienne Marden is the small-town sweetheart who comes to Los Angeles to help Haley capture criminals. Grace Bradley plays the part of Mrs. Public Enemy No. 1, and Onslow Stevens is the gangster.



Jean Hersholt, Joseph Calleia, Jackie Cooper in "Tough Guy."

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This great Selection Sweepstakes is sponsored by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries of which the nationally-known society leader and humanitarian, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is President — a National Organization for a National Cause. It is being conducted in order to secure additional members to aid in legalizing lotteries; to familiarize the American public with the aims of the movement; and to obtain the judgment of its members on the best uses for lotteries if legalized in this country.

The National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries has the support of many of the most influential men and women — names you respect and honor — an absolute guarantee of the integrity of this "sweepstakes". If it's good for them, it's certainly good for you. Remember, when you join them you not only give yourself a chance to win BIG MONEY but you also help a great, important national movement.

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Mrs. Oliver Harriman (on right), President of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, is shown congratulating Mrs. Marie Harris, Yonkers, N. Y., winner of the $10,000 prize in the 1935 Sweepstakes Contest conducted by this organization. Second prize winner was Miss Maude King, Chicago, Ill. There were 66 other big cash prize winners. Complete list of names and addresses of winners mailed on request.

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Money for hospitals	☐	Pay for public works	☐
Funds for social service charities	☐	Give money to religious institutions	☐
Provision for unemployment relief	☐	Provide for better schools	☐
Pay soldiers' bonus	☐	Promote art and music	☐
Reduce state deficits	☐	Finance medical research	☐
Reduce Federal deficits	☐	Support widows and orphans	☐
Reduce municipal deficits	☐	To reduce taxes	☐
Provide for old age pensions	☐	Support army and navy	☐

If you desire you can add any other suggested uses and place them in their order of merit, but this is not a requirement of the contest. In such cases you may submit your entire entry on plain paper, if you prefer.

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Good News

(*Continued from page 78*)

can't shoot snowbound scenes when you're snowbound, so the crew returned to Hollywood and the good old sound stages, where, with a few tons of cornflakes, you can be just as snowbound as you like.

■ ■ ■

Just to show you how easy it is to recognize your favorite screen heroes and heroines off the screen, we'll let you in on a little something we overheard at the Trocadero the other night. An out-of-towner was pointing out the stars to his wife, or perhaps it was his lady-of-the-moment. "See that big guy over there?" he inquired, pointing to Frank Shields. "That's Errol Flynn. And that blonde girl in the ermine wrap (pointing to Alice Faye) is Jean Harlow." At that moment the gentleman nudged us, and indicating Johnny Weissmuller, asked who it was. "Johnny Weismuller," we told him. "Nuts!" said the gentleman.

■ ■ ■

When George Raft walked out of "A Princess Comes Across," the picture in which he was to have been co-starred with Carole Lombard, another touch of drama popped up when Mack Grey, George's bodyguard and constant companion, took it upon himself to walk out on a small part in "Florida Special." Mack, affectionately known as "The Killer," had his first speaking part in "Florida Special," but he considered loyalty to his boss over the furthering of his art. A short talk with George, however, convinced him that Art must come first, especially when a guy has a speaking part, so Mack walked right back into the picture. The Show Must Go On.

■ ■ ■

A single scene in a picture costs producers several thousand dollars, but one scene in "The Farmer in the Dell" at RKO-Radio was made at a personal loss to Fred Stone of $40. The scene called for Fred to toss a wallet full of stage money into a fire. Everything went perfectly, but when the shooting was over Fred discovered he had reached in the wrong pocket and tossed in his own wallet which contained $40 in decidedly genuine U. S. currency.

■ ■ ■

It may interest some of you girls to learn that Jean Harlow keeps that figure what it is by going in for two hours of exercise every day when she's not making pictures. We told that to a young lady the other day and she said: "According to Harlow's figure and your statement, the gal hasn't made a picture in years!" Outside of exercise, the only other Harlow affinity is Bill Powell, who continues to be her most constant companion, in spite of the fact that they both still insist there'll be no wedding bells.

■ ■ ■

When Clark Gable, Leo Carrillo and Director Jack Conway hied themselves to Mexico recently on a hunting trip, they ran across a tribe of disgusted Indians. The Indians were disgusted with everything, and had even agreed not to marry, preferring to let the tribe die out. Mr. G. spied a handsome young buck among the group, and tried to persuade him to come to Hollywood for a chance in pictures. But the handsome redskin shook his head. He had never heard of Hollywood, never heard of pictures, and—the blow of blows—had never heard of Gable. So the hunting party retreated, registering disgust at the Indians while the Indians registered disgust at everything.

■ ■ ■

As almost everyone at M-G-M knows, the Leslie Howard-Norma Shearer "Romeo and Juliet" set was closed to visitors almost every day during its production. But a steam shovel operator working on the lot didn't know it, and he thought to kill a leisurely noon hour by looking over a little Shakespeare. At the door of the sound stage he bumped into Leslie Howard and director George Cukor, on their way to lunch. The steam shovel man announced his intentions and Mr. Cukor gasped. "It's impossible," he said. "Miss Shearer is making closeups, and she gets nervous when people watch her." So the guy went back to his steam shovel. An hour later the returning Messrs. Howard and Cukor stopped at the edge of the excavation to watch proceedings. Suddenly the steam shovel stopped in mid-air, and a voice yelled: "I can't go on. I get nervous when anyone watches me!" It was their man, and it should be added that Howard and Cukor, gentlemen to the end, took him right over to the "Romeo and Juliet" set and gave him a good look at Norma Shearer, who wasn't nervous at all.

■ ■ ■

Celestial Note: On "The Green Pastures" set, watching a lowdown truckin' number in a cabaret sequence, stood De Lawd himself, snapping candid camera shots of the proceedings. Probably for future reference, when those sinners appear at the pearly gates to plead their cases before a dusky Saint Peter.

■ ■ ■

Katharine Hepburn once lived in a house which, according to rumors, was haunted. One room was said to be so filled with moans and sighs that the Hepburn dogs would not venture across its threshold. Eventually La Hepburn moved out, and today the house is occupied by guess whom? No fooling, it's inhabited by Boris Karloff and rumor has it that when he moved in the ghosts walked out. After the first night *they* were convinced the house was haunted!

■ ■ ■

Josef von Sternberg is a changed man. He even speaks to the hired help, and is known in some circles as Jovial Joe. As an example of how he speaks to anyone these days, look at this: During the shooting of a scene his attention was distracted by a man standing within the range of the camera. "Sir," said Joe, "you're in the way here. Who are you?" "I'm an electrician," replied the guy. "I work on this set." "You will do me a favor," returned Joe in his most democratic manner, "by being an electrician some place where I can't see you."

■ ■ ■

Next time Gary Cooper goes in for any Good Samaritan work, he's going to do it with gloves on. Seems he was strolling around his swimming pool one day when he noticed a half-drowned bee clinging to a floating stick. Full of good intentions,

(*Continued on page 124*)

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The publishers of MODERN SCREEN guarantee that you will be satisfied with your purchase of every packaged product advertised in this magazine. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, MODERN SCREEN will replace the product or, if you prefer, refund your purchase price. In either case all you have to do is to send us the unused portion, accompanied by a letter outlining your complaint. This guarantee also applies if the product, in your opinion does not justify the claims made in its advertising in MODERN SCREEN

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Although we make every effort to insure the accuracy of this index, we take no responsibility for an occasional omission or inadvertent error.

THE WORST SKIN IN TOWN!

Now It's Smooth, Lovely

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Rottweiler
NOTARY PUBLIC



TRUTH—not advertising claims—is what you want if you're one of the thousands embarrassed by ugly skin blemishes, eruptions and pimples. So take heart from the true experience shown above. For it is typical of countless grateful letters from women who have used these pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets to conquer stubborn skin trouble and regain alluring beauty.

If poisons in your system have robbed you of beauty, too—marred your skin with ugly blemishes—try Yeast Foam Tablets at once. The vital corrective elements they supply rid the body of these poisons easily, quickly, naturally—remove the real cause of lost beauty. And give you again the clear, alluring skin that men admire.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. M.M.5-36

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

MORE GOOD NEWS . . .











(Above, left to right) Snapped here and there in the Hollywood whirl—Ken Dolan and Frances Langford at the Screen Guild Ball. Next, Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin say a few words into the "mike" at the premiere of "Modern Times." Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow go to see Myrna's new film, "Wife vs. Secretary."

Eddie Sutherland and Loretta Young, together quite a bit of late, pictured at the left. And below, Joan Crawford, Jimmy Cagney and Donald Woods put their heads together to make the Screen Guild Ball a success. Need we add that it was just that?

(*Continued from page 122*)

Gary fished the bee out and was about to set it in a sunny spot to recuperate when the little friend let him have it. Gary, stung and bitter, now has a new policy regarding bees. It's *Sink or Swim.*

■ ■ ■

Thirteen is Walter Connolly's lucky number. His thirteenth picture, "Whom the Gods Destroy," was his first starring vehicle; he served for thirteen months in the Thirteenth Division of the Marine Corps during the war. Just now he has rented a home in Beverly Hills which has an address—616—which totals thirteen. And when his studio sees this, Walter is hoping they will immediately give him thirteen times as much money as he's getting now.

■ ■ ■

If you ever have a butler and a cook you're planning to fire, don't follow Gloria Stuart's method. Gloria and hubby Arthur Sheekman, burdened with a surly butler and his more disagreeable wife, decided to let them go. Neither was brave enough to fire them, so Gloria hit upon a swell idea. She went to the couple and told them she and her husband were leaving for Hawaii, to be gone indefinitely. That was too bad, said the butler, and what boat were they going on? Gloria named a boat and a date, and the butler and his wife said, rather suspiciously, that they would be on hand to see the Sheekmans off. Gloria grew more frantic as the date approached, and she finally rushed out and booked passage on the boat. So the Sheekmans, who didn't want to go anywhere, sailed meekly for Hawaii while the butler and his wife looked on. They say it was a grand trip.

■ ■ ■

Many honors have been bestowed on Grace Moore during her varied career in the concert halls and on the stage, but she claims her greatest compliment to date is the contented moo of the cow she milked while singing Kreisler's "Love's Joy" in "The King Steps Out." How about that, Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons and Jeanette MacDonald? Do cows moo for you, or don't you care?

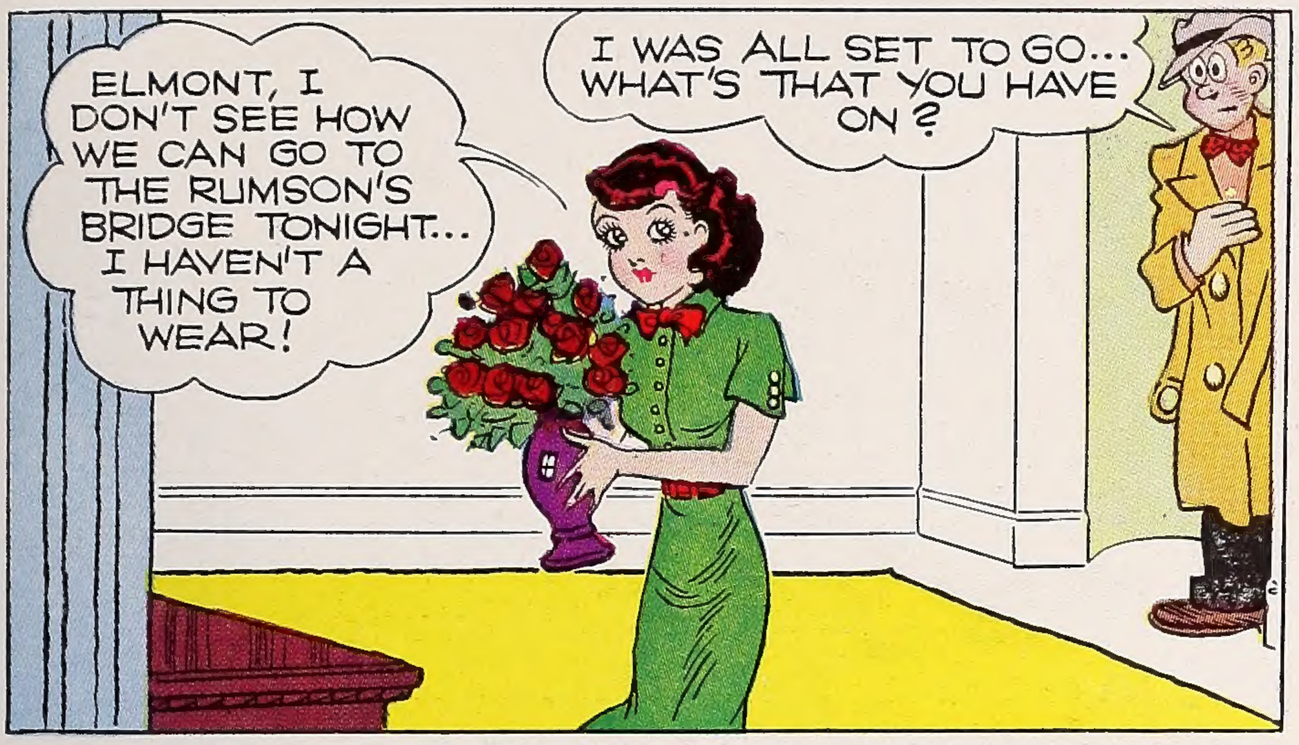
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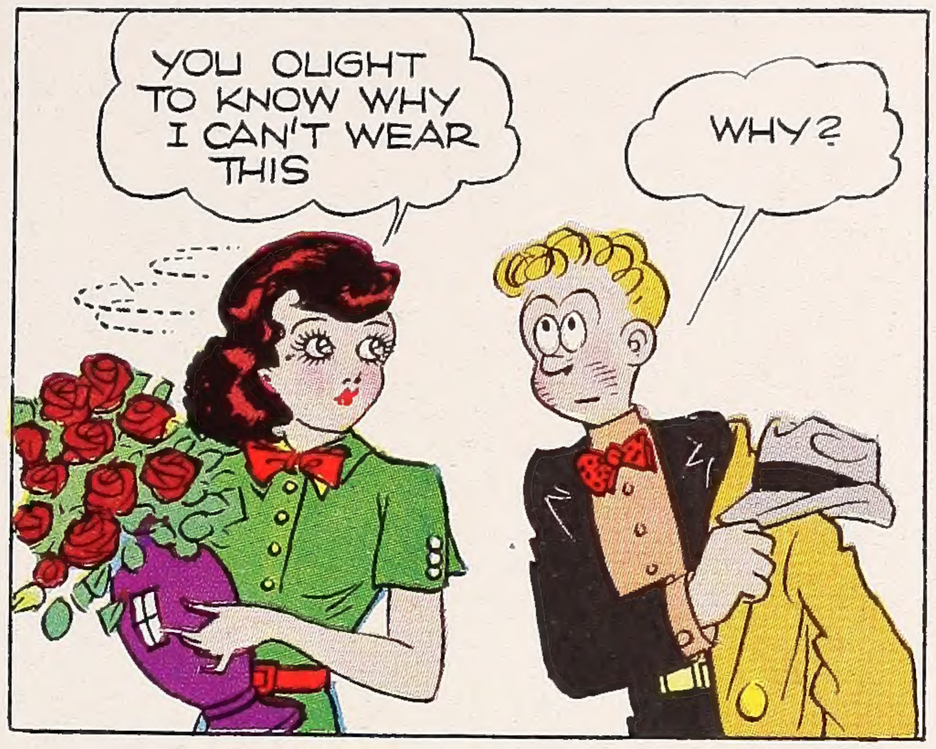
What prominent comedian, at a resort for a "rest cure," can't avoid people who want to see him, no matter how hard he tries. His friends can always locate him, even when he wanders off into the desert for solitary contemplation, for he leaves an unmistakable trail of miniature bottles of scotch—mute and empty testimony that their former owner is somewhere in the vicinity.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

CUTIE SHE KEEPS HIM GUESSING



















It's a fact—the New Bright Cutex Nails make your oldest dress look new!

LOOK at the best dressed girls in theatres, at restaurants, at bridge parties, and see if they aren't wearing the new bright nails!

See if Cutex Ruby Nails don't pep up your oldest black "rag" and make it look new and important. Try Cutex Coral or Rust with green and Cutex Cardinal with navy blue this spring. You'll look twice as smart!

And Cutex never blotches, you know. It flows on smoothly and evenly—and *stays* on your nails without cracking, peeling or chipping.

8 smart shades to choose from. Crème or Clear—35¢ a bottle at your favorite store—stock up today!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



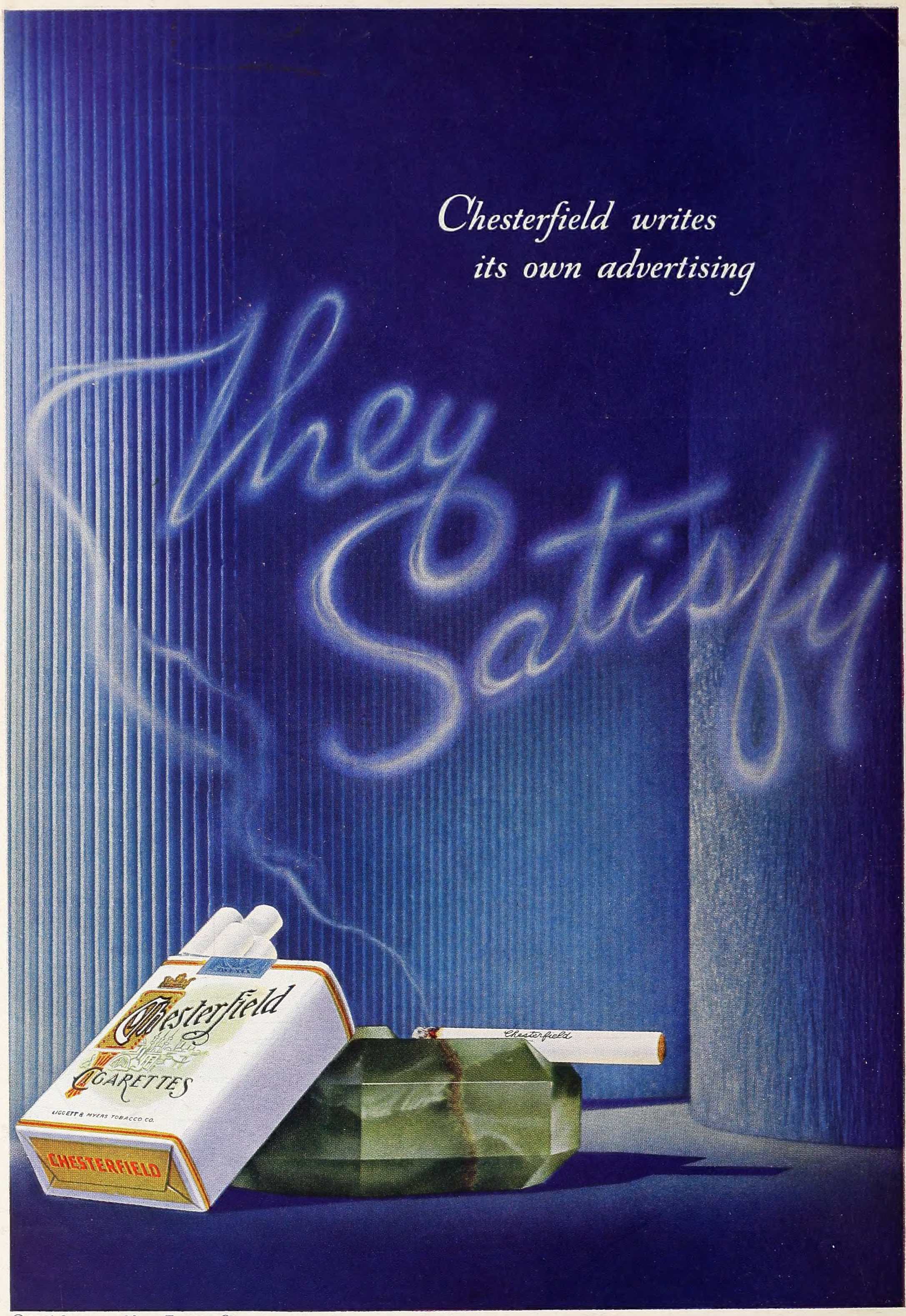
Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-M-5 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Rust ☐ Ruby ☐
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



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